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CHRISTMAS NUMBER COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes
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See Story "The Lady of the Rainbow House" on Page 19

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How the American People Have Made Known that They Never Will Tolerate another Railroad Strike

IT has since come to pass, as predicted in our last month's editorial (written early in October), that the then threatened nationwide railroad labor strike would not be tolerated by the long-suffering public. What cowed the railroad labor unions and forced the union chiefs at the last moment to revoke their strike orders was fear of a well-nigh unanimously indignant people expressing their resentment, not only in words, but more effectively by active preparations throughout the land to help the Government to carry out its announced determination to keep the trains running and break the strike.

Strike against the Government, the Law and the People

In case of a railroad labor strike the public is inevitably involved as an involuntary and innocent third party that is always made the goat and suffers most severely, and the growing tendency of the railroad labor unions to make merciless use of this power to distress the public as a club to enforce their demands for shorter hours and higher pay has attained the proportions of an insufferable tyranny. Prior to 1916 the people here and there, now and then, had been tormented by a labor tie-up of one or another railroad at a time, and thus had formed some conception of the dire calamity with which they would be afflicted by a complete paralysis of all the railroads in the country. Up to that time each railroad had dealt with its own employees in regard to wages, hours of labor and working rules, which seems to be the rational and proper course, as cost of living, going wages and working conditions vary so greatly in different sections of the country. But in the summer of 1916 the railroad labor unions demanded an eight-hour work day and uniform rate of extra pay for overtime to apply on all railroads, and, on the refusal of the railroad managers to agree to their terms, ordered a nation-wide railroad strike to take effect on or about September first. All the Government's efforts to effect a settlement by compromise or mediation, or even to obtain a postponement, having failed, the nation stood aghast at the impending catastrophe due to befall it in less than a week. It was at this extremely critical juncture that Congress, terrified by the situation, on President Wilson's urgent recommendation yielded abject submission to the threat of the railroad labor unions by hastily enacting the so-called Adamson law and thereby granted all the demands of the would-be strikers barely in time to avert the strike.

President Wilson coupled his recommendation with a promise to the country that at an early date he would propose to Congress the passage of a law that would eliminate the possibility of a future recurrence of the menace of tying up the railroads by a strike. But the Presidential election was then pending, and that was shortly followed by the events that drew us into the World War during which the Government took entire control of the railroads. And so the matter hung until nearly two years ago when Congress created the Railroad Labor Board of nine members to be appointed by the President, three of them to represent the railroad interests, three to represent the labor interests and three to represent the interests of the public. For the purpose of preventing railroad labor strikes the Board was given the powers of a special court to decide all questions and disputes as to wages, hours of labor and working rules and regulations affecting railroad employees.

The members of the Railroad Labor Board were appointed by President Wilson, and the first duty they had to perform was to pass upon the petition of the employees of all the railroads for a general raise of wages. After lengthy hearings of all parties interested the Board, in July, 1920, granted a general wage increase that averaged twenty-one per cent., and back pay at the same rate from the first day of the previous May. This added six

hundred and twenty-six million dollars a year to the wages of the employees and necessitated a corresponding increase in the freight rates that the public has to pay. But the freight rates are too high, so high as to be almost, if not quite, prohibitive on some classes of products; and yet most of the railroads are losing money at that, and the Government is loaning them money to buy much needed equipment.

Last June, after extended hearings on petition of the railroads, the Railroad Labor Board ordered a twelve per cent. reduction of wages, effective with the beginning of last July. This cuts off a little more than half the wage increase granted by the same Board in July of the previous year. It is against this last decision of the Railroad Labor Board that the members of the five big railroad labor unions voted almost unanimously to authorize their chiefs to call a nation-wide strike if they thought best to do so, for these officials have discretionary power not to order a strike even after a strike vote of the members; in fact these labor bosses are shown to have pretty nearly autocratic power to order and settle strikes as they see fit. But the chiefs seem to have thought the proposed strike advisable, and so on the fifteenth of October they ordered the strike to begin on Sunday, October 30. Doubtless it was the previous success of their policy of intimidation, whereby they scared Congress and the President into giving them the Adamson law, that infatuated them to resort to the same threat of frightfulness in their most recent attempt to coerce the Government and override the law.

Up to the time of the establishment of the Railroad Labor Board the railroad labor unions, when criticised for their readiness to inflict suffering on the public by strikes, have defended their course on the ground that, as there was no Government tribunal for them to appeal to for authoritative settlement of disputes between them and their employers, the strike was the only available method of protecting their interests as wage earners. But they did not, because they could not, urge that excuse for their October strike order; and they did not offer any excuse for it, because there was none. Their attitude was audaciously and insolently defiant; contemptuously defiant of law and of the carefully considered decision of the able and honorable tribunal charged with the duty of administering the law in their case; defiant of the Government, and casting a dare in the face of the President who was in duty bound to exert his utmost endeavors to enforce obedience to the Board's decision and mitigate, so far as possible, the evil consequences of the strike order; defiant of public opinion in their overconfidence that the people would become panic-stricken as they faced or began to feel the horrible effect of the strike and would press the Government to yield as it did in 1916. But they were utterly wrong in their psychological deductions; for their policy of frightfulness in this instance, like that of Germany in the war, produced an effect exactly opposite to that intended.

The Government showed no sign of surrender or compromise. On the contrary President Harding, after the Railroad Labor Board's rational appeal to the union chiefs to revoke their strike order had been scornfully turned down, began to take vigorous measures to meet the emergency; he let it be known that the War Department was making a canvass of the regular army to ascertain how many of the enlisted men had had railroad experience, from which it was inferred that he intended to use them in place of the strikers to run the trains; it was announced that the Department of Justice through the Attorney General and the U. S. District Attorneys throughout the country was prepared to invoke the power of the Federal Courts when and where necessary to protect the rights and interests of the Government and the people during the strike. Editorial comment everywhere was almost unanimous in denouncing the threatened strike and commending the action

of the Government. The people the country over rallied to the support of the President, individually and in bodies offering their services—the entire student body of several colleges and universities volunteering to take the places of strikers. State and city executives and citizen associations took action to organize the resources of their respective communities to combat the malign effort to tie up transportation, and for this purpose arrangements were made for an extensive use of auto-trucks.

As the day for the strike to go into effect drew near the railroad labor union chiefs were dismayed by these and other convincing evidences that the Government and the nation were prepared and resolutely determined to fight the strike to the bitter end, and sullenly they acknowledge their defeat. Knowing that further persistence on their part would be of no avail to them or their cause but only add to the public resentment, they decided Thursday night, October 27, to call off the strike which had been ordered to begin October 30.

It was a great victory for the people and for the cause of law, order and good government. It stands as a warning that there is a limit at which the people will rise against the tyranny of class rule; it wipes out the national disgrace of the humiliating surrender of a former Congress in 1916 through fear of a like threat of a nation-wide tie-up of the railroads, and it should impress the present Congress with the necessity of putting sufficient teeth into the transportation law to enable the Government to nip in the bud any attempt to bring on or promote a railroad strike.

In order to form an appreciative judgment of the controversy we are discussing it is necessary to understand clearly and keep in mind that the point of transcendent importance is the fact that this threatened strike was *not* against the railroads nor against any decision or action of the railroad managers, but was against the action of the United States Railroad Labor Board which had been invested with the dignity, power and responsibility of a court to decide all disputes between the railroads and their employees in accordance with the dictates of reason by meting out even-handed justice to all parties, including the public; that it was an attempt by a threat of forcible resistance to compel this tribunal to reverse a judicial decision rendered after a public hearing at which the railroad labor unions had been represented by their officials, their counsel and their witnesses, and through them had presented their evidence and arguments. Of this there is positive proof from the mouths of the union chiefs who issued the strike order, for when the U. S. Railroad Labor Board stooped to the limit of decent condensation by sending for them and trying to persuade them to revoke the strike order their arrogant reply was that they could not call off the strike unless a "satisfactory settlement" was reached, and they explained that the settlement which they demanded must include a revocation of the Board's twelve per cent. wage cut decision of last June. Nevertheless, a few days later, when they discovered that the Board could not be browbeaten and that its position had the solid support of the Government and the people, they did call off the strike.

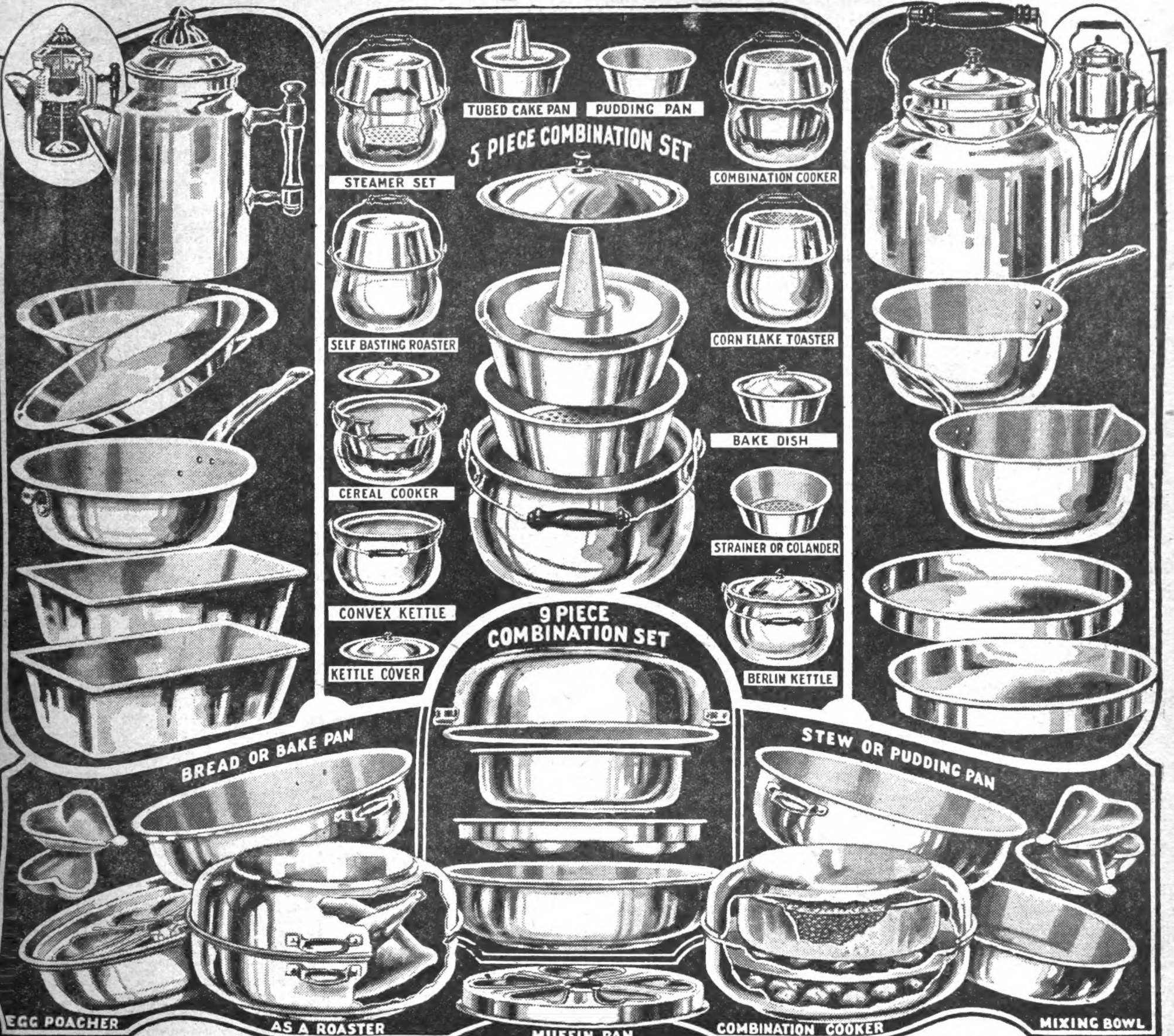
Some are inclined to question the constitutional power of Congress to prohibit strikes and require labor disputes to be settled by the judgment of a Government board or court of arbitration. That depends entirely on the nature of the employment. If, as is undeniably true in regard to railroads, the employment is of such a nature that a strike would or might injuriously affect the *general welfare*, then in such case Congress would have the right to legislate by virtue of the clause of the Constitution which confers on the Federal Government the power "to promote the general welfare." And this is of reason, common sense and necessity as well as being good law.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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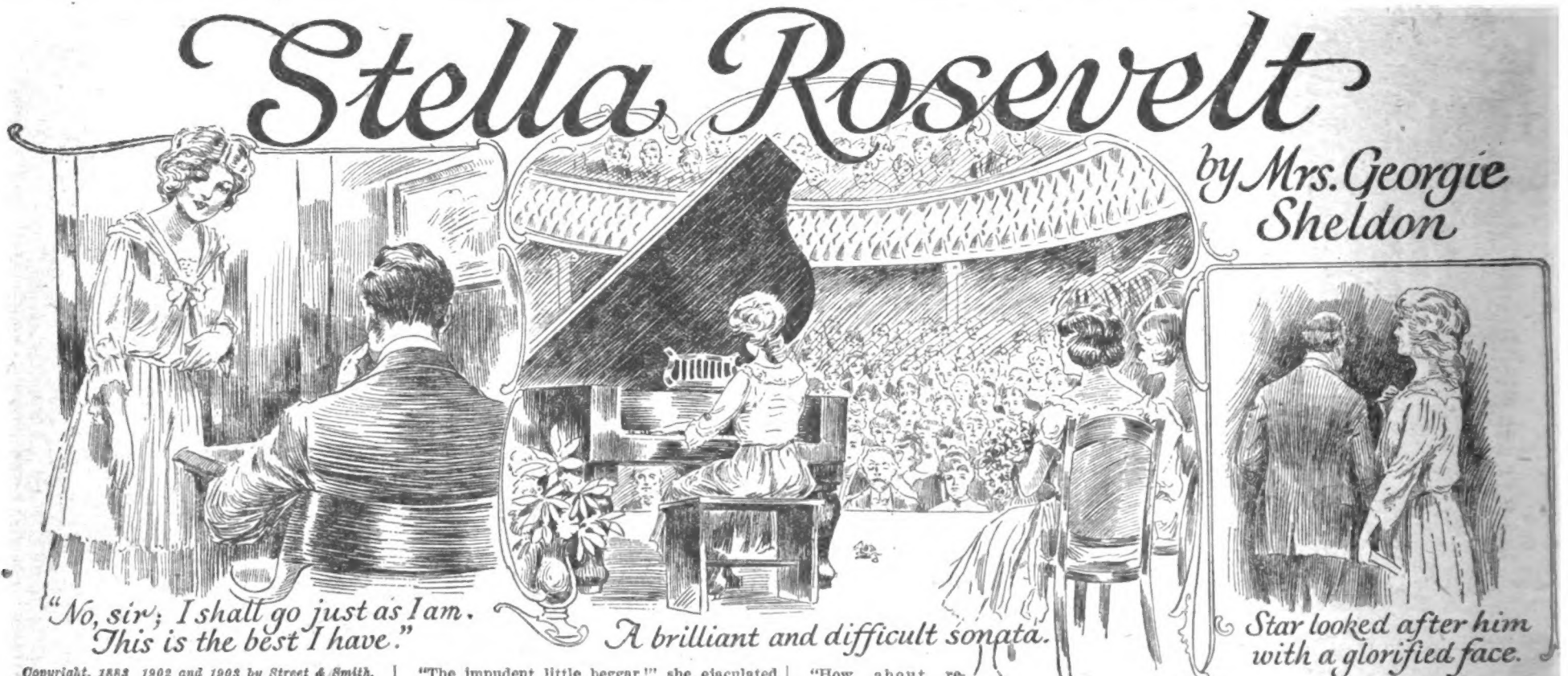
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"No, sir; I shall go just as I am.
This is the best I have."

A brilliant and difficult sonata.

Star looked after him
with a glorified face.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A terrible storm at sea and from a steamer running between Liverpool and New York only five escape sickness. Among them is Stella Roosevelt Gladstone, an orphan and on her way to some distant relatives in New York. She is befriended by an elderly man, Jacob Roosevelt, who is startled when he learns her mother called her "Star," her grandmother giving her the name. A fire breaks out and she saves valuable papers. The boats are rapidly filled. Stella refuses to go unless room is made for Mr. Roosevelt, who the next day suffers from an ill turn and is carefully nursed by Stella. The sixth day they are rescued. Mr. Roosevelt is told of the care Stella gave him during his illness and while thanking her a young man approaches and Mr. Roosevelt introduces Archibald Sherbrooke, whose home is in Derbyshire where Star's father preached. Star's shawl becomes loosened and not finding the pin, Mr. Sherbrooke draws one, an exquisitely carved stone, from his necktie, and Stella pins the shawl and then tells the story of the wreck and her endeavor to save Mr. Roosevelt's life. Arriving in New York, Mr. Sherbrooke regrets the loss of her address—he would call before his return to England. He hopes they will meet again and will she always consider him her friend. He places a card in her hand with his address upon it. Stella, remembering the pin, passes it to him. He begs her to keep it as a souvenir. Wishing she had something to give, he will accept a lock of her hair. Stella is met by Mrs. Blunt, Mrs. Richards' housekeeper, who hurries her away, much to Mr. Roosevelt's disappointment. Stella receives a cool reception from her aunt who had written she would befriend and educate Stella until able to care for herself and learns she is to take the place of Maggie Flynn, and to be degraded to the level of a common servant. Resenting it, she asks her aunt if her father, from what she wrote him, had any idea she was to come into the family as a servant. Mrs. Richards does not relent, and insists she fills Maggie Flynn's place or none. Stella appeals to Mr. Richards, giving him the letter written by her father to Mrs. Richards and her reply. Stella's father is anxious to provide a home and begs Mrs. Richards to have the care and education of his daughter, since she once professed friendship for Stella's mother in saving her life from drowning. Stella has one hundred pounds. Could she not use it and then teach, relieving Mrs. Richards of all responsibility?

CHAPTER VII. A CONSULTATION.

"WHAT have you been doing today?" Mr. Richards asked in cold, stern tones, after what seemed an interminable pause. Stella began to feel almost faint. That hard face, in which displeasure was the chief expression, did not look very promising for her cause; but she replied:

"I have done all the chamber work, swept and dusted five rooms, and waited upon Mrs. Richards." "You are not accustomed to such work," he said, glancing at her delicate hands.

"Not to any such extent, sir. Mamma used to require me to take care of the music-room, besides my own, at home, for we could keep only one servant, and I know how to sweep, and dust, and make beds," Star concluded, with a slight smile.

"I should say that you know a good many things for so young a lady," Mr. Richards said, kindly, for he saw that she was nervous over what she had been telling him. Then he added, more gravely: "I will consult Mrs. Richards, and I think that we can arrange for you to pursue your education as you desire."

Star flushed. She knew well enough that a mere consultation with Mrs. Richards would not secure much for her, and that she would be very angry with her for having appealed to her husband, and she made up her mind on the spot to make a bold stroke for her freedom.

So meeting his eyes in a frank, fearless way, yet speaking with the utmost respect, she said: "I feel confident from the conversation which I had with Mrs. Richards this morning, that she will be very unwilling to make any change in her arrangements, so I will be perfectly frank and say to you, that much as I should dislike to take any radical steps in opposition to her, or my father's desire that I should remain with her, yet I cannot consent to remain here as a common servant, with no privileges or time to myself. I presume Mrs. Richards will say that, as she has been appointed my guardian, I shall have to do just as she desires. But I have read somewhere that when an orphan in this country reaches a certain age, he has the privilege of choosing a guardian for himself. Rather than be subjected to the fate of becoming a second Maggie Flynn," Star continued, her voice gathering firmness, "I shall exercise that privilege. Thank you for listening so kindly to my troubles, and I trust I have not wearied you. Good night."

Without waiting for him to reply, she inclined her head in a graceful bow, and quietly glided from the room.

"By George!" exploded Mr. Richards, staring blankly after her retreating form. "That is what I call spirit. Make a common servant of such a girl! As that, indeed! My lady and I will talk this matter over, and see—what we shall see."

Half an hour later he sought an interview with his wife, and there followed "a consultation" in earnest.

Mrs. Richards was dumfounded upon being informed of the decided stand which her spirited little ward had taken, and her indignation in consequence knew no bounds.

"The impudent little beggar!" she ejaculated, crimson with rage. "Does she expect to rule me, or balk me like this? She will find herself greatly mistaken. I will give her a dose in the morning—such a dose," as Mrs. Flintwinch was wont to remark to his beloved Affery."

"Ellen, you will do no such thing," her husband returned, firmly. "Have you forgotten Mr. Gladstone's letter to you and your reply to him? When you wrote accepting the guardianship of his daughter, you did so in a way to lead him to believe that you would do your best for her."

"And so I am doing my best for her," interrupted his wife. "You have talked of nothing but retrenchment for the last six months, and I have tried to retrench. I knew the coming of this girl would make an extra mouth to feed, so I made up my mind to make her useful, and save something if I could."

"Well, the child says she is willing to be useful, but you are not fulfilling your agreement by making a drudge of her. Mr. Gladstone understood that you would give careful attention to her

"How about retrenchment if you have two fine young ladies to support instead of one?" sneered Mrs. Richards.

"Oh, bother! we'll make it up in some other way. I'll sell one of my horses; you can give up a new gown once in a while."

"Not if I know myself, Mr. Richards. I do not intend that this girl shall interfere with my comfort in the least degree," interrupted the lady, with a frown.

"Well, we'll manage in some way; but," he added, beginning to get out of patience with her selfishness and heartlessness, "I swear, if you won't promise to treat her considerately, and she repudiates you as her guardian, I will get her to choose me in your place, and I'll treat her like a young princess—send her to Vassar, or any other first-class school she may choose, regardless of the cost."

"George Richards," cried his wife, with flashing eyes, "if you take up weapons against me in this way, I never will forgive you."

sight of the girl at my table after this, and Josephine, I know, would not consent to it. Any one can see by the course she has pursued to-night that she is full of art and intrigue, and would not hesitate to interfere with Josie's plans and prospects."

"Oh, ho! you're afraid she will outshine you, are you?" laughed her husband, good-naturedly. "I will never put Stella Gladstone on an equal footing with my daughter, so you can cease arguing upon that point," reiterated Mrs. Richards, with a positiveness that was not to be mistaken.

"If you insist," she continued, after a minute's thought, "upon her being allowed to pursue her education, since she makes such a parade of being a bookworm, let her; I will not interfere. But I insist, on the other hand, that she make herself useful. She must work about the house before and after school, and do something in return for her support—more than this I will not concede," and Mr. Richards, having gained this point, considered that he had won quite a victory for his wife's pretty ward.

"Very well," he said; "I presume she will be satisfied with this arrangement. She said she was willing to work if she might only be allowed to study."

"Satisfied or not, it is all the concession that I shall make; and mark my words, George, I shall not love her any better for this interference on your part," his wife said, hotly.

"Pie, Ellen! I thought you had a warmer heart; and it would not sound well outside if it should become known that you were making a servant of a relative. It would make quite a stir let me tell you, if she should appeal to the courts to have a new guardian appointed," Mr. Richards returned, in a conciliatory tone.

Thus the matter was settled to Star's great joy. Mr. Richards made arrangements at once for her to enter a select school for young ladies, and she began her attendance there the following Monday.

She left home at a quarter to nine in the morning, and did not return until half-past four in the afternoon, taking a luncheon and spending the morning in the schoolroom.

By staying at noon thus Star gained an hour's practice on one of the pianos, with no one to interrupt her, and this was a season of unalloyed delight to her. Nothing had been said to her about continuing her music—Mrs. Richards had vetoed all accomplishments on account of the extra expense—but she could not give it up, so pursued a course of faithful practice by herself.

All her duties were faithfully performed; beds had never been so well made before, rooms were never so carefully swept and dusted, or so tastefully arranged; and yet one would scarcely have mistreated her presence in the house, everything was done so quietly and unobtrusively.

Saturdays Miss Baker's weary face would brighten as Star sat and chatted in a merry, entertaining way, while away the long hours, her busy fingers often lightening her labors when there was no sewing to be done for herself, until she began to love the sweet young girl with a deep, warm affection, and to look forward to those weekly diversions almost as if they had been angel's visits.

Star was very tasteful, also, and often suggested changes in trimming and the arrangement of drapery, thus making great improvement in her work, while, in spite of Mrs. Richards' commands that "everything for Miss Gladstone be as plain as respectability would allow," she took pains to fit the young girl's figure with great nicety, and added many graceful touches to her otherwise simple dresses.

All winter long Star pursued this busy life, and one morning she might have been seen stealing forth from that elegant mansion a half hour before the regular time, her eyes gleaming, yet somewhat anxious, and carrying in her hands a goodly-sized package wrapped in brown paper.

She took an opposite direction from the usual route to school, and walked hurriedly toward the business portion of the city.

At the end of twenty minutes she stopped before the door of a large and handsome store, where for a moment she seemed to hesitate as if uncertain what to do next.

At last, with fluctuating color and trembling hand, she turned the handle and entered.

A little while passed, and then she came forth again, while now she appeared pale and agitated. As the door closed after her, she stood still for a moment upon the sidewalk, seeming lost in troubled thought; then a tremulous sigh, which was almost a sob, broke from her lips, and she turned and walked toward her school.

CHAPTER VIII. RETRENCHMENT.

Winter passed, spring came and went, and the commencement exercises of the seminary where Star was attending drew nigh.

The faculty, as was their custom, sent forth cards of invitation to its patrons, requesting them to be present and see for themselves what their children had accomplished during the year.

It chanced this time to fall upon Star's birthday, although no one was aware of that fact save herself; but to her it was destined to prove an eventful occasion, and one long to be remembered.

Mr. Richards received and opened his invitation with his other letters on that very morning, and after glancing over it, passed it to his wife. She merely looked at it, yawned, and then laid it indifferently aside.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Christmas Toasts

TO those who are racking their brains for appropriate thoughts prettily expressed to serve as a toast at a Christmas social function, or as a happy greeting, or to accompany a Christmas gift, the following sentiments may be useful.

Drink to this holiday with only Christmas spirit in the cup.

Some have presents of jewels and gold,
Some have presents of houses and land,
I drink to the one who gave riches untold,
I drink to the lady who gave me her hand.

Here's hoping that we do not have our holiday spoiled by getting what we deserve instead of what we want.

Here's to the couple wed on Christmas Day,
A happy groom and bride,
For when we look at them we say,
"Behold the Christmas-tied!"

A toast to those who, in our youth,
Bedecked our little trees with toys,
And thus prepared that wondrous gift—
Our memories of childhood joys!

Here's to the girl who hangs up her stocking—
A trap set for presents by this little elf—
And Santa can never (pray don't think this shocking),
Fill it as daintily as she does herself.

education, which he evidently has conducted upon the most thorough principles, and he expected that you would fill so far as possible his place toward her."

"How do you know what I wrote to him? You did not see my letter?" demanded Mrs. Richards, angrily.

"I have seen it tonight. The girl has it, and showed it to me; and now I want you to live up to your promises," replied her husband gravely.

"She ought to be thankful that she has a roof to shelter her. Do you suppose I am going to allow her to interfere with Josephine's rights?"

"Certainly not; but this girl is exceedingly bright and pretty; let them become mates and share alike, and I'll wager that Star will never abuse your indulgence," Mr. Richards said, generously.

"And who may 'Star' be?" demanded his wife, scornfully.

"Why, Stella, of course—Star was the name, I suppose, by which she was known at home. Now, I insist," he continued, with decision, "that this child be given a fair chance."

"Can't help it," he retorted, coolly. "I'll not have that girl made a common drudge of in this house while I am master here. How you could meditate such a thing for a moment is more than I can understand. Where is the gratitude for the life which her mother saved for you so many years ago?"

Mrs. Richards started slightly. She had not intended that her husband should ever know of the debt which she owed Star's mother.

"I suppose she had to twist you of that in order to gain her point and make you her champion," she said, sarcastically.

"No, indeed. I asked her what her father meant by his allusion to the service rendered you, and to which he referred in his letter, and she told me, of course, though in a very modest way, that her mother once saved you from drowning. Now I want you to change your tactics. I want you to allow her to be one of the family."

"I will never do that, Mr. Richards, and it is useless for you to suggest it," Mrs. Richards interrupted, hotly. "I could never endure the



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Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

SUNNY Wright, of Valley, Washington, whose poem, "A Little Home—Out West" (September), received such complimentary notice from the readers, has favored us with some verses to accompany Christmas gifts, the inexpensive kind, the kind that you and I can afford. These verses are appreciated not only for their actual worth but for the kindly spirit that prompted a busy woman to aid us in the difficulties attendant upon us at Christmas time. For that matter, all the letters are as much appreciated and each has a helpful message, even if not in poetry.

I wish it were possible for me to find words to tell you in an understanding way of how your letters make me feel, as I read all of them and copy some for publication. It isn't the regular Merry-Christmas feeling but something deeper and bigger, too big for me to express, and just as though I knew and loved every one of you, as I really do, and not just those whose letters appear in print. The writer of every unpublished letter is just as real to me as someone more fortunate. Believe this and think that your effort wasn't entirely wasted, for by writing you have made one friend. If only a humble one, who sympathizes with you in your sorrow and rejoices with you in your happiness, not only at Christmas but at all times.—Ed.

Little Verses to Accompany Christmas Gifts

Poppy Seeds

Within the poppy's silken heart,
There lies a fairy wish for you,
May poppies bring you happy dreams,
And all your dearest dreams come true.

A beautiful gift is made by pressing large, perfect pansies and lining a tray with pale blue silk, satin or velvet; scatter over it a dozen or so of yellow and purple pansies and replace glass. Either a serving tray or a smaller pin tray for the dresser may be made this way and sent with the following verse:

Dear royal pansies with their hearts o' gold,
All laden with the breath of summer hours,
And oh, the many secrets sweet they hold
For one who reads the language of the flowers.

So, from my piney hills, I send you, dear,
A thousand tender thoughts enwrap in these,
Their mission be to brighten, bless and cheer,
Pray take them for your very own Heart's ease.

Sent with a rose cutting or a bouquet.

Sunshine and roses for you, dear,
And love that is lasting and true.
If I had my way,
All the whole earth would be
Only sunshine and roses for you,
Or,
Lavender and heliotrope,
And rare old-fashioned flowers,
May all their sweetness speak of me
Throughout the summer hours.

A collection of flower seeds.

May every flower that blooms for you
A message of my friendship bring.
And may our friendship thrive and grow
Like flowers in the spring.

Dear friend, I cannot come to you,
To spend my Christmas hours,
But wishes fond and glad and true,
I speak them all with flowers.

With a nightgown yoke or a little bed jacket for the invalid or especially for the prospective mother:

Within each dainty fold I've pressed
A charming fairy wish for you,
May each night bring you perfect rest
And all your happy dreams come true.

Just a little verse for a gift of any sort.

A little gift is all that I can spare,
But with it goes a wish that's fond and true.
May health and peace and plenty be your share,
And fellowship of friends both old and new.

To the absent boy or girl, a little book of kodak snapshots of Mother, Father, the old home, a friend or two and the bridge across the stream or the little old schoolhouse, colored with watercolors and this little verse tucked within:

How precious to the home and heart
Are all the long-missed faces,
How lovely down the lane of years
Shine out the old home places.
And so we send this little gift,
To cheer you and remind you,
Where e'er you roam, you'll find no home
Or friends like those you left behind.

And here's my last innovation. I have hunted up all my silk scraps and begged others from my friends. I took an old four-in-hand tie of Hubby's and ripped it up and am making silk ties for Christmas gifts, using the old one for a pattern. This verse will be my peace offering to go along:

There are ties that make us happy,
There are ties that make us mad,
There are ties that seem to mock the sunset,
There are ties both harmless, good and bad.
There are ties that cost a lot of dollars,
There are ties made for millionaires, perhaps,
But the tie to test your fond affection,
Is this tie that I've made from scraps.

SUNNY WRIGHT, Valley, Wash.

WINFIELD, R. R. 5, KANS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
For the first time ever I will write a letter to you. Just because I have always wanted to and secondly,

because I must. The "must" is for this reason. Some time ago I requested, through COMFORT, someone living where red haws grew to write to me. Well, I certainly know now where they grow—everywhere and all over, for I have had letters from most every state in the Union and they are still coming. I have received so many that I feel I can never answer them all personally so I take this method of thanking one and all for their kindness in replying to my request.

I used to live where the red haws grow and I only wanted a few so my boy could see and taste them, never dreaming I would be swamped with kindness—and red haws—to such an extent. My husband laughed at me as day after day I would bring from the mail box, ten to fifteen letters. He said "COMFORT surely is a go getter paper."

I hope this letter gets into print at the earliest possible date for until it does I will feel like a slacker for not answering the letters I received. It would take several dollars worth of postage and ever so many days of writing to do that and I have so much work to do that I can hardly keep up my regular correspondence.

I wish I could help all who wrote me for clothes and other things but I am one of the needy kind myself. Will the lady from Oklahoma who wrote me about climate, etc., with view of locating here if the climate would benefit her husband who has asthma, write me again. I lost your address.

With love to the sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson, I remain,
A faithful admirer of all,
MRS. JESSIE HEFFNER,
IOWA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I don't know what one must do or must not do in order to become a sister but if I knew I'd surely do it.

A Happy Mother in September issue, mentions a certain minister placing the blame of race suicide on the women being given the vote. I would ask for nothing more than to see that minister and ask him a few questions. First I should ask him why the intelligent American mothers be compelled to stand aside and not vote while all kinds of foreigners are allowed to take out naturalization papers and then vote for our law makers? Second, why are the men considered more competent to vote than the women? I know a great many men that have a very limited education and not an overdose of brains and I know other men with college educations that are afflicted the same way. You can educate a fool but you can't make him think. Third, whose life trembles in the balance when a life comes into this world, and why should she not have something to say about the law makers? I would like to hear him answer these questions.

By birth, choice and study I am a Democrat, teeth and toenails, but I voted the Prohibition ticket. My reason for doing so was that I thought it right. Right is right and wrong is wrong and I could not vote for the man the Democrats had placed at the head of their ticket.

I am the mother of five children, ranging in age from fourteen to five years.

LITTLE MOTHER.

SAVAGETON, WYO.

DEAR COMFORT FOLKS:

COMFORT is just like a nice warm fire on a raw, chilly day. There's something about it I cannot describe but all of you know what I mean. Every letter is so different that it's just like meeting and knowing that many new friends.

I have a "Little Home Out West" though very different from Sunny's. I have fixed up the inside as attractively as I know how. It is a soddy 14 feet wide and 28 feet long with five windows, which give plenty of light. The windows are placed two panes side by side and are trimmed with Dutch curtains and I have sixteen nice geraniums and a lovely hanging basket of Wandering Jew. The geraniums I raised from seed as we are forty miles from town and traveled here in a wagon. I was afraid to bring the starts so far. Then too, I am a stranger and I didn't like to ask for starts from people whom I did not know.

We have had a year here, as usual, but our corn did well and so did our potatoes and beans. This is our third year here and it is our first abundant crop but perseverance wins in the end I am told.

I have helped clear sagebrush, build barbed wire fences, cut and shocked corn, gone to the timber for wood, poles and posts, and am gaining in weight every day. I am four feet ten inches tall and weighed 182 pounds the last time I was weighed but I think husband stepped on the scales. I am twenty-three years old and have a big healthy boy six years old, in the second grade. It gets lonesome here so far from town; last winter I pieced two quilts, in basket pattern, and crocheted two round rag rugs for my little home.

We have our 640 acres all fenced now, a good well of soft water near the door and a good cow which supplies milk and butter for us. If it hadn't been for our good health and bulldog grit we never would be here now and have a home all our own with a cow, pigs and chickens. The first two years we lived in a dugout, hauled alkali water three miles and were getting more disgusted every day, but finally a few neighbors came and told us to give up digging wells where we were and go down the draw and sink an arbor hole, which we did, about half a mile south of our dugout, and found water at sixteen feet, fine water, too. We now have twelve near neighbors, a new schoolhouse will be built this fall as the men are going to haul the lumber free of charge this week.

To my dear COMFORT sisters, I say "stick to it" for when things look the very blackest and you are ready to quit, right then is the time to brace up and do your best for there is the turning point. God gives us these black nights so we may better appreciate the golden days.

Love to one and all, and before I close will say to you who live in a tiny flat and those who live on farms, will be glad to hear from you.

Sincerely, Mrs. WALTER S. HAGGERTY.

Mrs. Haggerty.—That's the nicest compliment COMFORT ever received. I wish I could think of some clever way to tell you how much I admire you. You don't need this verse but it may help some other sister to "stick to it" when things look black.

"Charge not thyself with the weight of a year,
Child of the Master, faithful and dear;
Choose not the cross for the coming week,
For that is more than He bids thee seek.

"Bend not thine arms for tomorrow's load,
Thou mayest leave that to thy Gracious God;
Dally only He saith to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow Me."

WARRENSBURG, MO.

COMFORT SISTERS:

After reading the last issue of COMFORT I feel that I must write a letter even if no one ever reads it but myself and Mrs. Wilkinson.

Happy Mother, my house is not always spick and span either and we get along just as well, and better I think, as some of our neighbors who are so neat. Neither do I wash my supper dishes for husband is away all day and we spend the evening visiting. We are alone and no longer younger so we try to make each other enjoy what little time there is left to us. We never have money troubles. My John knows that I do the best I can about saving and I know he does so everything is all right. We have a cozy little suburban home and I raise lots of nice chickens. Don't be shocked sisters, but I wear unionalls while doing my outdoor work. I like to crochet and have used several of the designs given in COMFORT. John never reads anything but Uncle Charlie's Corner. We loved Uncle Charlie and I know we will love Uncle Lisha. I read the sisters' letters first of all when my paper comes. Let's have a sisters' badge by all means.

J. B.

Why is it that the writer of a letter like the above asks that her name be withheld? In the case of a sorrow, tragedy or some secret revealed, the need of secrecy can be readily understood but it seems rather too bad not to give the name and address when there is apparently no reason for withholding it.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND OTHERS:

This is my first attempt to write to our column although I have been a reader for many years and nearly always read the sisters' letters the first thing. But after reading the letter from Molly-Joe I thought I'd take a chance with the waste-basket. I'm not much of a letter writer but could not resist giving a little advice whether the others think I am right or not.

Molly-Joe, you ought to get married. I want to tell you my own experience and you and the sisters are the judges. When I was eighteen I wanted to finish my education and become a teacher. But instead I stayed at home, cooked, washed, ironed and did most

of the housework for a large family. I then met a young man and we both were very much in love and wanted to marry but my family opposed the idea, as I was needed at home so I gave up again. My sweetheart later married another. It has always been give up and stay at home and my home life was far from pleasant the most of the time. I stayed there until I was thirty-four years old, then married a widower whom I did not love, just to have a home in my old days, as my parents had died. But let me say here that I wasn't married long until I loved my husband dearly and we were very happy. But I have no children and I am so very sorry I did not marry ten years earlier. I do not believe in girls marrying before they are twenty, neither do I believe in waiting until after thirty as all are not as lucky as I was. Another thing, Molly-Joe, if you are not acquainted with some desirable young man, go out and get acquainted. I don't mean to be forward or bold but in your quiet way meet young folks. I was always taught that it was wrong for a girl to want to get married but now I think differently. I think God intended marriage and children and a woman has as much right to look for a husband as a man for a wife. I have been in your place Molly-Joe, and now I am in the place of your stepmother so I think I am capable of giving a little advice on both sides. Have you ever thought that perhaps the new mother would be just as glad of the change as you? I never have any words whatever with my "steps" but nevertheless I'll be glad when they have homes of their own and my husband and I will be alone. In your frame of mind you probably imagine things so if I were you I would try it away from home for a while anyway. Perhaps you won't be missed as much as you think and perhaps you'll be glad to go back. But anyway, try it.

I have the best husband in the world, and after all I was paid for waiting. Whatever you do, ask God's blessing and try to do right.

Best wishes to all.

AUNT SALLY-LOU.

Aunt Sally-Lou.—I like your name ever so much. You have given us something to talk about for the rest of the winter and it will be interesting to read what the sisters have to say about it.—Ed.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I wonder—ever eighteen miles from town, snow-bound, and no prospects of getting through by Christmas, with most of the Christmas trimmings still unbought?

After an afternoon spent watching the snow pile higher and higher, a well-stocked pantry and cellar seemed the only consolation for two little tots waiting for Santa Claus.

Finally, after a rummage, a set of blocks, two rubber balls, some little toy books and cards, put away when toys were more plentiful; these with a couple of home-made balls and rag dogs were the toys. Right there I decided never to wait until the middle of December before getting toys.

Some new towels and a tablecloth, still unhemmed; a couple of blue handkerchiefs and some new socks for Daddy were placed beside the toys and the dear little boys were as pleased with Mother's and Daddy's gifts as they were with their own.

Daddy brought in a large branch from the cedar wind-break and set it up. We all helped Santa that Christmas Eve and the little ones put on the old trimmings that had been saved from year to year. They enjoyed that more than they would have a finished tree they had no part in.

There was no candy so this had to be made. I had never tried that before but had cookbooks and magazines and we must have candy. I made fondant by working powdered sugar into a little cream and cut it into small portions. I made tiny flat cakes, flavored with each of my extracts of one portion. From another I made little balls, working in lots of shredded coconut and into others walnut meats while plain vanilla balls were rolled in chopped nut meats. Those walnuts sure paid for the trouble of gathering and were all the nuts we had.

The fondant was placed on waxed paper on a board and left for a couple of days, when some of it was dipped in melted chocolate. With a plate of fudge, two big dishes of rosy-cheeked apples, one of popcorn balls and one of cracked walnuts we had as nice a Christmas as ever before.

A very Merry Christmas and Prosperous New Year to all.

A MICHIGAN SISTER.

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT FRIENDS:

I have been a silent reader of this wonderful corner for a long time and must bubble over just this once if Mrs. Wilkinson will be kind enough to move the waste-paper basket out of sight.

While I exchange greetings with the COMFORT sisters, I live in the sunny South and have read COMFORT since a small child but have never seen a letter from this part of the state. I was reared in the hills of north Alabama. After graduating from New Market Training School in 1915 I taught school two years in the rural districts then was married to the principal where I taught. We came to Birmingham which is called the "Magic City"—quite a busy, restless place, however; we are out in one of the suburbs where there is sufficient breathing space and room for children to play.

My husband is a mail carrier. We do not own a home of our own but hope to in the future. We are both interested in music and good literature. I think every home should have some kind of musical instrument, especially where there are children. I like the piano or violin in preference to the gramophone to develop musical talents.

We have a dear little boy three years old named Kenneth Earle, who is the sunshine of our home. He has a remarkable memory having mastered the whole of the alphabet when only twenty-three months old. He takes special pleasure in learning to spell and sing. He has learned all the keys and can play three scales on the piano. His father is his teacher and he thinks "Daddy" the grandest in the world—they are pals.

Having read so many interesting and helpful letters I would like to send in suggestions which might be helpful to others but my time and COMFORT's space is limited and this time I am sending in a picture of Kenneth Earle and hope to see it in COMFORT.

Good luck to your corner and best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and all COMFORT readers.

MRS. NANNIE KENNEDY WELDON.

CALIFORNIA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Have just finished reading COMFORT and more especially the Sisters' Corner, as I think that the very best portion of our paper. The September issue contained many interesting topics but to me the most vital one was Motherhood and Race Suicide, as written by A Happy Mother.

I do not think that giving women the vote is in any way responsible for the condition for one has but to study the women who are executives and officials to see that they are usually mothers of at least a moderately sized family. Now may I quote from Bernard Macfadden, whom I think to be a very fine ideal American? The following extracts are from his Encyclopedia of Physical Culture.

"We may see how criminal is that prudish and false sense of modesty which actuates the coming mother in remaining at home, and how damnable that prudent, boldly staring, shickering and generally cheap and vulgar attitude of the public which causes the sensitive woman to shrink from exposure even when she herself is free from any impure or prudish views of her condition."

I agree with Happy Mother when she says that "boys and girls should be told of the pains and joys of motherhood, and to keep their lives pure for the sakes of their offspring." Would suggest that wherever possible, par-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

LET the children attend to the Christmas decorations and the making of the Christmas candies. They may need a certain amount of supervision in this but the gathering and hanging of Christmas greens can be made such a joyous occasion that they won't realize they are being supervised. A few simple recipes and a little watching will insure the success of the candies and if a few playmates, not too many, are invited to "help" it will add to the general good time.—Ed.

Miss Lollypop

The small miss carrying her basket of goodies will give you a happy surprise when you turn her around, for she is merely a paper doll covering for one of those toothsome modern lollypops, or "suckers" if called by the name.

But her real mission lies in the pennant stretched across her basket, which says "Christmas Cheer" and suggests the contents are not for herself alone. An American Christmas is typically a "home day," and only enjoyed to its fullest when, as we gather in supreme enjoyment of the blessings about us, we have first extended Christmas cheer beyond our own doors. Sometimes the silver lining is absent from the purse, and to those who carry such let us send from our abundance, in His name.

If you would make one of these lollypop surprises to accompany your gifts, for each place at your table, or as a part of your entertainment, have the children make the dolls, using their school papers.

To shape the candy, while soft roll a small piece into a ball, flatten until about one-third of an inch thick, and press a small round stick about half way up through it, then cover with a paraffin paper large enough to nearly also cover the stick. Tie just below the candy, which must be a little smaller than the doll's head, so that it and the paper will not show.

CANDY FOR LOLLYPOP.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of corn syrup, one tablespoon of butter and one-fourth cup of vinegar boiled until stirring after the sugar is dissolved until a little dropped in cold water will become quite hard. Add one teaspoon of vanilla or lemon just before taking from the fire. Pour into greased tin, and keep working edges into center as it hardens. Shape as soon as it can be handled.

ROAST TURKEY.—After turkey has been prepared and washed, rub the entire surface with butter, salt, pepper and flour. Fill with stuffing made by crumbling three-quarters of a loaf of stale bread, moisten with half a cup of melted butter and season to taste with salt, pepper, slices of onion and sage. Place in hot oven until it begins to brown, then decrease the heat. Baste frequently, using a cup of boiling water to which two tablespoons of bacon fat has been added. Add more water as fat forms in pan.

PLUM PUDDING.—One cup bread-crumbs, one cup flour, one cup brown sugar, one-half cup butter, one cup milk, three eggs, one cup seeded raisins, one-half cup chopped citron peel, one-half cup preserved ginger, one cup chopped walnuts, one teaspoon each cinnamon and cloves, one-half teaspoon nutmeg, one teaspoon salt, two teaspoons baking powder and one-quarter cup fruit juice. Mix flour with bread-crumbs, add butter, sugar, salt, baking powder, spices, nuts, fruit, milk, eggs and fruit juice. Pour into mould and steam steadily for four hours.

HARD SAUCE.—Beat white of one egg, cream one-half cup butter, add the egg and enough powdered sugar to make it quite stiff, flavor with vanilla. Water will do but the egg makes it more creamy.

PUDDING SAUCE.—One-half pint maple syrup, three tablespoons hot water, butter size of a walnut, thicken with tablespoon corn-starch; boil, flavor with cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg and one-half teaspoon vinegar.

This cake was always made at Christmas time in my family and can be made several days before needed as it keeps for an indefinite period. Put one-half pound of salt pork through a meat chopper and over this pour two-thirds of a cup of boiling water; add one-quarter cup of sugar, two cups of raisins, three well-beaten eggs and one cup of molasses in which two teaspoons of soda have been dissolved. Two teaspoons of cinnamon and one of cloves gives the desired spiciness and may be added with the three cups of flour and one-half teaspoon of salt. Bake in a moderate oven.—OLD SUBSCRIBER, KANSAS.

TOMATO SOUP, WITH ONIONS.—Slice two onions and fry them in butter until brown; remove them and fry one dozen tomatoes, or equal quantity of canned tomatoes just sufficient to heat them through, then put them into a stew-pan with their gravy and the onions; add a head of celery and a carrot sliced; stew gently for half an hour, add three pints of gravy; stew an hour and a half; pulp the whole of the vegetables through a sieve; season with white pepper, salt and cayenne. Serve with toasted bread.

APPLE PUDDING.—Two cups of baked tart apples put through a sieve to remove cores and peelings. Heat the strained apples, and add one-third cup of butter. Beat six egg yolks, add two cups of sugar, one quart of milk, one teaspoon of vanilla and a few gratings of nutmeg. Beat hard and stir in the hot apple. Bake thirty-five minutes in a quick oven. Beat the egg whites until frothy, add six tablespoons of sugar (powdered preferable) and beat until very stiff. Spread over the baked pudding, return to the oven and brown. To be served, cool with cream and sugar.

BAKED HADDOCK.—Choose a nice fish of about six pounds, which trim and scrape nicely, fill with a stuffing of veal, chopped ham and bread-crumbs, sew up with strong thread, and shape the fish round, putting its tail into its mouth, or, if two are required, lay them along the dish reversed—that is, tail to head; rub over with plenty of butter, or a batter of eggs and flour, and then sprinkle with bread-crumbs. Let the oven be pretty hot when put in. In about an hour the fish will be ready.

SAUSAGE ROLL.—Make dough as for baking-powder biscuit. Roll and cut into pieces four inches wide and twice as long. Take fine sausage, put three or more pieces in the dough and roll up. Press the ends together and bake half an hour.

APPLE PUDDING.

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Love Will Find The Way

by Wenona Gilman



The girl had thrown herself face downward upon the couch.

"It is to speak to you of my—Mother"

"What do you mean?" he demanded angrily. "There are some things which—"

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Junius Beckwith, a Westpointer, Anne Gordon, wealthy, Marian Reade, companion, friend and protégée of Anne Gordon, occupy a box at the Metropolitan Opera House. The curtain falls and Beckwith admits that "Lucia di Lammermore" has a depressing influence upon him and he cannot think of insanity without repulsion, no matter what the cause may be, and a marriage with either tainted, should be made a crime punishable by law. The next morning is Marian's birthday and deciding to go home, Anne Gordon, with a premonition that she ought to stay, exacts a promise, if any trouble comes, Marian will let her know first. Marian walks away and turning the corner meets June Beckwith and they go to the park. Remembering it is her birthday, he offers his love as a gift and asks her to be his wife. Happy in her love for June, Marian reaches home. Janet Reade, her grandmother, tells her that her mother is not dead but the inmate of a madhouse. What can she say to June? Hearing a voice, she answers to her father's call. He gives her a curious Venetian ring for a birthday gift, and questioning him where he got it he evades the answer and queries what Anne Gordon gives her. Showing the watch, her father berates Marian's friend. She might have given one thousand dollars, which he needs and will have. Marian, under the horror of all she hears, forgets all her grandmother told her, even forgets June Beckwith. Later in the night, recalling her promise to Anne Gordon, she goes to her home. A light flashed from a window opposite shows a rope hung from Anne Gordon's window, and in the window her father's face. Reaching home, Marian meets her father, tells him where he has been, and for no honest purpose, and demands that he return all he has stolen. He refuses, and only after her earnest pleading does he ask what she will do for him. Little dreaming the price she must pay, she asks for nothing but to serve him and she seals the promise upon her mother's Bible. Left alone, Paul Reade decides to keep one ring. Marian writes June she does not love him and that her soul is withered as much as the flower she encloses. Her father assures her he has obtained a position in the brokerage business and rented a house down town. June is stunned upon receiving Marian's letter and welcomes his friend, Fred Underwood, who tells him Paul Reade is a most unscrupulous villain and the house he has rented is a decoy for gamblers, that Marian is not as innocent as she appears. June cannot believe it, and Underwood will prove it to him if he cares to go. June calling upon Anne, she tells of Paul Reade's sudden wealth, and June, knowing where it comes from, as a friend, forbids Anne to go to Marian Reade's home. Going to the reception, Underwood requests Paul Reade to introduce Marian. In the meanwhile June appears with a message from Miss Gordon. He invites Marian for a wait, which she ends with Dick Gresham, the most notorious gambler in New York. The evening ended, Marian faces her father and asks who were those people. She receives no satisfaction from his answer—he expects her to receive them with courtesy, she has sworn to obey him. Anne begs Marian to divulge the secret that troubles her and she denies she has one. Anne cries she knows and pleads with Marian to share with her the home and she will do all she can to save her the humiliation she must have. So long as Marian believed Anne did not know her father was a thief she could bear it, but now it is madness, and clasping Anne in a wild embrace, she leaves her.

CHAPTER XIII.

JUNIOUS BECKWITH'S BITTERNESS.

MIS Gordon was not in a condition to descend to the drawing-room when Junius Beckwith was announced that afternoon. Her eyes were red with weeping, she still wore the same charming tea-gown that she had worn when Marian came to luncheon—which, by the way, was never eaten—but June was such an old friend that she sent for him to come at once to her boudoir.

There were tears still in her eyes—almost hysterical tears—when he entered the room and took her hand—tears that were in strange contrast to his cynical smile.

"Well, she has been here?" he drawled, with an affectation of indifference that he was striving valiantly to make himself believe was genuine. He forgot that he had not spoken to her. He forgot that he had not asked after her health, or in any way interested himself in her, and she, stanch and loyal as she always was, forgot it, too.

"Yes," she answered in a choked voice.

"And—she knows."

He did not speak the words as a question but as an assertion. He turned away, trying with all his might to drown the groan that he felt rising in his throat. She caught his hand and spoke to him with an eagerness that he had never heard her use before, something so entirely different from her usual calm, debonaire manner, that he could scarcely believe that it was Anne Gordon who spoke.

"You must not condemn her too much!" she cried. "Oh, June, it was pitiful to see her. I never saw a girl suffer as she did. The fault is not hers, but her father's. You must not condemn her—indeed, you must not! If you could but have heard what she said, you would have pitied her as I did—as I do!"

For a brief moment there was something like hope in his eyes, but it quickly vanished, and the old cynical smile returned.

"You offered her a home here with you, did you not?" he asked, with a slight sneer.

"And she declined it?"

"Yes. She felt that she could not leave her father to the terrible fate that was in store for him. She felt that she could not abandon him when he needed her prayers, her sympathy, her affection the most."

"She told you that?"

"She did."

He laughed—a disagreeable, slightly boisterous laugh.

"Upon my word," he exclaimed, with a sneer, "she is a clever actress! Why, my dear girl, she enjoys it. Listen. I went to that ball last night. She was there in decollete gown, and she waltz that she began with me, she ended in the arms of Dick Gresham, the most noted profligate in all New York."

"Oh, June!"

"It is true, I tell you. I would not have believed it from the lips of my dearest friend. She is eternally lost. I had a thousand times rather have seen her dead, Anne!"

The name was uttered almost as a cry, for the girl had thrown herself face downward upon the couch and was weeping as he had never heard any one weep before. He looked at the back of her head for a moment in a sort of dismay, and then a curious, desperate passion seemed to take possession of him. All the fury of his nature seemed to be aroused against the girl whom he still loved, in spite of all the harm that he believed of her, and all the sympathy of his soul aroused for this woman who wept for her.

He knelt beside Anne Gordon and took her in his arms.

"Hush!" he cried, almost fiercely. "She is not worth one of the tears that are falling from your sweet eyes. She is not worth a breath of regret that could issue from your pure lips. Don't do that. Every sob that you utter seems to strangle me. Oh, Anne, Anne, if I had never loved you before, I should love you now!"

She did not hear the anguish of his tone, she did not understand that its desperation, its reckless agony were the result of love for another woman, and that he loved her because she pitied that other. She only heard those words—those sweet words that she had listened for so long and so patiently:

"If I had never loved you before, I should love you now."

She turned her tear-wet face, and allowed it to touch his cheek. She did not look into his eyes or she might have seen the expression of consternation and horror that he could not control at her words, which were:

"I have listened for those sweet words half my life, June, but I never expected to have them spoken when my heart was so full of sorrow as now. You must not think I do not appreciate them, dear, that I do not love you in return, for I do with all my soul, and the greatest consolation that could have come to me in losing Marian is the knowledge that I have not mistaken you, that you loved me."

Her manner was beautiful and womanly, so full of tenderness that it cut him to the soul. There was no mistaking what she meant. There was no terrible outbreak of passion in the words, but there was the undying devotion of a whole life in them that could not be mistaken. He looked at her for one long, silent minute in dumb anguish.

Could he tell her that she was mistaken? Could he be so cruel as to deceive her at that moment when her suffering seemed almost as great as his own? But he could not make her his wife. That thought was horrible to him. What should he say to her?

He tried to moisten his stiff, parched lips. He strove to think of some words of explanation, but it was worse than impossible. His brain was singularly alive to the torture of it all, but apparently dead to every other thought.

She wept on quietly for a little while, then lifted herself from his arms with a little smile that contained no mirth.

"I am ashamed to have received the happiness that you have given me in this way, June," she said, with sweet simplicity. "Will you forgive me, dear?"

And then reaction came. Why should he not make her his wife? he asked of himself fiercely. She loved him; she was the one pure woman in all the world outside of his own mother. Why should he not find that happiness with her that he had lost with Marian Reade? Why should Anne Gordon's life be made miserable simply because his could not be happy?

That wild feeling that characterizes the action of a hysterical woman seemed to take possession of him. He caught her face between his hands, and looked into her eyes. His hot breath upon her cheek seemed to scorch her, but his lips did not meet hers; his expression almost frightened her, and yet she did not doubt him.

"And you are willing to be my wife, Anne; you are willing to risk the happiness of your whole future life in my hands?" he cried, in that hurried, husky tone that will not bear description. "The only happiness that could ever come to me, June, would be through you," she answered simply.

She had never looked so beautiful as when she said those words. The trace of tears were still upon her face, but that seemed to increase her loveliness. Another man would have been proud of the treasure he had won; but June Beckwith saw nothing of her beauty, thought nothing of her womanliness and worth beyond the fact of her perfect purity. That one thing had arisen to immeasurable dimensions in his eyes.

"I will try to be worthy of you, Anne," he said hoarsely. "I will try never to betray the confidence you have reposed in me. Whatever happens, I will be a true and loyal husband to you, dear."

He strangled the groan that he felt struggling from his heart. He knew that he could not trust himself there longer, and taking her face again between his hands, he forced his voice to be calm, as he almost whispered:

"I must leave you now, dear. But I leave you as my promised wife, Anne."

He did not kiss her face. He felt that it would have been the vilest treachery to her. She was his promised wife; and yet his lips had never touched hers, his arm had never encircled her waist after the pledge had been given.

She watched him go with a smile in her eyes and in her heart; but that first leave-taking lived in her soul afterward as a resurrection from the dead.

CHAPTER XIV.

PAUL READE'S TERRIBLE FRIGHT.

"Father!"

Paul Reade turned from a desk beside which he was writing a letter, and looked up at his daughter.

The old, familiar childish "papa" was dead between them forever; but if Paul Reade observed it, he made no comment. Perhaps he forgot to think of it at all in noticing the curious expression of his daughter's face.

It was the day after her visit to Anne Gordon. The evening before had been passed in entertaining some of those new friends who seemed to be ever at her father's elbow now, and he half-fearful that she had come with some intention of refusing to mix again with the strange gathering with which he had surrounded her.

"What is it?" he asked, half-turning again to his work.

"I want to talk to you for a moment," she exclaimed desperately. "It seems impossible to get a word with you, now that you are so completely taken up with these new friends that you have formed. Can't you give me one minute?"

There was unconscious bitterness in her tone, and he looked the annoyance that he felt as he laid down his pen and turned round in the revolving chair.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "Is it to enter a complaint against my new friends? You know you promised—"

"Never mind that," she interrupted miserably. "I know what I promised, and it is not to speak of my friends that I have come."

An expression of relief crossed his countenance. She had seated herself in a chair where the light fell full upon her face, leaving his back to the light and his face in shadow. She could not see him clearly; but it is doubtful if it would have made any difference to her if she could not have seen him at all, with the request that she had to make.

"Then what have you come for?" he asked, a trifle more kindly.

"It is to speak to you of my—mother."

There was a long pause before the word was spoken. Somehow it seemed to her that she could not bring herself to utter that sacred name in his presence, and yet, anything was better than further reference to that subject in her grandmother's hearing.

He started slightly, and a cloud crossed his face. It was the first time in months—even years—since he had heard that word from her lips. He strove to steady his voice as he answered her, but it was husky and strained as he replied:

"What of her, little one?"

"I have come to tell you that I know the secret that you have kept from me all these long, cruel years, and I have come to beg of you to let me see her."

Her hands were folded between her knees in a despairing attitude. Her face was white and miserable as death. She was thinking only of her own suffering and of that unhappy mother; but, wretched as she was, she could not have mistaken the expression of absolute terror upon her father's countenance if she had been able to see his face.

A look that was green in its intensity spread from brow to throat; a glitter like that of a rabid dog gleamed in his eyes; his teeth set, and his lips drew into a tense, straight line. The words that came through them were slow and stammering, like those of the man who speaks while suffering from paralysis.

"Who—told you—that?" he gasped.

"Grandma."

He could not reply for a moment, under the intensity of his exceeding relief. A slow, deep sigh welled up from his very soul. His hands and teeth relaxed, and for a moment it seemed to him that he was going to faint from the relief he experienced in the lifting of that awful pressure. The color rushed back into his cheeks; the light faded from his eyes until they were like those of a dead fish. But he pulled himself together by a powerful effort, and there was a hypocritical quiver in his voice as he said:

"I am sorry she told you, my darling—very sorry. I never meant that you should know the awful fate that had overtaken your poor mother. Oh, pretty one, if you but knew what I have suffered!"

He took out his handkerchief and applied it to his eyes. Marian shivered. She hated herself in that she could feel no pity for him; but her whole heart seemed dead to every sensation.

"It is better that I should know—much better," she answered dully. "It ought to have been told me years ago. I might have been spared so much if—"

But that is past, and the past is dead; don't let us speak of it. I know now, and—well, the knowledge has not killed me. I want to see her, father. You will take me to her, will you not?"

"No, no, child; don't ask that. I could not! Another fear had come to him. This was a contingency that he had not anticipated. He was trembling slightly, and she felt it as she arose and knelt at his side.

"Father," she cried, "you will not refuse me this! Remember that I have never seen her face since my babyhood. Oh, father, I must see her! All these years she has lived there, surrounded only by mad people. She hears nothing but their cries, sees nothing but their shame and anguish, knows nothing but their wild ravings. What hope could there be for one under circumstances like those? She may have lucid moments. She may have in those moments longings to see the child that she knew but in infancy. The touch of my hand might soothe some wild delirium to restfulness; the sound of her baby's voice might bring back some long-forgotten memory. Oh, father, whatever misfortune has happened to her, she is still my mother, and I must see her—I must!"

He covered his face with his handkerchief, that she might not see the expression of his cowardly, guilty countenance.

"I can't consent!" he cried hoarsely.

"You have not the right to refuse!" she exclaimed. "No matter what may be her condition, you have not the right to refuse a daughter the privilege of seeing her mother's face. Oh, father, tell me that you will not!"

"I must, for your own sake."

He arose suddenly and stepped by her. Something in his tone or manner, she knew not what, startled her. She sprang up, and brushing the hair, that had become disarranged, from her brow, she faced him.

"Don't say that!" she panted, striving to look into his face. "Don't say that! Reverse your conditions, and think of her keeping me from you all your silent, deserted life. Would it not be cruel?"

"No; it would be right."

"It would not! You shall not make me the selfish thing that you are striving to do! It is my duty to see her. No matter how much I should shrink from it, there is no law of creation that does not cry out to me wherein my duty lies. I tell you, father, that in spite even of my oath of obedience, there is just one thing I will not do—I will not allow you to keep me from my mother!"

"And how will you find her?"

"How? I have not thought; but there are some who will help me. There must have been some sort of commitment papers. I will have the records examined. I know the year. The difficulty will be small. I shall find her. But I hope you will not force me to this extremity."

Paul Reade was ghastly under the hideous fear upon him. His hands and lips twitched as if he were threatened with a fit. He could have strangled the girl as she stood there before him, and yet he knew that his nerveless fingers would have dropped from her throat the same moment that they touched it. There was a wild, uncanny horror in his eyes; and then, suddenly, as if by magic, a thought came to him.

He could scarcely repress the fiendish laugh that arose to his lips. His hands dropped behind him; his eyes glittered like those of a serpent.

"So be it!" he cried hoarsely. "You shall see her. You will have but yourself to blame that the horror of it will linger with you to your dying day. Remember that I tried to save you from it."

"And you will take me?"

"I will take you."

"Thank you, father."

"Thank me when you have returned—not now. Now go to your room and rest. There will be guests for you to entertain tonight."

"You will take me tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow or the day following. It will be soon enough."

His mood was terrible to her, and she left him, half-falling into a chair. "I would not go through with that fright again for— Curse it all! I should have had the nerve to put an end to it all years ago; but I was too great a coward—too great a coward! I could not do it, and I can't do it now. I am chained to that fate as the criminal is to the ball and chain that proclaims him convict. Perhaps that is my punishment, for it is hell! I thought I had got rid of that memory for a time; but it comes upon me at every turn, like a specter that will not be laid. But I will get the best of them all yet. There is a way out of this difficulty, and an easy way. I must see Ezra Morris, and at once!"

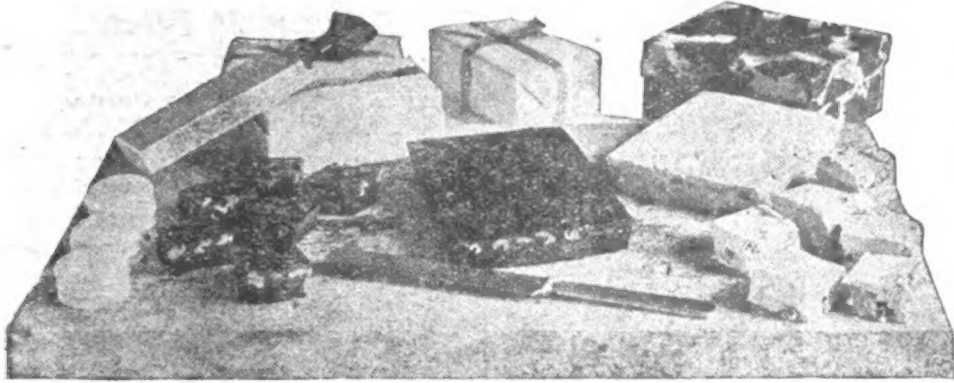
CHAPTER XV.

A STRANGE REQUEST.

Paul Reade did not wait to complete the letter that he had been writing, but taking his hat he hurried to one of the most notorious pool-rooms that the city contains.

More than one of his old friends put out a hand to welcome him, but he passed them by as quickly as possible, and knocked for admission to a private door. A husky voice bid him enter, and he let himself into a room where a man was seated near a window reading a paper. He smiled as he recognized Reade, and laid aside the paper as he pointed to a chair.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)



HOW TO MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS CANDIES

By Violet Marsh

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THAT there will be candy for the holidays, and for Christmas especially, is an assured thing in most homes, yet many mothers have reason to dread this joyous indulgence because of the various phases of indigestion which follow in its wake. Sugar in itself is an important food element, and is classified as energy food, but it must not be taken in quantities in excess of proportion to other foods. Candy, even if it is of a rich variety, may safely be taken in place of a sweet dessert, or, if the meal is without meat or eggs, a somewhat larger amount of food candy is not unwholesome.

Now comes the question, what is good candy? One would hardly class as high-grade goods the highly-colored, sugar-lacking varieties so extensively sold over the counters to children. Nor are we satisfied with the hard Christmas candies sold in bulk at a comparatively low price, unless it is a case of can't afford any better.

The really fine, high-grade candies are too high-priced for the ordinary purse, but fortunately delicious, wholesome candies can be made at home and with very little expense; so the most satisfactory course is to make our own candies in our own kitchens. When once the knack of making a few simple candies is acquired, and it is not at all difficult, it will be discovered how inferior is most store candy.

Young people enjoy candy making and should be assisted to an opportunity for learning and practicing this useful branch of culinary art. When the boys and girls can make an assortment of tempting sweets, they have in a large measure solved the problem of friendship presents, for a box of home-made candy is a very acceptable gift, and particularly so at Christmas time.

In packing candy into a box, place it evenly and closely in layers, with paraffin paper between cut to exactly fit the box. If there are several kinds, have some of each in each layer, covering the top with the fitted paper. Wrap the boxes, tie with ribbon, or band with narrow strips of colored paper with ends pasted together and concealed beneath paper bows or rosettes.

Making Candy Smooth and Creamy

Taking fudge as an example, you have no doubt observed that it greatly varies all the way from being "sandy" to creamy.

In cooking cane-sugar, it changes into another sugar of much smaller crystals, a process called "inversion" by professional candy makers. However, all the cane-sugar does not change by cooking, so that, in order to make sure that the mixture contains enough inverted sugar to produce a smooth candy, pure glucose is added, or else honey or corn-syrup, both of which are largely glucose. Invert sugar is composed of glucose and fructose. Still another process by which cane-sugar is sufficiently inverted to insure smoothness, is by the addition of vinegar, lemon juice or cream of tartar. This explains why a pinch of cream of tartar is always added to the syrup of boiled frosting.

The use of corn-syrup in candies is very satisfactory. Only a small amount is necessary to produce a fine-grained candy, while a larger proportion gives a caramel consistency. The same results are obtained through the use of acids.

Another key to success in candy making lies in understanding the right length of time for cooking. Often recipes give a period of so many degrees F. for time of cooking, but unless one owns a candy thermometer, these directions cannot be exactly applied. However, we will proceed without the thermometer and use in its place an ounce of judgment and a glass of cold water. When a little of the boiling syrup is dropped into the cold water,

and can quickly be shaped into a soft ball, a temperature of 240 degrees is reached; the hard-ball stage is 260 degrees, and when cooked too brittle it is 300. With a little experience, the home candy maker will find this cold water test satisfactory.

In cooling candies to be pulled, pour into oiled tins or plates, and keep working the hardened edges into the center until cool enough to handle. Molasses contains a large amount of glucose, and when pure and free from chemicals makes a whole-

some candy that children may freely eat. Use candied fruits, nuts, dates, prunes, figs and peanut butter in making your candy, and serve it as a part or the whole of a dessert. Chocolate is a nutritious and useful material for giving flavor and richness to a great variety of candies.

Never Failing Candy Recipes

VANILLA CARAMELS.—Mix together two scant tablespoons each of sifted flour and corn-starch and work into it two slightly rounded tablespoons of butter very lightly salted, until the mixture is even and creamy. Set to one side until needed. Put one cup of light cream into a sauce-pan with one cup of granulated sugar, stir and slowly heat until the sugar is dissolved, then slowly add one-third cup of dark corn syrup, bring to a boil and cook without stirring until a little in cold water forms a soft ball. Now gradually add the butter mixture and cook again until you again have a firm soft ball in cold water. Add one teaspoon of vanilla and pour into an oiled tin. When a little cool lightly mark into squares, and cut as soon as the candy is firm. Two tablespoons of peanut butter beaten in after the caramel is removed from fire makes a pleasant variety.

DIVINITY FUDGE.—Two cups of granulated sugar, one-half cup of corn-syrup, and one-half cup of boiling water slowly heated and stirred until the sugar dissolves. Boil without stirring until a little tried in cold water becomes brittle. Add one teaspoon vanilla. Have ready the whites of two eggs beaten until

stiff, and pour into them in a fine stream the boiling hot syrup, beating continuously. Add one-half cup of clean seedless raisins and beat the whole until it has considerably cooled and the raisins do not settle. Pour into oiled tin and cut into squares when cool.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE.—Two cups of granulated sugar, one cup of rich milk, one-third cup of butter, and either one-third cup of glucose, or corn-syrup slowly heated until the sugar dissolves, then boil until a little tested in cold water forms into a very soft ball. Stir continuously while the candy is boiling. Add one teaspoon of vanilla and beat about three minutes, then add two squares of grated unsweetened chocolate and continue beating until creamy. Be sure not to beat it so long that it will not quickly spread in the tin. Cut into squares when nearly cool.

CREAM PEPPERMINTS.—Two cups of sugar, one-fourth cup of glucose, and one-half cup of hot water. Stir until the sugar is dissolved and then cook without stirring until a very soft ball will form in cold water. Place dish in a pan of cold water but do not stir. When cold add a few drops of oil of peppermint, checker-berry, orange, clove or lemon and beat until creamy. Drop on buttered or paraffin paper to harden.

MOLASSES CHIPS.—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one cup of hot water, one even teaspoon of cream of tartar, and butter size of a walnut. Boil until slightly brittle when dropped in cold water. Turn into a buttered tin to harden.

RAISIN SQUARES.—Two cups of brown sugar, one-half cup of rich milk, one-fourth cup of butter and four tablespoons of molasses cooked together until a little cooked in cold water makes a soft ball, which will require about fifteen minutes after the mixture begins to boil. Stir continually. Now add two squares of bitter chocolate and when thoroughly beaten in, add one cup of seedless raisins and beat until creamy. Care must be taken not to beat too long, as the mixture must be soft enough to pour smoothly into tins. When firm and nearly cool, cut into squares.

STUFFED PRUNES.—Wash prunes in cold water. Cover with boiling water and let stand ten minutes, then pour off the water. It is about half way over the prunes. Put into a deep baking dish and cover tightly. Bake all day at a very low temperature, without sugar. If the oven is required for other cooking, remove the prunes and continue cooking them at

another time when the heat is low. The prunes will take up all the water. Stone the prunes and fill them with chopped sour pickle and chopped nuts mixed with a little mayonnaise, or with chopped citron, nuts and raisins.



CABBAGE SALAD.



DRINKS FOR THE HOLIDAY PARTIES.



SUET PUDDING WITH HARD SAUCE.



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Drinks for the Holiday Parties

Jellies may be melted and made into delicious drinks. Raspberry or loganberry jelly is combined with lemon juice, and sugar to taste. Pour boiling water over the jelly and slowly melt without cooking. When cold, dilute to taste.

A can of strawberries is strained and added to pineapple juice. Cut the pineapple into shreds, add water and simmer, then strain. Dilute and sweeten to taste. A small amount of lemon juice will bring out the flavor.

Bottled lime and grape juice make a delicious combination. Dilute and sweeten.

Sweet elder is the national Christmas dinner drink.

Dishes for Christmas Week

CHICKEN PIE.—Disjoint and cut into small serving pieces a fowl weighing about four and a half pounds. Clean the liver, gizzard and heart, and put all together in a kettle that closely covers and pour over one quart of boiling water. Add one slice of onion, one heaping teaspoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon of pepper and a small pinch of leaf of sage. When the meat commences to boil, skim carefully and thicken the water with two tablespoons of butter mixed with three tablespoons of dry flour. Cover the stew-pan and set where the contents will just bubble for two hours. Cook longer if the meat is not then tender. Invert a cup in the center of a deep baking dish that will hold about two quarts, surround with the chicken and gravy and let stand until cold. Cover with a crust made as follows: One and one-half cups of sifted flour, one-fourth cup of baking powder, and one-third cup of butter and lard mixed. Work the shortening into the flour, and use just enough cold water to hold the flour together. Turn it onto a floured board, slightly shape with the hands and roll to fit the baking dish. Cover the meat with the crust, cut three small places over the cup to let the steam escape and bake one hour in a moderately hot oven. If the gravy is not thick enough when the meat is nearly done, add a little more flour before it is put into the baking dish.

ROAST DUCK WITH APPLES.—Singe, draw and wipe inside and out. Lay in a granite baking pan and surround with whole cored apples. Put into a hot oven and quickly brown, then reduce the heat and cook until done. Baste frequently. If a stuffing is desired, make as follows: Mix two cups of mashed potato with one-half cup of rich milk, add a little scraped onion, two tablespoons of butter, salt and pepper, one-fourth teaspoon of poultry dressing and the beaten yolks of two eggs.

JUGGED RABBIT.—Skin two rabbits, draw and wash carefully, cut into serving pieces and roll in flour. Put half a cup of butter into a frying pan, carefully brown the meat on both sides, and remove it to a deep stew-pan. Into the frying pan put three cups of boiling water, and unless enough butter and flour remained from frying the meat to slightly thicken the water, stir in one rounded tablespoon of flour wet with cold water and cook ten minutes. Pour the thickened water over the meat in the stew-pan, add one whole onion, one bay leaf, three whole cloves, five whole allspice, one scant tablespoon of salt, and fourth of a teaspoon of pepper. Cover closely and simmer an hour and a half. Add one tablespoon of lemon juice before serving.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Select a head of cabbage that is hard and rather flat. Trim off the outside leaves until the perfect ones are reached. Cut away the bottom of the cabbage until it will set evenly on a plate. Scoop out the inside, leaving just enough to form a wall. You now have a shell from which the salad is served. Shred the cabbage, and let it stand in cold water one hour. Drain in a colander 15 minutes, tossing frequently. Mix with the following dressing, fill the shell and serve on a bed of carrot tops or parsley: Boil one-half cup of vinegar, two teaspoons of sugar, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon of mustard, and one-eighth teaspoon of pepper. Rub one-fourth cup of butter to a cream with one teaspoon of flour, pour the seasoning on it, cook five minutes and pour over one well-beaten egg. Use cold.

SUET PUDDING.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sweet milk, one cup of chopped suet, one cup of raisins, one scant teaspoon of cloves, one teaspoon of cinnamon, one teaspoon of soda, one-half teaspoon of salt and two and three-fourths cups of sifted flour. Sift flour, spices, soda and salt together twice. Thoroughly beat the suet into the molasses, then the milk and flour alternately, and lastly the raisins. Steam two and one-half hours in two closely-covered pound coffee cans.

HARD SAUCE.—Thoroughly cream one-half cup of butter, then gradually cream in one and one-half cup of powdered sugar. When light and fluffy, add a little over one-fourth of a cup of orange juice, the juice of half a lemon and two-thirds teaspoon of nutmeg. Beat hard until very light.

PLAIN PLUM PUDDING.—One-half cup of molasses, one-fourth cup of sugar, one tablespoon of melted butter, one teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of cinnamon and one-half teaspoon of salt, all beaten together. Add alternately one cup of milk with two and one-fourth cups of flour, and lastly two-thirds cup of raisins. Steam four hours. Serve with lemon sauce.

LEMON SAUCE.—Mix one and one-half cup of sugar with two tablespoons of flour, and cream it over it two cups of boiling water, and when stirred smoothly cook ten minutes. Add one lemon cut in very thin slices, cover and let stand ten minutes before serving.

BRAMBLES.—One cup of sugar, one beaten egg, the grated rind and pulp of one lemon, one cup of seeded raisins and a teaspoon of butter. Stir and cook in double boiler until thick. Make a rich pastry roll and cut into small rounds, cover one-half with the above mixture, wet the edges and turn over the other half. Prick several times with a fork and bake in a hot oven until the pastry is thoroughly cooked.

MOCK CHERRY PIE.—Line a medium deep plate with pastry and sprinkle it well with flour. Make a filling as follows: One heaping coffee cup of cranberries cut in halves, one-third cup of chopped raisins, one cup of water, one teaspoon of vanilla, and bits of butter. Mix thoroughly together three-fourths of a cup of sugar and one rounded tablespoon of flour and spread it over the top. One-fourth teaspoon of almond will add to the cherry flavor. Cover with pastry, and bake in a hot oven one-half hour, or longer if the crust is not done.

CARROT MARMALADE.—Fifteen small table carrots grated. Mix with an equal measure of sugar, and let stand over night. Add the juice of three lemons and the rind of one, and the juice of one orange. Slowly cook until it thickens and the carrot is tender.

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CARROT MARMALADE.—Fifteen small table carrots grated. Mix with an equal measure of sugar, and let stand over night. Add the juice of three lemons and the rind of one, and the juice of one orange. Slowly cook until it thickens and the carrot is tender.

MOLASSES COOKIES.—Heat one cup of molasses to the boiling point and pour into mixing bowl. Add one-half cup of chicken fat if you have it (or bacon fat and good lard combined makes an excellent molasses cookie shortening), one level teaspoon of salt, two level teaspoons of ginger, one-third teaspoon of cinnamon, and two slightly rounded teaspoons of soda stirred up with two tablespoons of water. Mix well together and beat in one and three-fourths cup of flour. Set away, chill before baking. Handle only a little of the dough at a time. Roll thin and bake in a hot oven. Keep in a tightly covered pail.

SOFT MILK BISCUITS.—Two and one-half cups of sifted flour, sifted again with one scant teaspoon of salt, one even half teaspoon of soda, and one slightly rounded teaspoon of baking powder. Work in two tablespoons of shortening. Wet with about three-fourths cup of thick sour milk or buttermilk. Make into a ball without kneading, roll half an inch thick and cut into rounds. Bake until well done which will take about twelve minutes. The oven should be hot. If a drop biscuit is desired, use nearly a cup of milk and a pinch more of soda.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of buttermilk, one-half cup of cocoa, four tablespoons melted butter, one teaspoon of soda, pinch of salt and one and one-half cups of flour. Mix well together and bake in small loaf pan.

APPLE TAPIoca PUDDING.—One large cup of tapioca, three pints water, one cup sugar, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon essence of lemon, three pints of pared and quartered apples. Wash the tapioca and soak over night in the water. Put the tapioca in double boiler and cook until it looks clear. It will take from twenty to thirty minutes. Put the apples, sugar, salt and lemon in a buttered dish and turn the tapioca over them and bake an hour and a quarter. Serve cold with sugar and cream or whipped cream.

BATTER PUDDING.—Four large tablespoons of flour, wet with a little of the milk till smooth, one pint of milk, two eggs beaten with the flour, salt. Stir in the milk, and bake immediately, serve warm.

SAUCE.—Piece of butter size of an egg, one tablespoon flour, cream butter and flour together, add one cup of best brown sugar and boiling water enough to make it thin, cook a few minutes, flavor with vanilla, serve hot.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—One cup sugar, one egg, one cup milk, one teaspoon soda, one-half cup butter, two teaspoons cream tartar, two cups flour. Bake and eat with sauce.

Cubby Bear as Santa Claus

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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CUBBY Bear and Squilly Porcupine were having a game of tag on a bright December morning. The air was crisp and cold, but Cubby wore his red mittens and ear-muffs, and his fur coat kept him warm. Out of breath with running, they stopped to rest a few moments, leaning against a tree.

"Hark!" said Squilly. "I hear voices—not the voices of animals, but of children, I think."

"Yes," said Cubby. "I hear them. They are coming this way; we must hide."

They pushed their way in among some bushes, and peered out.

Three children, two little girls and a boy, well wrapped up, were coming through the forest, looking this way and that, as though in search of something.

"Oh, here is the very one we want!" cried the boy, running to a little spruce tree and laying his hand on one of its branches. "It's a beauty, just right for our Christmas tree. We'll bring papa to cut it down."

"But we must mark it some way, so we can find it again," said the girl. "I know—I'll tie my scarf on it." So saying, she took off the scarf, a pretty blue one, and fastened it on a branch of the spruce.

Then they went away, never dreaming that Cubby Bear and Squilly Porcupine had been so near them.

"Why do you suppose they left that pretty scarf here?" asked Cubby. "Was it for a present for us, do you think? You know Christmas is coming just the day after tomorrow."

"More likely they are going to cut down our little spruce tree for their Christmas tree," said Squilly, rather sulkily. "I don't see why they can't be satisfied to leave our forest to us! They have no right to come here. They wouldn't like it if we went and took their things!"

"Could you understand what they said?" asked Cubby.

"Why, n-no, not very much of it," said Squilly. "If they want the tree for a Christmas tree, I am willing to give it to them," said Cubby, feeling very generous. "And oh, Squilly! what fun it would be to hang some presents on it for them. How surprised they would be!"

"Yes, yes!" cried a little voice from a tree near by. Cubby looked up, and there was little Chickadee Chirrup.

"I will help," said Chickadee. "and so, I am sure, will Redtop Woodpecker and Billy Bluejay. It will be a nice way to thank the children for the birds' feeding-table they keep covered with crumbs and grain all winter!"

Chickadee flew here and there, calling the birds and animals together, and soon an eager group surrounded the spruce tree. They all examined the blue scarf with interest, and laughed at Racky Coon's antics when he tied the scarf over his head and capered around with it on.

"What can we give the children for their Christmas presents?" asked little Chickadee. "I have some red heads made of dried bitter-sweet berries," said Mollie Muskrat. "I will go home and get them."

"I have some pretty fir cones which I will hang on the tree," said Wise Owl.

Most of them had something to give, and Racky Coon and Cubby Bear made a pretty Christmas wreath of pine tassels.

"If I should sit on a branch and let them carry me home, they would think I was the prettiest present they had," said vain Billy Bluejay.

Cubby Bear ran home to see if Mamma Bruin would give something for the tree, and was hurrying back again, when he heard a sound which startled him. He did not know what it could be, and stopped to listen.

Then he met Redtop Woodpecker, who flew down on the snow in front of him.

"Oh, Cubby Bear!" cried Redtop. "Racky Coon and Squilly Porcupine and Chirpy Chipmunk and I were in the tree, hanging on the presents, when we heard a blow on the tree trunk, and the tree shook so Squilly nearly fell. Looking down through the branches, we saw that the children had come back, and a man with them. The man was cutting down the tree, and his axe is making the noise you hear! Chirpy Chipmunk gave a tremendous jump, and just managed to catch the branch of another tree. I flew, of course, but Racky and Squilly are in the tree, and the man will catch them!"

"Oh, what can we do to save them?" asked Cubby, all in a tremble at thought of his friends' danger.

"Nothing, nothing!" answered Redtop, in distress.

"I know," declared Cubby boldly.

"Oh, what?" asked Redtop.

"I will go and show myself to the man," said Cubby. "and if he chases me, then Racky and Squilly can come down from the tree, and run off where they will be safe."

"You would not dare," said Redtop. "The man would catch you!"

Cubby marched firmly along, determined to rescue his friends, though his heart beat fast with fright. Redtop flew along to see what happened.

the bear, ran after.

Poor Cubby Bear! Never in all his life had he been so frightened. Fear lent wings to his paws. On, and on, and on he went, through the snow, sometimes slipping as he turned to avoid running into a tree, dashing through thickets of snow-covered bushes, never daring to stop, never looking behind.

On, and on, and on, strengthened for his mad flight by the thought that Racky and Squilly were safe. He stepped into a little hollow and fell.



SOON AN EAGER GROUP SURROUNDED THE SPRUCE TREE.

The little spruce tree was cut nearly half through when Cubby came within sight of it, and the sharp axe was swung high for another blow.

The children saw Cubby first, and screaming, "Look, papa! a bear, a bear!" started to run away from Cubby.

The man turned, and flourishing the axe, came running toward him.

Cubby Bear ran, going deeper into the forest, taking care not to lead the man near the homes of any of his friends.

As he had expected, the man followed. The children, too, with their father between them and

but scrambled to his feet and stumbled on.

He was tired with running, his breath came in gasps, tears of weariness rolled from his eyes and dropped unheeded to the ground.

"I cannot run any more," he moaned, and sank down in a tired little heap, hiding his face in his paws. What would happen to him now?

Gaining courage after a little to look up, he found there was nobody in sight. The man and children had been left far behind.

After resting a while, he got up, and looked about him. There was nothing to be seen but trees and snow, trees and snow, look where he

would. No paths, no familiar landmarks. Snow was falling, for the weather had changed, and the bright morning had turned into a cloudy afternoon. Cubby brushed the light flakes from his coat.

"They will cover my tracks," he thought, "and I shall never find my way back."

Poor Cubby! It was likely to be a lonely Christmas.

As he sat there, a forlorn little wanderer, he heard soft animal voices, and looked up, feeling more hopeful.

A beautiful head, with stately horns and soft brown eyes, came in sight.

"A deer!" thought Cubby. "Oh, will he be friendly?"

Another deer and another followed the first, and the last one bounded forward, saying: "Why, this is Cubby Bear, the good little bear who crowned my little fawn Queen of the May last spring!"

Cubby was glad to see Mrs. Deer, and they all shook his paw in kindly fashion.

"How came you to be so far from home?" asked Mrs. Deer.

Cubby told his little story, all about the Christmas tree, and of how he had run until he could no longer stand up.

"And now I fear I am lost," he ended. "I hope you can tell me which way to go."

"It is too far to go back tonight," they told him. "Come home with us, and stay until tomorrow."

The deers' winter home was a clear space in the forest, where many hoofs had stamped the snow hard and smooth. In summer the members of the herd roamed at will, but in winter they stayed together.

Cubby was afraid at first, in such a crowd of large animals, with their horns and hoofs and long legs. He was amazed to see so many of them together. Some of them had large horns, but none of them as large as those of his friend Mr. Bighorn Moose. Mrs. Deer took Cubby to the little fawn who had worn the May Queen's crown, and then he suddenly felt lonely.

In the morning he was given a bunch of little twigs for his breakfast. He was too polite to say so, but he did not like the deers' food, and ate little, though he was very hungry.

"Tomorrow is Christmas Day," a large deer told him, "and you have come just in time to help us play our Christmas games."

"Our cousins, the reindeer, work for Santa Claus," said Mrs. Deer, "and have taken him to his sleigh everywhere with Christmas gifts. One time when they were going through this forest, they gave us a bell from their harness. We have always treasured it carefully, and every Christmas eight of us are harnessed up together, and play that Santa Claus is driving us."

"Cubby Bear shall be Santa Claus and drive this year," said the little fawn.

"Yes, yes! we will make a little sled for Cubby Bear to ride on, and we will carry him home," cried several of the deer, who were listening.

They brought out a great pile of the feathery trailing evergreen, which they had gathered before snow fell. This they twisted and tied together, to make the harness, enough for eight deer.

It was a fine, bright, cold morning, and the deer yard was a lively scene. Many were busy with the harness, making a merry game of it, and others were capering and frolicking about.

When all was ready, Cubby took his place on the little sled, or drag, made by fastening little poles together, took the evergreen reins in his paws, and said good by.

"We are all going with you," they told him gaily.

Such a ride, such a ride! Cubby will never forget it, if he lives to be as old as Grandma Bear.

Away through the forest they dashed, on swift feet, making little of the distance which Cubby had so wearily traveled the day before. The snow sparkled like diamonds in the bright sunshine.

Reaching his own Pleasant Forest, Cubby's friends and playmates, drawn together by the unusual sound of the racing hoofs and the tinkling bell, stood in a wondering crowd while the gay cavalcade dashed along. Was it Santa Claus, coming with gifts?

Graceful deer bounded along, by twos and threes the advance guard of the procession, then the eight deer resplendent in their evergreen harness, proud of their tinkling bell, drawing the little sled; on the sled, Cubby Bear, balancing himself carefully, proudly holding the reins over his lively steeds, his eyes sparkling with joy; and behind the sled, a pressing crowd of deer, of all ages and sizes, swelling the number and adding life and movement to the grand cavalcade.

Up to Mamma Bruin's little house they swept, and stopped at her door.

How the little woods people cheered.

They gave three cheers for Christmas, three for the "reindeer" tea, three for the entire crowd of deer, three for the Santa Claus bell, and three times three for their hero friend, Cubby Bear, who, risking his life to save his friends, had left his home running away in fear and trembling—brought back now in such triumphal splendor as the Pleasant Forest had never known before.

Crumbs of Comfort

Truth can stand alone.
The years are preachers.
Himself a man cannot escape.
Sincerity is the child of courage.
The world is made new every morning.
Let yesterday cover yesterday's errors.
Insincerity is always a sign of weakness.
God is your partner; make your plans large.
Nourish your mind with the richest thoughts.
There are more echoes than voices in literature.
All of a man's worth or poverty is within himself.
The world's teachers must first be God's learners.
Hope builds upon nothing but can tower to the skies.
Do not seek how to spend your time, but how to use it.
The contest is often worth more to us than the victory.
What you are in yourself is what no one can give or take away.
Home is civilization's greatest gift and is worthy of all efforts.
Time is a stream in which there is no mooring for the ship of days.
Truth is the root and human sympathy is the flower of daily living.
To know what is right and fear to do it is the greatest cowardice of life.
The man who loves truth and obeys duty is the one who prevails and whose work endures.
In the study of books we learn how things ought to be; in the study of men we learn how things are.
We look too much to systems and forms, and too little to the men who must carry out all organization.
Books minister to our knowledge, to our guidance and to our delight, according to their truth, their uprightness and their art.
A large variety of performance with the hand, a large variety of performance with the tongue—these create brains and give their possessor a mastery of the world we live in.
There are in the world three kinds of things: those worth having, those not worth having, and those most worth having. We should stop and think which of the three we are striving to attain.

JANUARY COMFORT

Our inspiring New Year Number will contain a lot of entertaining and instructive reading matter to make stormy days and winter evenings pass pleasantly and profitably. The following are some of the

Special Features for January

"Her New Year Resolution" A wonderfully fine story of the inspirational kind and teaches a lesson that will help the reader to begin the new year right.

"Something New for the Church Fair" A new form of entertainment to draw a crowd and raise money at a fair for the church, the Grange or any other society.

"A New Year Eve Interlude" A real thriller that tells of a wild adventure that ran dangerously close to a moral tragedy.

"Making Good Health a Habit" Interesting and instructive account of how the girls are taught at the Health Centers to take care of their health.

"Winter Cooking" How to cook and serve in a variety of tasty styles the farm products stored for winter use.

"Cubby Bear's Birthday" Cubby Bear has a birthday party but bad Foxy Reynard nearly spoils Cubby's enjoyment of it.

If the number over your name on the wrapper on this magazine is 398 it means that your subscription expires with this present issue and that you will not receive January COMFORT unless you renew your subscription at once—we can not send you a single copy, after expiration, until you have renewed. Don't miss January COMFORT.

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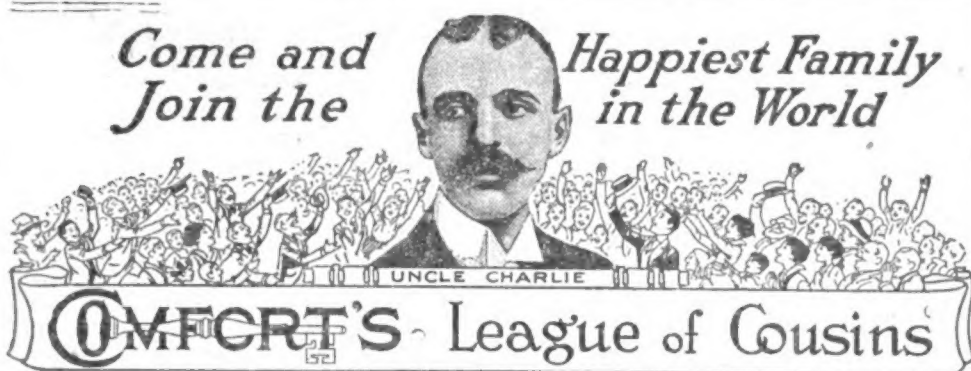
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Come and Join the Happiest Family in the World



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

As you sit up here on my lap to listen a while, the year is drawing to a close—the first happy year of my new Uncle-ship, during which I have had a chance to learn to know so many of the biggest and happiest families, and gain which your letters have brought to me. Much as I used to see and hear of Uncle Charlie's work during my visits to his household, the true vastness of his accomplishments I could never have realized until it came as a trust to me from his folded hands. As I sit here for hours at a time, reading your letters—merry ones, sad ones, letters of news, letters of questions—I grow to feel myself a center of just such a great circle of cousins and comrades as many of you like to imagine you enter each time that you write. And what a circle it is: I marvel as I think of it stretching thousands of miles, north and south, east and west, actually crossing seas and spanning continents. I read the letters feeling I am in touch with just so many loving hands held out from all directions. How many letters there are that I wish I might print which must, in the end, fall to find place in our League's space in COMFORT each month! There are so many I always want to share with you and not keep just for myself. Even Billy grunts many a grudging word of praise and a choking, whisker-hidden chuckle as he scans the letters with a tentative sniff and a nibble here and there.

"Gosh, Uncle Lisha," he said to me yesterday afternoon. "These kids do write great letters, some of 'em! And they're such newsy ones, too. I begin to feel as if I were a sort of walking atlas of every state in the Union. There is certainly a lot of facts to digest in these letters, Uncle."

"Don't worry, Billy," I replied. "You never seem to have much difficulty in matters of digestion. Facts and facts are about the same thing to your able stomach. But you're right, Billy, old boy, about the information and inspiration to be gained from these letters. We receive each month. They reflect the spirit of youth throughout our country as nothing else can. It's a privilege, Billy, to be able to listen to these voices and to make out words heard in reply to some of the best of the grave and gay messages we have sent us. Of course, many of the cousins don't really love you as much as they might, Billy; and so it's all the nicer of you to praise them. Some of the Family, I fear, do not appreciate your ability as an intelligent—and tasteful—critic."

"Uncle Lisha," said Billy, with one of his widest grins—which remind me often of the famous smile of the Cheshire Cat in Alice in Wonderland—"you and all the cousins will have to admit that whatever my faults as a critic, no one could have a more consuming interest in the League than myself."

"Well, no one is going to doubt your ability as a consumer, Billy," I said. "That's one thing sure; although I believe most of the cousins would just as well pleased if the affection you talk about was not quite so devouring. But to speak seriously, Billy; I have been thinking to-day of how much happier the coming Christmas is going to be to you and me than the one we celebrated so quietly a year ago. Then we were saddened by having parted with Uncle Charlie for the last time. Then I felt a little frightened and burdened by the responsibility he gave to me of carrying on his work. But now, during the past twelve months, the League has been the best answer to our sorrow and doubt. For I have found out, Billy, that when my friend passed on to me the trust that I received so doubtfully, he was in reality giving me what was the greatest Christmas gift in the world. And so, at the end of a year, in seeing the work go on and the big Family held tightly together and growing, I know that my sadness of last season at Uncle Charlie's passing will be swallowed up this Christmas in the joy of a truer appreciation of what Uncle Charlie really gave me when he pressed upon me this heritage of love. I have the joy, also, of feeling what his happiness must be in seeing, as he hoped, his cherished League still welded together strong and true in a spirit that speaks to me every month in all the letters I read."

"Billy, no one could fail to be proud, and at the same time humble, in reading the letters of love and support that have come to me as Uncle Charlie's successor. They are all a part of the gift he gave us last year, Billy, and it's all going to make this Christmas a happy one for us—happy to know that we have in our hands such a gift of love and loyalty which we must work hard to return as best we may."

"Uncle Lisha," said Billy soberly and a little pompously, raising one foreleg in an earnest gesture, "you can count upon me to stand by you in the future just as I have since last December. Uncle Charlie did give us a big and happy task, but I do not think—speaking for myself, at least—that I have bitten off more than I can chew, particularly now when my new pivot teeth are working so nicely. As to what you say about the cousins not liking me, Uncle; I believe the fairest-minded of 'em realize the necessary part I play in helping you with what I might call my good taste. However, Uncle, I do not complain; I am used to being misunderstood."—here Billy dropped his left ear mournfully—"but I hope that I may not go down in history as a Goat entirely different in heart and character from what you and my best friends know me to be—for your remarks often strangely interpret me to the cousins. I wish you would strive to be more serious, Uncle Lisha. You should read that great man, Macaulay, and model yourself, as I have done, upon his strong and manly style. I am never flippant, Uncle Lisha, and for that reason you and the cousins can all the more depend upon and enjoy everything I say and write." After which rather astoundingly self-satisfied speech, Billy trotted off downtown to buy a present he has been planning to drop in the stocking of Mrs. Webster's sick youngster on Christmas Eve. He is a good-hearted Billy, but does insist upon taking himself seriously when he is the least encouraged.

And so I shall be happy indeed this holiday season. I send every wish of love and joy to every one of you—in all of which I know Billy joins me. Be happy on the 25th of December and make others so in all ways you may. It is fit that Christmas should mean much to our League

—we who are a society of young people, for the day celebrates the birth of a Child; we whose League's spirit of joy and love is but the same that came to earth when unto it a Son was born whose love conquered all barriers and burst all tombs. To our own untroubled country, and in bickering and suffering Europe, any message of "peace on earth, good will to men" comes but faintly and brokenly today, perhaps. Yet the much-needed words are both message and miracle. They are release and remedy. They are more fundamental than any political policy; greater than any greed of government; surer than any conference toward disarmament. Christ who was born in Bethlehem said: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." Let us, whose League is the embodiment of this command, pray on Christmas Day that the whole earth may yet become obedient followers of a Child; that this divine law may be fulfilled, and that at some not far-off season the Kingdom of Heaven may come to reign in peace and goodwill above all schemes of men and kingdoms of our war-wasted, stumbling world.

May God love and bless and keep you all at this Christmas season.

And now for the letters:

DEAR UNCLE LISHA: CAROLSIDE, ALTA, CANADA.

I never had the slightest idea of writing to you until tonight, but I feel sure that you don't mind hearing from an Old Scissorbill from the North Pole. You will be surprised when you hear the balling out you are going to get. I have been after my wife to ball you out, but you see she hasn't any education. However, she's been taking the COMFORT for many years. Well, it is up to me to do the balling out as I got my education in Minnesota before there were any schools there; before teachers were ever heard of; before Mrs. Bolton, the lady that told of her northland home and the Lake of the Woods, ever came to Roosevelt, Minnesota. Oh, yes, I forgot myself, about balling you out: Well, after living ten years out here in the high winds on the ridge where the buffalo hair blows in your eyes and you never see a cubby bear, you'd forget you were living. But, anyway, say, Uncle Lisha, if you're the man that works at the pump handle, if you will look up the list of names of your subscribers, you will find where you are sending two COMFORTS to my loving wife: one comes to McNally, Alta, Canada, and the other to Carolside, Alta. Now McNally post office is no more on the map, so please don't send the COMFORT to my wife at McNally. Carolside will do. Now I will give you a description of myself, for of course all old Scissorbills are not like me. I am rather long, with a bulge in the middle like a lamp globe. My neck is long and crooked, with a swelling in the front that looks like a snake swallowing a frog. My head is turned sideways, like a hen trying to look in a jug. My legs are long, with knots on them like a scrub oak tree. The reason I am like this is because I have lived in Canada so long that the sun and hot winds have warped me a bit. If there is anything about this part of the world you or any of the cousins want to know, let me hear from you, for I can tell all there is. Well, dear Uncle Lisha, do excuse me, and don't send any more COMFORTS to McNally, Alta, Canada, as that office has dried up and blown away. Shall I come again? No.

God bless you all. I remain as ever,

Yours truly,
MRS. A. R. WALKER'S HUSBAND,
THE OLD SCISSORBILL.

Just as soon as I got your letter and your balling out, Old Scissorbill, I sent Billy to the telegraph office hippy-hop, so that no more copies of COMFORT would be wasted on the desert air of poor dried-up McNally. Billy was glad to go, because he was much concerned by your letter and wanted me to tell him how many COMFORTS I thought might have piled up unused at McNally, being blown about the fence corners and the wide prairie. But I reassured Billy, and told him I felt sure you had gathered all the extra copies in and had them safely stacked on the shelf back of the kitchen stove. I told him I thought the reason you really wanted the extra copy stopped, was to have but one COMFORT in the house each month, so that you and Mrs. Walker could have a little excitement seeing who would read it first.

Well, Old Scissorbill, you seem to have made a good job of securing an education in the early days of Minnesota, even without any teachers or schools. You don't say how you did the trick, but I have a notion that life in those pioneer times was rather a hard school in itself and gave a pretty good sort of education to any man able to stand the lessons of hard knocks. It's because of the oldtimers in Minnesota that there are schools and teachers there today, and perhaps many a young cousin owes you a debt of gratitude unrequited by either of you.

After reading your description, Scissorbill, Sr., I tried to imagine what you really looked like, but I had to give up. I got stuck trying to figure out just how a hen holds her head when she looks in a jug, and thinking what she could see, anyhow, if she did look in. But I'm sure of one thing: No matter if the Canada winds have done their warpingest, they have failed to warp your sense of humor, nor has the hot sun succeeded in drying up your flow of fun. And that's description enough for the cousins and me. Alta is a big piece of Canada and there's lots we would all like to know about what is left that hasn't blown away—nor dried up. Now that you will have time to tell us about the joys of life at Carolside, or of school days in old-time school-less Minnesota, I'll do my best to see that Billy does not warp himself on your letter.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA: ETHER, NORTH CAROLINA.

Now please don't call Billy, because if you do, and he eats this letter, he will contract a serious case of "brain lesion" and COMFORT will miss a great "literary" contribution.

I am enclosing with this letter the yearly subscription price of COMFORT and the additional amount for admittance in the League of Cousins, and I want to tell you, Uncle Lisha, that I had a hard time raising that amount. I don't know how it is up there, but money has become so scarce down here in North Carolina that a man who can show a five-spot is looked upon as one of great wealth. North Carolina is famed for its moonshiners and just at present its whiskey is about the only thing there is any sale for; however, I always try to stay optimistic and not kick about hard times—so I will abruptly change the subject.

As great a literary genius as myself should be lazily basking in the sun of fame, along with Kipling, Harold



Ask Us Now This test will delight you

Again we offer, and urge you to accept, this new teeth-cleaning method.

Millions now employ it. Leading dentists, nearly all the world over, are urging its adoption. The results are visible in whiter teeth wherever you look today.

Bring them to your people.

The war on film

Dental science has declared a war on film. That is the cause of most tooth troubles. And brushing methods of the past did not effectively combat it.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Then night and day it may do serious damage.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people have escaped the troubles caused by film.

Two film combatants

Now two combatants have been found. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency.

A new-day tooth paste has been created, and these two film combatants are embodied in it. The paste is called Pepsodent.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, which brings five desired effects. Approved by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Bell Wright and H. G. Wells, and I expect that after this letter is published I will receive offers of positions on the editorial staffs of several of the greatest magazines in America. Eh, Uncle Lisha? Before I proceed further I guess I had better enlighten you all as to who I am and what I look like. Well, I look like an ancient patriarch, but just the same I am far from being one. I have dark brown hair which hangs around my shoulders in lovely curls and makes a beautiful background for my extremely fair complexion. My eyes are dark blue and have wonderful penetrating powers. I am five feet, four inches tall, weigh 127 pounds, and my age is somewhere between twenty and thirty. I live in a cave on the side of a most beautiful mountain, and Nature and famous books are my only teachers. Now don't any of you city girls get the idea into your heads that I have hayseed in my hair, because I have existed in some of our country's greatest cities as well as in the backwoods of the great state of North Carolina. The wild animals of the woods are my friends, and every morning I feed the frisky squirrels, the sly fox, the raging wildcat and the frisky raccoon from my hand. My motto is: "Dum vivimus, vivamus," also, "Nemo me impune lacessit," and I am always the friend of the underdog and all those who have lost their grip on the things that make life worth living. I have never been able to find a girl who would consent to become the wife of a "cave man," so quite naturally I am a lonely bachelor, and any good cheer you girls can send me will be highly appreciated. No doubt this letter will sound like Sir Oracle to some, but I want you all to please understand that I am far from being an egotist. You know variety is the spice of life, and I always try to be original, sometimes even at the expense of modesty.

Now I suppose I have worried you all about long enough, so I will say "au revoir" for the present. If any of the girl cousins care to write, the missives will be welcomed by

Right sincerely yours,
CARL A. MANESS, Hermit of the Hills.

You and your typewriter, Carl, must find it rather damp living in a cave, but anyway you have no landlady but old Mother Nature, and the only bill she'll ever present will be one for rheumatism, perhaps. And as she's a good-natured soul, she may let you have this free. If living in a cave and letting your hair grow are what make a hermit, Carl, why there's a lot of amateur hermiting being done right here in Brooklyn. They call the caves "apartments," but most of

Now every time you brush your teeth you can fight those film-coats in these effective ways.

Also starch and acids

Another tooth enemy is starch. It also clings to teeth, and in fermenting it forms acids.

To fight it Nature puts a starch digestant in saliva. She also puts alkalis there to neutralize the acids.

Pepsodent multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. It multiplies the alkalis. Thus these teeth protecting forces, twice a day, are much increased.

They must be done

These things must be done. Teeth with film or starch or acids are not white or clean or safe. You know yourself, no doubt, that old tooth-brushing methods are inadequate.

See what the new way does.

Make this pleasant ten-day test and watch your teeth improve.

A few days will tell

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Do this now. The effects will delight you and lead to constant delights. To all in your home they may bring new beauty, new protection for the teeth.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 371, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

'em are as dark as your mountain den among the wildcats, and the rent is so high that the unfortunate caveholders have to cheat the barber the last of every week in order to save enough to pay the landlord on the first of the month.

I'm right sorry to hear that times are so hard in North Carolina, Carl, and the only marketable product is hard liquor. Up North we always think of "moonshining" as a profitable business, but if your commercial report is accurate, a man with a still might as well sell the whole whiskey works and get a job with the Internal Revenue department. I've always thought a reformed moonshiner would make the best sort of "revenue," and I'm surprised Uncle Sam doesn't put some of these chaps on a "still hunt" for white liquor. But probably a moonshiner never reforms with his boots on.

Carl, authorities differ as to just how ready a girl is to fall for the sort of genus homo known as a "cave man." Perhaps you'll have a chance to find out by the number of letters you get and what these say. Most girls I know would insist that you get your hair cut at once, install a hot-air heater in the cave, and buy a few things like a kitchen cabinet, a vacuum cleaner and an electric washing machine. If you are not prepared to make these improvements to your mountain home and yourself, Carl, you had better not answer any letters or talk about being a "lonely bachelor."

Meat may be high in price, Carl, but it seems to me it would be cheaper and less painful to buy a few pounds of neck, shank and liver, rather than to keep on feeding all the playful animals you mention from your hand. Hands won't last forever, you know, and by and by you will only have a few fingers left. Unless you are very plump, I can't for the life of me see how you have enough meat on one of your fins to nourish those raging wildcats you have taken to board.

Carl, the next letter I get from you I expect to hear that you have been lured from your cave and found yourself a married man, with a close haircut, when you came out of the Ether. And I rather think you'd enjoy being a reformed hermit.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

The Lady of the Rainbow House

By Augustin W. Breeden

See front cover illustration.

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"YES, Bobby, that is rainbow house yonder that I told you about. Isn't it pretty? Look at the flag on the little steeple at the corner. Sometimes that flag is fluttering there for two whole weeks, and then sometimes it is gone from there maybe two hours, maybe three days. I wonder why, Bobby, when there is a rainbow, that pretty house is nearly always right under the middle of it. Then one end of it is yonder in the laurels on the other side of Dead Man's Gulch, and the other end of it up in the cedars by Seven Falls. And Bobby, there is a pot of gold at each end of the rainbow, and the lady of Rainbow House goes out with a little basket and gathers up the gold just like Daddy goes around with his basket and gets the eggs of an evening." The speaker was a little cripple girl with eager blue eyes and hair like ashes of gold. Her right leg was drawn and twisted with bone tuberculosis, and her whole body was frail as a piece of rare china. She might be nine or ten, but she was not much taller than her seven-year-old brother Bobby, and didn't begin to weigh as much.

"Bobby," she continued, "that house yonder is half made of gold. Inside the picture frames are all made out of gold, and the curtains have got gold made into the cloth, and late in the afternoons sometimes the sinders shine like solid gold; and the lady has got gold and gold and gold. Daddy, show Bobby some of the gold pieces the lady gives you when you take her wild strawberries, her garden sass or honey from your beehives."

Bob Ray got slowly up from the splint-bottomed chair where he was seated shaving an axe handle into shape with a draw-knife, went into the little "one-pen" log hut, and came out a moment later with three shining gold pieces in his hand and dropped them one by one into Bobby's chubby palm.

The little cripple girl swung agilely around on her crutches and began to teach Bobby how to count the gold.

"Bobby, what she finds in the pots of gold at the ends of the rainbows, Bobby," she enthused, "Bobby, don't you wish you and I could maybe cross the old deep gulch the next time there is a rainbow and get a whole heap of 'em?"

"You mustn't ever try it, Dorothy," said the father. "Dead Man's Gulch is deep and the sides are slippery. You mustn't ever go no further than the spring. But if Bobby is good like you've always been and won't go near the old bad gulch, some day I'll take 'im on my back like I tuck you and carry him to the purty house yonder, and he kin see the purty lady and all her dolls and things like you did."

"But, Daddy," said the sturdy youngster in a slow childish drawl, "why don't you go over across the gulch sometime and pick up a whole heap of gold?"

"Because, Baby—because hit's on her land and not on ourn." Bob Ray laid down the axe handle he was working on and took up his basket and started down the steep mountainside toward his little garden patches, which with his chickens and his handle making were his sole sources of income since he had taken lung trouble and had to give up his work as carpenter down in the "low" country.

He had kept his little girl with him in the mountains for the past two years, because the doctor had said it would be good for her, and just the day before he and she had made a trip to the low country on a borrowed horse and brought up Bobby, who had till then been living with his aunt, the wife of the circuit rider.

"Bobby, you jest ought to see the inside of the Rainbow Lady's House," continued Dorothy. "Hit's full of dolls, Bobby, jest chuck full of dolls. She makes 'em—makes 'em out of clay and then paints 'em and then bakes 'em in a oven so's they won't crumble; and she makes the purtiest pictures you ever saw. Wait, Bobby, and I'll show you a doll she give me and a picture she made of me." Dorothy hobbled into the cabin and presently came forth with the drollest little boy doll one ever saw, a sort of Kewpie it was, but more comical than any Kewpie. He had on a striped bathing suit and was eying with a comical fright a red ladybug that was crawling upon his foot.

"He looks like you, Bobby," laughed the girl gleefully.

"No, he don't, Dodo," said the boy solemnly. "He looks like Fatty Armstrong down to Gentryville."

The girl unrolled the picture very tenderly. It was a beautiful likeness of her done in water-colors. There was her soft golden hair, her blue eyes full of childish wonder, her blue gingham slip-over, and her poor, twisted, useless foot. She was leaning forward on her crutches and looking eagerly at something very wonderful.

"Hit's jest like you," pronounced the boy solemnly.

"And in her house," continued the girl, "there is pictures of jest everything. One picture is as big as the side of this cabin. Hit's a picture of little girls my size and bigger dancin' round and round under the shade of some willer trees. Ef I could only dance like them little girls, Bobby, I'd dance and dance all the rest of my life I'd be so happy."

"Is she a fairy lady?" asked Bobby in awe-struck tones. "Maybe ef she is, she kin make your laig well, Dodo. I wish she could."

"I wish she could, too," said Dorothy. She sat for a long moment looking longingly toward the charming grounds and the big rustic bungalow on the opposite mountainside.

That house of the "city woman" was the wonder of all the mountaineers thereabout. It stood on a little grassy plot of tableland, and below it there was a flashing waterfall, that looked to crippled Dorothy like molten gold in the evening sunset; and the grounds were a parkplace of cliffs and boulders and winding footpaths and arched bridges and one wonders that wealth may evolve from a romantic natural spot when man sets his hands to it. It was indeed a fairylike place, that mountain retreat of the artist and doll designer, Mary Macpherson; and it was a fact that every rainbow visible from the side of the mountain where the Ray cabin stood arched itself above that house. No wonder then that the two children imagined that the mistress of Rainbow House might be a fairy.

Meanwhile the Rainbow Lady was by no means as happy as her small admirers fancied. It had been her lot, some six years before, to have married and lived a year with a man whose every instinct was bad and who had made her ashamed of the human race. It was little to her that she had at length secured a divorce and the right to resume her maiden name. Since that event she had lived here in her mountain retreat with her father in the house for protection. The experience had not left her the enthusiastic and carefree girl that she had always been before her marriage. She had longed for a happy home with a loving husband and with children of her own; and now all the babies she possessed were the ones her clever hands designed.

Then after three years of this sort of life, varied only with flying business trips to New York and one winter sojourn in Paris with her

father, Dr. George Lingard had come into her life. There was something about Dr. Lingard that at once repelled and attracted her. He always spoke of himself as if he were the worst of men. He never by any chance admitted that he possessed a single good quality nor permitted her to meet any friend of his who would volunteer to speak well of him. He represented to her that he was a cold-blooded surgeon who had no interest in any member of the human race unless he could cut on them or administer a curative to them. Furthermore, he was an ardent vivisectionist and had once been written up in the New York dailies as a man who delighted to cut live lap-dogs to pieces. No one who knew the facts came forward with the information that vivisection of animals is the only possible means of acquiring the scientific knowledge requisite for the successful treatment of certain dread diseases, injuries and malformations that afflict humanity, nor with the explanation that the doctor's experiments were conducted so humanely that they were practically devoid of suffering to his animal subjects.

Dr. Lingard maintained a sanitarium, for consumptives up in Lost Cove, and it was stated that there was not a patient up there, from the young millionaire who paid very exorbitantly for his treatment to the little dying stenographer who had become the doctor's amanuensis while he was working on a book he was getting out, but what was very interesting as a human specimen. There were painters, inventors and musicians in his colony, and one rather famous young poet. Dr. Lingard divided his time between this mountain resort and his clinical practice in the city, and it was claimed by his detractors that he was piling up tens of thousands of dollars from his practice, and that the Bohemian crowd of New York knew him for one of the "sportiest" of its members.

Dr. Lingard on his days off, when he did not say ugly things about himself or equally ugly things about society in general, seemed to Mary Macpherson like a big, overgrown, enthusiastic boy; and for that reason the doll designer welcomed him to her bungalow whenever she was not too busy making dolls or drawing humorous pictures for magazine covers. At such times she flew a flag from the cupola of her studio to let him know that she was busy and that he could not come; and you may guess, since Mary was prettier and more charming than the best picture she had ever drawn, that the doctor watched from the sanitarium in Lost Cove for the disappearance of that flag and made haste to Rainbow House whenever it was not flying. He usually brought the poet with him to talk to her father while he took her for long walks or longer horse-back rides through the passes of the mountains.

This poet was a curious fellow, a study in human ingratitude. Dr. Lingard had pulled him out of a gutter in New York and made the reviewers see the beauty of his style, and then he had adopted him and installed him in his sanitarium and kept him alive; and for this reason, and because the poet in his way was wildly in love with Mary Macpherson, he never by any chance lost an opportunity to speak darkly of the doctor and hint that his life would not bear examination.

So Mary Macpherson, while drawn toward Dr. Lingard with all her heart, still refused repeatedly his offers of marriage, because "a burnt child dreads the fire" and because, as she told her father, he was hard, cold, cynical, and a vivisectionist. The father knew better, but he also knew that as time went by his daughter would learn better and be all the happier for her long wait; and so he refrained from arguing the point with her.

And time went by rapidly, as it will when people are busy. The glory of summer turned to the glory of autumn, and the Great Smokies lost their colorful mantle of foliage and took on their winter robes of ice and snow. Mary Macpherson did not leave her mountain retreat that winter because she was busy designing dolls for a big New Jersey firm, and giving all the royalties in dolls and doll layettes to all the "kiddies" in all the hospitals of two continents. An inspired doll designer makes half as much money as Charlie Chaplin makes, and Mary Macpherson was busy making happy the inmates of many a hospital.

But she knew that life up at the sanitarium in Lost Cove would be dull indeed for those imprisoned up there, and so she and the doctor planned a Christmas jollification for them. There was to be a grand masquerade ball for Christmas Eve and a big turkey dinner on Christmas.

The week before the ball Mary was a very busy woman indeed. She was furnishing the costumes for a number of the inmates of the sanitarium whose names had been furnished her by Dr. Lingard; and she sent down to Morristown for a corps of dressmakers to help her. At least half the costumes were supplied from her house.

Needless to say the masquerade was a grand success. The doctor's little amanuensis was tricked out as Queen Louise of France. The poet was Don Cesar de Bazan. Dr. Lingard was made up with a great blond wig and beard as a Norse Viking, a part to which he was well suited by his superior height and weight and kingly bearing, and Mary had a remarkable get-up as Queen Isabella of Spain.

Mary turned down the young millionaire, who was made up as an Arab sheik with crescent-shaped sword at all, and gave the fourth dance to the Norse Viking; also she whispered to him that she wanted to sit it out.

"Mary," he pleaded as soon as they had found a spot where they would not be overheard, "you are too beautiful tonight for anything. For the sixteenth time, Mary, will you be my wife?"

"Be your wife for the sixteenth time?" she smiled beneath her domino. "Oh, Son of Thor, how can I be your wife for the sixteenth time when I have not yet consented to be so for the first time?"

"You know what I mean, Mary. With that darned poet making sonnets about you and that young millionaire losing his head over you, I am afraid."

"Can a Viking be afraid?"

"No, perhaps not," replied George Lingard with a laugh, "but a Viking the size I am can easily pick up a daughter of royalty the size of you and carry her off bodily to his castle keep, and that is just what I shall do one of these days if you do not consent to become my wife."

"I would scratch like a cat," said the girl, laughing.

"But seriously, Mary," insisted the doctor, "either consent to become my wife or tell me honestly why you will not do so. If it is anything wrong I have done I will right it; if I am not what I ought to be I will reform. Mary, I love you with all my heart. Tell me what I must do or be to deserve you and I will do it and be it."

"No," said the girl with a slow shake of her head, "that kind of goodness is not worth anything. The man I love must be good and big and generous of his own free will."

The girl had a sudden inspiration; she would test this man's impulses, his generosity. "Let's change the subject, Dr. Lingard," she said. "I want to tell you about my friend, Bob Ray, the axe-handle maker. Bob had to give up his trade as a carpenter and come and live here in the mountains on account of his health. He lives across the gulch from my house in that little log shanty. He has two children, a perfect little cherub of a boy and a girl of ten with eyes like bluests and hair the color of newly-hatched flax and, oh, such a perfect little angel face. And

they are very poor. I doubt if Santa will come to visit them at all this Christmas. Now isn't that sad?"

"It certainly is," said the doctor. "But let's don't change the subject, Mary. Let's talk about us. Mary, I see in you the making of a truly great artist. I want to take you to Paris—to Florence and Venice. I want to see you paint the greatest picture of any living woman painter."

"And the man coughs terribly," continued the girl.

"I will go and see him tomorrow and give him medicine and advice," said the doctor absently. "Meanwhile can you not bring yourself to say the word that will make me the happiest man alive?"

"The test is ended," said the girl sadly. "I gave you your chance to show yourself a human being, and not a knife-wielding automaton. I gave you your chance to suggest that we go and carry those children some beautiful presents; but it never occurred to you to do so. I believe you are just what my sonnet writer says about you, cold, harsh, indifferent to all but the most acute human suffering. But you shall go with me, anyway. I have with me some presents and goodies for the children and a cap and a pair of warm mittens for Bob."

"By all means," said the doctor; "and here is twenty. Stuff this into one of the mittens. My sleigh is waiting to take you down."

The girl took the money doubtfully, almost gingerly, as if she thought it tainted. But after refreshments had been served and when everyone was hilariously happy, the two slipped out and got into the doctor's sleigh and started down the difficult mountain road.

The snow was still falling heavily as they left Lost Cove, but it had ceased and the moon broke forth just as the two got out of the sleigh and stepped across the little dooryard to the steps of Bob Ray's little cabin. Dr. Lingard still had on his Viking hair and beard and a great bear-skin overcoat; and the girl still wore a tiara of brilliants and her glittering court dress shown in peeps from beneath her furs. As she approached the cabin in her dainty slippers and with her arms full of toys the furs slipped from her shoulders for a moment. Then the big doctor came up and wrapped her more securely, and they put the presents on the doorstep and got into the sleigh and hurried away.

Mary Macpherson slept late next morning and dreamed that George Lingard had sailed for Europe without her and left her on the pier in New York feeling very lonely and disconsolate. But in the afternoon the sun came out warm and bright and the bitter north wind left off blowing, and for an hour she walked with Dr. Lingard through the newly-fallen snow. And then in the road high up the gulch where the trail from Bob Ray's cabin crosses toward Rainbow House they met a curious little party, Bob Ray carrying his little crippled girl upon his back and the sturdy seven-year-old trudging at his side.

"Miss Macpherson," he began awkwardly, "I want to thank you for—" but at a quick warning look from the girl and a shake of her head he cut his speech short.

"What did old Santa Claus bring you, my little man?" asked Mary, looking fondly at Bobby and then taking him up in her arms.

"E brought lots and lots of purties," said the child. "E brought me a soldier doll and a rocky-horse and a story book and lots and lots of candy and nuts and apples, and—" The big doctor was looking intently at the twisted foot of the thin little girl.

"And oh, Miss Macpherson," she broke in eagerly, "I seed Santa Claus and the Christmas fairy with my own eyes. They—they came in a big sleigh and I seed her plain in the moonlight. She had a crown of diamonds on 'er head, and had on the purtiest spangly dress I ever seed; and ef I could 'a' got outside and ast her I know she would 'a' cured my foot and made me strong and soople like Bobby here and like the little dancin' children in the big picture at your house. But when I felt for my crutches so's I could go outside and ast 'er I couldn't find 'em; and then in jest a minute they was back in the sleigh and gone. And so—" with a sigh—"I reckon I'll jest have to hobble around the rest of my life." The child's eyes suddenly overflowed with tears.

The big doctor took the little girl in his arms as if she were a baby.

"Child," he asked in a husky voice, "do you want the Christmas Fairy to send you to a place where they can make you strong and well like your little brother?"

"Is they a place where they kin do that?" "Yes," said the doctor, "I know where the place is, and I know the Christmas Fairy. She is the prettiest and the sweetest and the hardest-softheartedest fairy in all the world. And if you and your papa say the word I will take you to her house and I will bring a man there who can make you as strong and happy as any child in all these mountains."

"Oh, George," cried Mary with a little catch in her voice, "can the thing really be done?"

"It has been done a score of times. My san is full to overflowing, but if you can give me the room for her and for a certain nurse I know—"

"By all means, Dr. Lingard," cried the girl. Then she blushed furiously and went on, floundering like a man in a deep snowdrift: "and—and—oh, George, I am ready now to answer your question of last night—if you will ask it over again."

And that is how the lady of the House of the Rainbow proved a good fairy to little crippled Dorothy Ray and at the same time proved the good fairy to be one big, soft-hearted doctor who had always refrained from saying good things about himself or even permitting them to be said.

Brainograms.

How Many Birds Do You Know?

1. The talkative bird.
2. The wise bird.
3. Which a Catholic dignity?
4. A feline.
5. A regal fellow.
6. An imitator.
7. Which grabs insects out of the air?
8. To burn fatfully.
9. A ten-dollar gold piece.
10. An advocate of corporal punishment.
11. To lose heart, cower or shrink.
12. A frolic, or adventure.
13. To deceive, or cheat.
14. To slay, and a dove.
15. A kind of a clock.
16. The color of the sky.
17. A common milk-giving animal.
18. Which bird connotes purity?
19. Which reminds one of a stove?
20. The cry of the cock when day dawns.

ANSWERS.

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------|
| 1. Chat. | 11. Quail. |
| 2. Owl. | 12. Lark. |
| 3. Cardinal. | 13. Gull. |
| 4. Catbird. | 14. Killdeer. |
| 5. Kingbird. | 15. Cuckoo. |
| 6. Mockingbird. | 16. Bluebird. |
| 7. Flycatcher. | 17. Cowbird. |
| 8. Flicker. | 18. Dove. |
| 9. Eagle. | 19. Ovenbird. |
| 10. Whip-poor-will. | 20. Crow. |

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Mistletoe Mirrors

THE time of the holly and the mistletoe is upon us, and with that in mind, girls, suppose we begin to cultivate our mistletoe mirrors!

Don't know what they are? Why, the sort of a mirror which will tell us how we will look under the mistletoe. In other words, a perfectly truthful mirror!

Is yours that kind, or does it hang in a corner of the room where the light is not so very good and where your skin appears at its very best and no lines show in your forehead, and there isn't the least suspicion of a double chin? If you have this kind of a mirror, the kind that makes you feel perfectly comfortable over your toilet, move it right into the very brightest light you can find and see if you can still feel as comfortable. If you can, my blessing upon you, child, for it is rare indeed that we can find content when looking in our mirrors in a strong light. And if you can't, then heed some of my admonitions, and get ready for mistletoe time.

The first thing a bright light shows up is blackheads, and enlarged pores. Most of us treat our skins so cavalierly that imperfections of this kind are universal. Too much hot water and soap will both enlarge the pores and fill them. As I have told you many times, use your hot water only at night, shaking a little soap in the bowl but not rubbing it on the face. And in the daytime use tepid water, rinsing in cool, then cold. Heat expands—which means enlarges your pores; cold contracts—and that is what makes a firm, smooth skin.

However, assuming that you, like the rest of the world, have maltreated your delicate facial skin, let us see what we can do about it. First, of course, we must get rid of the blackheads, for certainly we can never hope to look beautiful under the mistletoe with our faces dotted with lump little black spots. It is necessary, first of all, to open up the pores so that we may remove their contents. Steaming is not a good habit for the skin, as a regular thing, as it removes the oil and dries it, but when it is essential to open the pores a good steaming is the method to take.

Pick out a nice easy chair, one which permits you to lean your head back, then on a table at your side place a pitcher of boiling water and a bowl. Have ready four small Turkish towels or four large Turkish wash-cloths. Wash the face in warm water with a little soap added. Rinse in clear water as hot as you can bear it, and do not add the cold rinse usually recommended.

Now soak two cloths in the bowl of the hot water, folding them bandage fashion; if they are wash-cloths, fold them twice, lengthwise; if towels, use your judgment, remembering that one cloth is used to cover the upper part of the face from the hair to the end of the nose, and that the other is used for the lower part of the face, from below the nose over the chin. Squeeze the moisture out of them, and place them gently on the face, letting them down slowly so that the steam will not burn, but applying them to the skin as hot as it will stand.

Place the other two cloths in the bowl, adding more hot water if necessary, and as soon as the cloths on the face cool, replace them with hot cloths. Keep this up for ten minutes, at the end of which time the pores will be expanded. Now with a soft towel wrapped around the finger of the right hand, and with the finger of the left hand holding the skin firm, attack a blackhead. Press with the towelled forefinger against the left forefinger, with the skin between until the blackhead loosens and comes away. When you are

more dexterous, you will be able to place one end of the towel around the right forefinger and the other end around the left forefinger, so that both are protected from contact with the skin, but just at first you will probably find it easier to use the towel only around the right finger. Go over the nose, chin and cheeks in this way, paying special attention to the creases at the side of the nose, where blackheads love to congregate. You may not get them all out the first time, but keep this up, from day to day, until you do. Touch the emptied pore with peroxide of hydrogen or alcohol as a blackhead comes away, both to sterilize it and to aid in closing it. When you are through, use cool water to rinse your face, and finally cold. With this treatment you can face the mistletoe with immunity.

Answers to Questions

HAZEL EYES.—Chest exercises may help your breasts and correct posture will certainly do so. You must practice standing very erect, with your chest raised. If you slump a little at the waist, the breasts have an opportunity to hang, but if you drop your



PRESSING OUT BLACKHEADS.

shoulders and elevate your chest, keeping your spine perfectly straight, your breasts are perforce obliged to elevate themselves also. Do not wear a high corset; your corset should not come more than two inches above your waist-line. I expect this seems odd to you; you probably think that with soft flabby breasts a high corset is needed to support them; but a high corset makes them more flabby and increases their apparent size. You should, however, wear a firm brassiere, fastened down by a strap in front and fitting you snugly. If your bust measure is forty, quite likely you can wear a thirty-eight brassiere; or if you must begin with a forty brassiere, you will find you can take some seams in it after wearing it a little, so that it will be very snug. Dash cold water on your breasts after bathing daily. First cool water, or you can even begin with tepid water, then cool, and finally cold. This firms the skin. Do not massage the breasts; they are too delicate a portion of the body. Where they are undeveloped, it is all right to give them a gentle massage with cocoa butter; but the only massage which will reduce is a vigorous massage and must never be used on the breasts.

A NEW COMFORT READER.—For your dandruff condition, I suggest an oil soak the night before shampooing. Use olive oil and a medicine dropper, and parting the hair first in one place and then another, run the medicine dropper along the parts until the whole scalp, but not the hair, has been oiled thoroughly. This will aid in loosening the dandruff. Tie the head up in a towel and go to bed, shampooing the hair the next morning. Use only a white soap shaved into boiling water until dissolved. Air the hair daily; let it hang at night.

MAUDE.—The face should be washed whenever it is soiled. Give it a good washing at night; in the morning a tepid rinse, followed by a cool douche; and during the day it may need nothing more than a wiping off with a little cold cream, using a soft cloth and being sure that you do not leave the skin greasy. Apply powder lightly after the cold cream treatment. Of course if the face has been exposed to dust or flying dirt and is really soiled, give it a washing and then apply cold cream afterward, but for ordinary occasions the cold cream rub during the day is enough, if your face is thoroughly washed at night and has a tepid rinse in the morning. I can't tell how long it would take to remove hair by the peroxide and ammonia treatment, for it differs with different people, with the strength of the hair, etc. The only way to find out is to try, applying one one day and the other the next, until the hair dries up and falls out. A large stomach usually means that too much food is taken at one time, stretching the stomach out of shape. Lessen the amount of food taken; you probably do not need nearly so much. When you lie down, lie on the left side; that helps to drain off any excess of gastric juices. Keep the bowels free; you say you are constipated; you probably eat too much heavy food; potatoes, cereals, etc., etc. Cut out potatoes for a time, and white bread. Also, of course, sweets, since you want to reduce. You can't reduce if you eat fat-producing foods. Eat lean meats, green vegetables, or non-fat-producing vegetables like tomatoes, spinach, string beans, onions, etc. And don't eat a great deal at a time. Eat plenty of fruit. For breakfast eat either grapefruit, orange, a baked apple without cream, a dish of stewed prunes without sugar, a soft-boiled egg or even two soft-boiled or poached eggs. If you are over weight, you really need nothing more. Don't drink coffee; tea, cocoa, milk. For your other two meals, select some lean meat, some vegetables, some fruit (but no preserves, of course). You can be beautifully nourished without eating fat-producing foods. And your stomach will not be large if you do not overload it. In the meantime, both for constipation and for reducing, practice the following exercises:

Standing erect, place the feet about twelve inches apart—even eighteen inches. Now raising the arms high above the head, palms together, throw them down and out without bending the elbows, and back between the knees. Do not bend the knees, the body bending only at the waist. Repeat ten or fifteen times. Now, standing erect, again heels together, toes out, raise arms as before, palms out, instead of touching, and without bending knees or elbows throw the arms out and down as if trying to touch the floor with the finger tips. Repeat fifteen times, reaching for the floor each time, no matter how far away the fingers seem to be. In time you will get so you can touch the floor. For a third exercise, lie on the bed in your night-clothes, and with the arms flat at the sides. Now raise the right leg without bending the knee, until it is as nearly as possible at right angles with the body; lower slowly; repeat. Practice next with the left leg, then with both legs together. Your weight should be about one hundred and thirty-five, depending upon the size of your bones. A small-boned person should weigh less, one of large prominent bones should weigh fully that.

L. E. D.—I could not tell you what occasions the unevenness of your breasts; that is a question for a physician to answer. It is possible you have an enlarged heart, since you say this is on the left side. Better ask a good doctor.

A STENOGRAPHER.—Probably your red nose comes from poor circulation, since you are considerably under weight. If you can get your weight where it should be, I feel sure you will have no more trouble with a red nose, unless you wear tight garters, corsets, collars, sleeves, belts. Of course you should never wear round garters, but always side garters, and it is not only healthful but fashionable to wear loose clothing. To gain in weight, I suggest the milk diet, since you say you can get plenty of milk. For one day before starting it, do not eat solid food, but only fruit—if obtainable—and eight or ten glasses of water. That night get six prunes to soak in a tumbler of warm water,

after washing carefully. In the morning on rising drink the prune juice and eat the prunes, masticating thoroughly. Fifteen minutes later drink two glasses of water; and fifteen minutes later take one glass and a half of milk, chewing each mouthful before swallowing. Milk is almost entirely digested in the mouth and if gulped down will coagulate and lie heavy on the stomach. Thereafter take another glass and a half of milk every hour until about three-thirty, assuming that you have taken your first milk at seven-thirty. Between that hour and your evening meal, drink a little water, one or two glasses. For your meal eat sensible foods, some broiled meat, a baked potato, a vegetable, fruit, even if canned, so long as it is not a rich preserve. Or a baked custard or blanc mange or even ice cream. Drink a couple of glasses of water about an hour before retiring. After the first week, cut out the evening meal and drink two glasses of milk every hour from seven-thirty in the morning until six-thirty at night. Continue the prunes and water. Let the water you drink in the morning be hot. You should gain from two to four pounds a week. Weigh on the morning you start, and thereafter on the afternoon of the last day of each week.

B. M.—Epsom salts baths, if hot, help in reducing, but will not make any impression on one hundred and eight pounds, my dear. Food makes flesh; doing without food takes away flesh. That is all there is to it. I do not mean that you should starve yourself to death, but you will certainly have to eat less and eat altogether different foods if you really wish to reduce, and I am sure you do. The first thing you will have to do is to cut out all sweets, all milk, cream, butter, sugar, potatoes, rice, macaroni, fat meat, gravies, cake, pie, etc. This leaves you a lot of things to eat; eggs, either soft-boiled or poached or even scrambled, but no milk or butter in them; spinach, string beans, beets, onions, cabbage, tomatoes, turnips, squash; lean meat, chicken, turkey. You can have some very nice meals indeed. Breakfast, for you, should be fruit and soft-boiled eggs; that is plenty; you have enough flesh to feed yourself from that alone for a long time. Drink water during the day, but only a little at a time. For lunch, a dish of tomatoes, a baked apple without cream or sugar, or some spinach and some sliced oranges. For dinner, a small slice of rare roast beef or lamb or mutton, or a slice of chicken breast, a dish of string beans without butter, some grapefruit. You can evolve many menus from the foods at your disposal. Be sure not to eat much at any meal. When you begin to feel hungry, if you do, between meals, drink a little water. Don't eat anything between meals. It is a slow process, and you have been set at the time. Only a surgeon can tell you what to do for this. When you get an opportunity, and can afford it, make up your mind to see the best surgeon obtainable, and have this remedied. The lines between your eyebrows may come from eye-strain. Do you wear glasses, or do you need to at least when reading or studying? Do you read in a poor light? Do you worry? Any of these things will cause wrinkles in your forehead. Cultivate the habit of mentally smoothing your brow, keeping the corners of your mouth turned up a trifle. You can massage them as well. If they are vertical, dip the fingers in cold cream, and with the first two fingers of each hand, rub across the lines, not along them. If they are horizontal, follow the same plan, which would mean rubbing up and down on the forehead, instead of from right to left as would be the case where the lines are vertical. The dark circles under your eyes are from something wrong with your health. Do you get enough sleep, nine or ten hours, I should say? Eat sensibly, sleep with fresh air in your room, exercise, and be careful about getting the ankles chilled. Practice deep breathing several times a day; wear loose clothing, as is now the fashion; get outdoor exercise whenever possible. Rouge is not a necessity and is in poor taste for a girl of your age; the daughters of the best families, the wealthy families, are very simple in their toilets, and it is a sign of good breeding for a young girl to be free from artificialities.

MICHIGAN.—Try the steaming process recommended by me this month, for getting rid of your blackheads and whiteheads. Then, you will need to be very untiring in the care of your skin thereafter. Massage the skin daily; that is, gently rub the facial skin, using an upward movement on the cheeks, rubbing both across and up and down on the forehead, chin and lips, and for the nose rubbing with the forefingers from the outer edge up to the ridge. This will stimulate the circulation and enable the pores to throw off their contents. Of course you take a daily body bath, as this is essential not only to cleanliness but to the activity of the skin. Always follow it with a brisk rub with a coarse towel for the body, and a softer towel for the face. Dash cold water on finally for a facial douche. Try the following formula, if the whiteheads still persist: After nightly bathing of the face with hot soapy water, and then the several rinses, massage a little

boric powder into the skin, and finish by rubbing a tiny bit of cream over the face. Once every seven days after the nightly washing, steam it for ten minutes, then rinse face in hot water and cover with a thick coating of blackhead jelly, made by paring one cake of castile soap in three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax, and letting boil until it will jelly when cool. Let this remain on for 10 minutes, then wash off, and massage the face for several minutes with the fingers anointed with a tiny bit of cream. Omit the boric powder application this night.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.



STEAMING THE FACE.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/4 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up for you or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It will gradually darken streaked, faded or gray hair and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.—Advertisement.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/4 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up for you or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It will gradually darken streaked, faded or gray hair and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.—Advertisement.

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The best thing to use is Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, for this is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap and beats anything else all to pieces. You can get Mulsified at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months.

Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in, about a teaspoonful is all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly, and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh looking, bright, fluffy, wavy and easy to handle. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff. Be sure your druggist gives you Mulsified.

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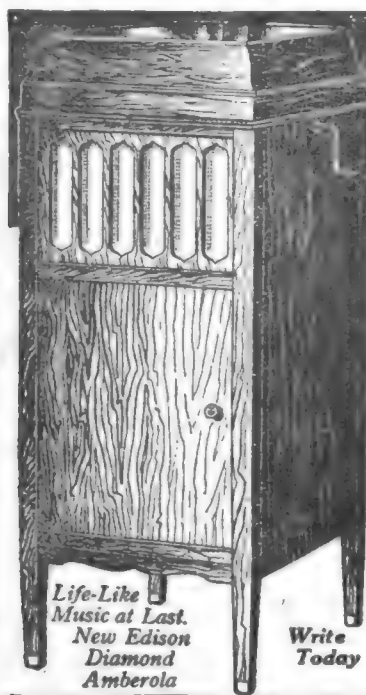
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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

Mr. Richards compressed his lips at this. It did not please him that all the young girl's interests should be thus slightly ignored; but he said nothing, although his thoughts were busy during the remainder of the meal, and as soon as it was completed he repaired to his library and rang his bell.

"Send Miss Gladstone to me," he said to the servant who answered his summons.

As she entered the library, Mr. Richards looked up and smiled with pleasure.

"I have received a card for the closing exercises of your school today," he said, pleasantly. "I think I should like to attend, if I can make it convenient. How have you been progressing?"

"Professor Roberts has been kind enough to say that I have done very well. You know I did not enter until nearly the middle of the second term."

Star modestly replied, while her cheeks glowed and her eyes shone with pleasure that he should manifest this interest in her welfare.

"Do you have any particular part in the exercises today?" he questioned.

"Yes, sir. I have a program here in my pocket; perhaps you would like to see it?" and she drew it forth, laying it upon the table before him.

He glanced over it, and, third upon the list, he saw:

"Music, instrumental, by Miss Stella Gladstone."

Farther down he read:

"Essay by Miss Stella Gladstone. Subject: 'Walls Must Get the Weather-stain Before They Grow the Ivy.'"

He looked up at her with some surprise.

"Do you choose the subject of your essay?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you take such a topic?"

"I do not know, sir," Star answered, thoughtfully. "I read the line somewhere one day; it haunted me continually, until I wrote out some thoughts upon it, as I often do upon different subjects."

Mr. Richards had been looking her over critically, as she was speaking.

She was clad in a gown of some light gray material, made very plainly, but fitting her graceful figure to perfection. Simple bands of linen were just visible at her throat and wrists, while a knot of pale blue ribbon fastened her collar.

She looked lovely. She would have been so in anything; but he saw that her toilet was hardly befitting the ward of his wife.

"Girls for commencement always have a new dress, don't they?" he asked. "Have you made any arrangements of the kind?"

"No, sir; I shall go just as I am. This is the best that I have," she returned, glancing down at her dress and flushing slightly.

"How much time have you before the exercises begin?" he inquired.

"An hour or more," she said, looking up at the clock on the mantel. "I am ready very early," she added, smiling, "for I wished to look over my essay before reading it."

Mr. Richards looked grave. He remembered how Josephine had been all "fuss and feathers" at every commencement, and here this lovely girl was going to appear before a crowded hall in a dress which his daughter would not have worn in her own private room.

"If you will step around to Hunt & Co.'s with me, you shall have one of those pretty summer silks that they are advertising so extensively. I should be gratified to have you as well dressed as your classmates, and I fear that your needs have been neglected in this respect," he remarked, with a slight frown.

Star flushed scarlet now.

She had wished—oh, so earnestly!—that morning that she could have something dainty to wear, and she had sighed regretfully as she thought of all her pretty clothes lying at the bottom of the ocean, and she had heard the girls talking of the new dresses which were being made for them.

"Thank you," she answered, quietly, while the color slowly receded from her brow and cheeks; "you are very kind to suggest it, but, if you please, I prefer to go as I am. I shall be gratified," she added, dropping the proud ring out of her voice, "if you feel sufficiently interested to attend the exercises today, and I will endeavor to show you that I have tried to improve the advantages that you have given me."

"I should be willing to take your word for it," Mr. Richards said, heartily, "but I will come and see for myself."

Star looked pleased at this assurance, and then, giving him a friendly little bow and smile, went away with a light heart.

"My George! she'll make a woman to be proud of, or—I'm much mistaken," as Mrs. Blunt would remark. She has spirit, too, and is bound to stand on her own merits. There are not many girls who would have refused the offer of a pretty new dress for such an occasion. I'll go over to the seminary and see what she has been doing."

When Mr. Richards entered the hall of the seminary, he found it crowded to overflowing with spectators, anxious friends, and fond parents.

Almost at the same moment a slight, willowy figure clad in light gray, with a fair, delicate face, deep blue eyes, scarlet lips, and a wealth of golden hair, glided noiselessly to the piano on the platform, sat down, and after running her fingers nimbly over the keys for a moment or two, dashed off into a brilliant and difficult sonata.

It was executed apparently without a mistake from beginning to end, and without notes, and when it was finished the fair performer retired from the instrument amid enthusiastic applause.

how she had kept up her practice, with no instruction, and no permission to use the piano at home. He was no less astounded during the reading of her essay.

When it was announced, she came quietly forward with graceful self-possession, and unfolding the roll of manuscript which she carried in her hand, read in sweet, yet clear tones, a production which held her listeners spellbound from beginning to end.

It seemed as if Star's efforts were more highly applauded than any other portion of the exercises. Even the valedictory, from a member of the senior class, although well written and to the point, was not listened to with such breathless attention.

At the conclusion of the program, the diplomas were awarded to the graduating class, and then the professor said he would read the names of those who had passed their examination and were to be promoted from the other classes. There were two young ladies, he said, who were entitled to a double promotion, having accomplished the work of a year in about six months, which was, to say the least, a very unusual and laudable circumstance.

The names of those entitled to this were Miss Stella Gladstone and Miss Grace Turnbull, and they would, upon the beginning of the fall term, take their places in the senior class.

As the people flocked by him out of the hall, Mr. Richards heard Star's praises on every side, and inwardly vowed that the girl should have every chance in the future.

He made his way toward the platform, intending to speak with and congratulate her upon her success; but just before he reached her another gentleman approached her, and after shaking hands in the most cordial manner with her, gave her a small package, and bending down, whispered a few words in her ear.

He could not understand the expression of mingled surprise and joy which for a moment absolutely glorified her fair face as she received the package; then the tears sprang to her eyes, as, with tremulous lips, she appeared to be thanking the giver.

The gentleman chatted a few moments longer with her, then put out his hand for the roll of manuscript which she still held, while he smilingly asked for it.

She hesitated about giving it to him, while a lovely color suffused her face; then, with a shy movement, she laid it in his palm.

He received it with a brilliant smile, bowed gracefully to her, and then left her.

Mr. Richards now approached her, and taking her hand, said, almost affectionately:

"Star, you have shone effulgently today, and I am proud of you."

It would not have been in human nature to have prevented the little gleam of triumph which flashed from her eyes at this tribute to her talents; but she said, gratefully:

"Thank you, sir; but I owe my success all to you."

"Not a bit of it," he returned, with some emotion; "you owe it to yourself alone; but I will take care that you do not thank me for nothing at the close of another year."

Star wondered what he meant, but she did not question him, and her heart was lighter than it had been before, since she had crossed the ocean, as he led her from the building and walked home with her.

"Who was that gentleman who came up and spoke to you at the close of the exercises?" he asked, just before they reached home.

Star glanced up with a start.

"His name is Appleton," she answered, and pretended not to notice that his eyes were resting curiously upon the package which he had given her.

When they entered the house, Star ascended to her own room, while Mr. Richards sought his wife.

He found her and Josephine together in the drawing-room, and, for a wonder, no callers with them.

He informed them where he had been, and also of the brilliant appearance which Star had made before the public.

Both mother and daughter sneered audibly at his account, and this aroused his indignation.

His eyes began to blaze, and his wife sobered instantly; she always recognized and dreaded this dangerous symptom.

"You are a couple of selfish, heartless women," he began; "and now, let me tell you, you have got to turn over a new leaf, or there will be trouble in the camp. That girl, whom you have so despised and tried to degrade ever since she came into the house, has wonderful talent—talent of which any one might be proud. She is rightly named, for she certainly shows like a star of the first magnitude today. Her essay was superior to anything produced there, and her performance upon the piano something wonderful for one so young and possessing so few advantages."

"Oh, papa, you don't mean that she can play the piano! I'm sure she has never touched this one since she came here, and no one can play well without constant practice," asserted Miss Josephine, with a toss of her dark head, for she was accounted a good musician.

"You don't believe what I tell you, then," her father said, frowning.

"Well, I think you must have overestimated her talent in that direction," the girl answered.

Mr. Richards did not reply, but walked to the bell rope and gave it a pull.

"Go and say to Miss Gladstone that I would like to see her in the drawing-room," he said to the servant who opened the door.

"Really, Mr. Richards," interrupted his wife, with severe dignity; but he stopped her short with a motion of his hand.

"Go!" he repeated to the servant, who had hesitated as she spoke, and then he turned again to her.

"I want you to understand," he said, "something of the wrong which you have been doing this child, and now I am going to ask her to play to you. I desire that you treat her civilly, too, when she comes down. She should have been received here as one of us—I regret that I did not insist upon it at the beginning—she should have been on an equal footing with Josie, enjoying the same advantages, and receiving sympathy and encouragement instead of—well, it's no use fretting over it now; but, by Jove! I'll make it up to her in the future. Hark! she is coming, and now I'll have no sneers or sour looks," he concluded, as the door handle turned.

Star entered at this moment, and seeing the whole family assembled, looked somewhat surprised, but Mr. Richards approached her, saying, quietly:

"I have sent for you to ask if you will play again for us what you played at the hall today?"

"Certainly; I shall be pleased to play for you if you desire it," she said, as she walked quietly and unassumingly to the piano and sat down.

"Play something, please," Mr. Richards said, when she had finished the sonata which she had played at school; and, without a word, her slender fingers went sweeping through one of Mendelssohn's "Romances sans Paroles" in the most intoxicating manner imaginable, and her new admirer, with a look of pardonable triumph, thanked her most warmly when she concluded.

She quietly left the room, although she felt assured that a storm was ready to burst as soon as she should be beyond hearing; the very atmosphere was heavy with it.

She was right in her conjecture, for no sooner was the door closed behind her than Mrs. Richards' tongue loosed, and she broke forth in a torrent of wrath.

"Well, George Richards, I suppose you imagine that you have done something wonderful in bringing that girl here and showing her off to us; but you will find that you have made a mistake. It is very praiseworthy, indeed, to seek to humiliate one's own daughter, and I should suppose you

would feel very proud of such an achievement. Where is your self-respect, that you bring a beggar in here and set her up as a reproach to your wife? I will not stand it, sir—I tell you I will not stand it! Things are come to a pretty pass, I should say, if our domestic peace is to be destroyed by that insignificant chit, and I was a fool ever to consent to her coming here."

Mr. Richards listened with quiet gravity to the tirade, and when she had concluded, he quietly remarked:

"Well, Ellen, now that you are through, we'll say that it's my turn. You might just as well make up your mind to be reasonable first as last, for mine is settled upon one thing—Star Gladstone has done the last day's work in this house that she ever will do! She is to have her time entirely to herself until she graduates, a year hence. I shall offer to allow her to pursue music, and painting if she desires, during the long vacation just at hand, giving her the best of masters which New York affords, and spare no reasonable expense to make her the accomplished woman that I think she is capable of becoming. You promised all this to her father; he sent her to you with the belief that she would enjoy these advantages until she was fitted to become a teacher, and she shall have them. Now, one thing more—and you know that when I get aroused to this pitch I mean what I say—if I find that you or Jo are making her unhappy at any time, I'll put her into the most genteel boarding house in the city, out of your reach. As for 'domestic peace,' about which you twit me, I believe I love my family better than the average of men, and am not in the habit of stirring up strife; so it will rest with you to keep the peace."

Mr. Richards did not wait for any rejoinder to this plain speaking, but left the room, and finding Star out upon the balcony leading from the dining-room, he told her that he had decided to let her take up music and painting during the vacation if she wished.

"Oh, sir, I ought to be the happiest girl in Brooklyn to have so much of good come to me on this, my seventeenth birthday!"

"Is this your birthday?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; and it is one which I shall always remember with great pleasure," she said, with a tremulous smile that he did not then understand. "I thank you," she added, "for allowing me to go on with my music, and I will be very faithful in improving my opportunity; but—I think, if you please, I will not mind about the painting at present. I am very fond of it, but—"

"Very well; do as you choose," he said, as he saw she was somewhat embarrassed. "You are to have all the advantages you desire during the next year, and you are to do no more work of any kind in this house—"

"Oh, but I like to work about the house," she began, eagerly; but he stopped her authoritatively.

"No; I will not have it. You need all the time you can get for study and practice. Maggie Flynn, or some other Maggie, shall come back as chamber and waiting maid, and you are to remember it is my command that you do nothing of the kind. If you have any spare time, use it in making the pretty things which young ladies of your age like so much. Here is something to begin upon, and I will allow you the same amount every month!" and he tucked a bill of no mean denomination into her hand as he concluded.

He did not wait to hear her thanks, but turned abruptly away, feeling very tenderly toward this sweet young maiden, who had lived such an isolated, neglected life in the midst of that household of luxury.

Star looked after him with a glorified face.

"Oh, what a birthday!" she said, as she went upstairs and shut herself into her room.

She folded that precious bill—more money than she had ever possessed before at one time—for "pretty things," and laid it safely away in a drawer; then she took up a handsomely bound book that lay on her table.

"A red-letter day!" she murmured. "My success—my promotion—his kindness, and, above all, this beautiful book—it all seems to be too lovely to be real."

She raised the volume and softly touched her lips to it; then bowing her golden head, her heart overcharged with its unaccustomed weight of happiness, found relief in a shower of tears.

"The book" was the package, devoid of its wrapper, which the strange gentleman had given her in the presence of Mr. Richards.

The next morning's papers contained an interesting account of the commencement exercises of the Seminary, together with a copy in full of Miss Stella Gladstone's essay, and speaking in very flattering terms of its excellence as a literary production.

Another important event occurred that morning. One of Mr. Richards' driving horses was sold, and his wife, upon learning of the circumstances, lifted up her hands and scornfully exclaimed:

"Retrenchment!"

CHAPTER IX.

CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

A few mornings after Star's emancipation from her duties as a servant, she encountered, as she was coming downstairs to her breakfast, Josephine, who was also on her way to the dining-room.

"Well, I suppose you feel mighty set up over the fine show you made of yourself the other day," that young lady remarked, sneeringly.

"I had a desire to make a 'show,' as you express it," Star answered, courteously, and ignoring her companion's rudeness. "But it is always pleasant to receive thanks when one has tried to do one's best."

"Thanks!" was the scornful rejoinder. "You have been very sly about it all; and I should think you'd feel mean enough about wheedling papa into giving you music and painting lessons."

"I have never asked Mr. Richards for either, and I am not going to take painting lessons at all," Star said, with scarlet cheeks.

"You needn't try to make me think papa would ever have made such a row if you hadn't been at him and pretended to be so abused and ill-treated. But—where did you get that lovely cameo that you wore in that knot at your throat?" Josephine asked, her eyes having been sharp enough to detect the pretty trinket.

"It was given to me by a friend," the young girl answered, with trembling lips, for she was cut to the heart by the unjust accusations heaped upon her.

"Some one must have liked to fool away money pretty well, to give you an elegant trifle like that," the rude girl said, for she had known that it was valuable at a glance. "It doesn't correspond with the rest of your wardrobe," she continued, jeeringly; "you'd better give it to me."

Star looked up into the bold, handsome face beside her with astonishment.

"I cannot give it to you," she said, with compressed lips.

"Well, lend it to me, then."

She was loaded with jewelry, early as it was in the day. She wore a heavy gold chain, from which was suspended a blue enameled locket set with pearls and diamonds; heavy jewels hung in her ears, broad bands of gold clasped her wrists, while her fingers gleamed with numerous costly gems; and here she was covering the single ornament which she had seen Star wear.

"I do not like to appear disobliging," she returned, "but there are reasons why I do not even like to lend it."

"What reasons, pray, can you have for refusing so simple a request?" Josephine persisted.

"I have told you—it is the gift of a friend. I do not like to part with it."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

"and now we're buying a house with the money I make at home"

Read this absorbing true-life story of a woman who found a pleasant way to make money at home. She tells here, in her own words, how she helped her husband in his struggle against failure, and how she earned for herself many of the little luxuries that had so long been denied her.

By Mrs. Josephine Kayser

THEY say that truth is stranger than fiction. Perhaps you will think so after you have read this story of my triumph over misfortune. But to me it is not strange at all, it is just a golden dream that has come true at last. Let me tell you all about it.

You see we had always been thrilled with the possibilities of life, my husband and I. I remember how we used to sit together in the long cool evenings and plan the wonderful things we were going to do—when he "made good." We dreamed of a cozy little home all our own, of pleasure trips and of certain luxuries that we both longed for but could not have.

At that time my husband was employed in a factory, doing work that he hated. I guess that's why he never made much money at it—he hated it so. He had always wanted to be an artist, ever since he was a little boy. You can just imagine how happy we both were when a friend of his offered him his first position as staff artist on a newspaper. At last he was going to make real money. At last we were going to have a home we could be proud of. I think I was the happiest woman in the world.

Husband Loses His Position

But my happiness did not last long. Something happened on the newspaper; I never did understand what. All I know is that there was a shifting of officials and through no fault of his own, my husband was released. Then followed days, and weeks, and months of utter despair, when he searched from one end of the city to another but could find no opening.

Slowly our little savings melted away, and just as slowly my husband's eager ambition died. I realized then for the first time what a bitter thing it was to taste a bit of success and then suddenly to be crushed back into the rut. And I realized with a pang that if my husband ever went back again to his monotonous grind at the factory, he would never have the courage again to attempt the better things I had always planned for him. No, no, I told myself desperately. He must not go back to the work he hates. He can not! He will not!

But how could I help him? What could I do to keep him ambitious, to help him remain at the work he loved and at which I knew he would "make good?" Wasn't there anything I could do? Oh, if I could only make money in some way, without leaving home. If I could only find some way to turn my spare time into dollars. If I could only do something instead of watching silently while he drifted back into the hateful routine of his former work!

Makes a Wonderful Discovery

I began to search all the magazines and newspapers for work that I could do at home. At first I could find nothing suitable to enable me to keep up my household duties, or profitable enough to be really worth while. But then something wonderful happened.

I was ironing my waist—the only pretty one I had at that time—and to avoid soiling it, I tore a few pages out of an old magazine on which to rub the bottom of the iron. I glanced down—and out of the torn leaves of the magazine, in big black letters, glared the words, "Make Money at Home!" I forgot my waist. I forgot the hot iron. I forgot

everything except that one magical sentence—"Make Money at Home!" And before I realized it I had read clear through the announcement and discovered that here at last was just the way of making money at home that I had been looking for!

When my husband came home that evening, discouraged with his repeated failures, I showed him the announcement. He was too tired to read. "Let me read some of it to you," I begged. "Listen to this, 'you can turn your spare time at home into dollars. Make socks at home with the rapid Auto Knitter and sell them direct to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company.'" Then I explained it all to him, told him how thousands of women were making money at home this easy pleasant way.

"Think of it!" I exclaimed. "No one need ever know that I am making money. With this remarkable knitting machine I can work whenever I please and as much as I please. The company guarantees to pay a fixed price for all standard socks I send them. It will be like having a little business of my own."

Although my husband was very skeptical at first, I would not let him discourage me. And when I wrote to the company that night for more information, I felt somehow that I had taken my first step toward a brighter, happier life.

The Auto Knitter Arrives

I'll never forget the day I received my Auto Knitter. Of course, it was just the least bit confusing at first, as everything new is, but with the help of the instruction book I had no trouble in learning how to run the machine. This instruction book, which came with the Auto Knitter, told plainly and clearly just how to set up the machine and how to use it.

It didn't take long before I was working the machine without any trouble whatever. Why, it was positively amazing to turn the crank and watch the stitches form quickly into a perfect sock! I had sent for the machine expecting to work on it, but I found it to be actually fascinating. I would enjoy making money this way.

As my husband watched me turn the crank of the Auto Knitter and saw the yarn transform quickly into a finished sock, he became just as interested as I. "Why go back to the factory when we can have one of our own," he laughed. For answer, my hand stole softly into his, and as I looked up into his eager face, I smiled happily for the first time in weeks.

A couple of days later I made my first pair of socks on the Auto Knitter. Secretly I was very proud of them, I had made them so quickly and easily. But I was just the least bit worried when I sent them to the company. Would they really pay a standard price for them as they said they would? Would I really have a ready market for all the socks I could turn out? I didn't have very long to wonder about it though, for soon I received a cordial letter from the company com-



plimenting me on my work and offering to purchase all socks like the pair I sent them, that I made on the Auto Knitter.

Builds Up Successful Business

I was overjoyed. At last I had found a way to help my husband and to earn a little extra money for myself.

With the liberal quantity of yarn that the company sent me with my Auto Knitter, I began work in real earnest. I soon found that I could turn out a pair of perfect socks in less than a half-hour. Dividing my time fairly between household duties and my profitable new work, I quickly transformed the fleecy yarn into soft, warm, perfectly-knit socks, and, with happy expectations, I sent my first shipment to the Auto Knitter Company.

Well, it wasn't long before I got my first check from the Auto Knitter Company. I wanted to laugh—and I wanted to cry. My first check! Earned it all myself! And with that check a new supply of yarn to start on a new shipment of socks. Why, it was wonderful to make money this way!

When Dreams Come True

I guess that's all to my story, except that with the aid of the money I made from my Auto Knitter we were able to move to the country and start a mushroom growing business. The checks I received in return for the socks I made at home paid the overhead expenses while the business was new, but now it is very successful and we no longer have anything to worry about.

Yes, I still work on my knitting machine in my spare time, as I enjoy the work and it pays for many of the luxuries we formerly had to do without. But now I sell socks and stockings to people right here in our own neighborhood, in addition to the regular shipments to the company. And whenever I want a new dress or a new hat, all I have to do is spend a few pleasant spare hours at my Auto Knitter.

Now we are doing what we always dreamed of doing but what always seemed impossible: we are buying a house. It is a cozy, pretty little house nestled down among the large hills, and to us it is like some hidden Paradise. I shall never forget the evening when we first moved into our new house. "It is Ours, all Ours," my husband whispered, nestling closer to me. "Yes," I murmured back—and with a mischievous smile, added, "We knitted our way to success!"

Your Chance to Make Money at Home!

We are glad that Mrs. Kayser has given us permission to print her interesting story, because it proves better than anything we can say what wonderful things the remarkable Auto Knitter machine is doing for men and women all over the United States. It is helping men and women start successful businesses of their own: it is helping women earn money for the little luxuries that have been denied them: it is bringing bigger chances to the children in the home.

You can use more money—everyone can. If you act at once, we will show you how you can make extra money right at home, in your spare time. Extra money for the many little things you may now be denying yourself. The Auto Knitter Company will make a contract with you to pay you a liberal guaranteed wage, on a piecework basis, for all the standard socks, you can make at home on the Auto Knitter machine.

Remember that you can work as much as you want, or as little as you want. For every shipment of standard socks, large or small, you get your pay check promptly. And in addition to the pay check, you receive yarn to replace the amount used for the socks sent the company.

Let us send you more information about the Auto Knitter—it's free. You don't have to know how to knit in order to make money at home this pleasant way. It will give you, as it has given Mrs. Kayser, the opportunity to turn your spare time into dollars. Don't delay. Mail the coupon for information today, now. You'll never regret it. Do it this very minute. The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, Inc., Department 1012, 630-632 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, Inc.,
Dept. 1012, 630-632 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name

Address

City State

Comfort, 12-21

The Christmas Key

By Joseph F. Novak

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"DADDY, when will mamma come?" A spasm of pain passed over Alvord Locke's face as his wee daughter asked the question. But his voice was cheerful as he replied:

"Oh, sometime soon, if you are good—and I, too," he murmured in an undertone. "Oh, Beatrice!"

"Sing me 'The Night Before Christmas' before I go to bed," commanded his tiny tyrant, plumping down her book upon his open newspaper, utterly unconscious of the bitter memories that were ranking her father's bosom.

Alvord cast the paper from him, picked up the book, then drew the midget, night-clad, upon his knee. Then he laid his hand upon the tuff of her hair and looked keenly into her great eyes which sometimes, in superstitious moments, he thought seemed to look at him with something of heaven in them.

He gathered her close. "My God, if I should lose you, too, I—" The thought ended in a savage, defiant embrace as if he challenged the world to tear her from him.

Little Virginia looked up at him with a half-frightened, questioning look, but there was only her daddy's accustomed smile so the tiny segment of momentary terror, passed.

"So you want me to sing 'The Night Before Christmas,' eh?" he queried. (Virgie called reading "singing.") "Great Scott, kid! You ought to be in bed! Santa Claus may come around and find you up, and then what? He'd pass you by, sure's sunset, and then when you wake tomorrow morning, there'll be nothing on the tree, nothing in your stocking and nuffin' nowhere!" he grimaced, as he dug his chin into her plump shoulder which brought forth a delighted shriek. "How about it?" and he shook his disheveled hair from his eyes.

"Santa wouldn't forget me," Virginia replied confidently. "I saw him at the store and he said he wouldn't. Didn't he put my name in his big book?"

"All right, then, since you've got such a stand-in with him, I guess you're safe. But you can't always tell. He's a busy fellow tonight, and it takes time to trim up a big tree like this," and Alvord surveyed the immense tree which he had set up in the music-room to await the magic touch of Santa's trimming wand.

Nothing, however, could shake Virginia's faith. "He'll come, I know," she replied confidently. "And wouldn't it be nice, daddy, if he'd bring mamma?"

"It would be the loveliest thing that could happen, but Virgie, you won't be dreadfully disappointed if he doesn't?"

"N-no," she said wistfully, "but I wish he would."

"So do I," Alvord said, and cuddling her beside him on the overstuffed davenport, he picked up the book.

As he turned the pages of the picture book, Virgie exclaimed:

"Oh, there's Santa Claus! How I love him!" and as if she had not seen the picture hundreds of times before, Virgie, in her enthusiasm, kissed the merry, ruddy-faced patron saint of children.

"'Twas the night before Christmas, When all through the house Not a creature was stirring, Not even a mouse....."

Alvord repeated the lines, so dear to every childish heart, by rote, for his thoughts were not on the printed page. No, his thoughts were of Beatrice and where she was at that moment.

This would be the third Christmas that she was away. After the quarrel which had ended in their separation, he had hoped she would return at Christmas time, that time when hearts are tenderest, most forgiving, that time when the glad tidings of "Peace On Earth, Good-Will Toward Men" exert their strongest influence.

She had not and there was no peace for him. Since Christmas time had come and gone twice, with no word, why expect her now? Of course she had not forgotten him—could anyone forget such an experience—but after the villain he had been, she, no doubt, congratulated herself upon being rid of him, a dreamer, who, while trying to follow the old ideals of marriage in modern times, had hit the rocks.

Thus his thoughts ran, though his lips were repeating the words of the poem until finally:

"But I heard him exclaim, E'er he drove out of sight, Merry Christmas to all, And to all a goodnight."

Independently his voice operated of his thoughts. "Now, mamma's good night kiss, and I want to sleep," said Virgie.

He arose and brought a beautifully framed picture. It was that of a woman with a high, intelligent brow, a wealth of dark hair and a perfect throat. She was dressed in a negligee of extravagant pattern and sat upon the davenport. It was the gown she had worn the first morning—and that first morning had been Christmas morning—in their beautiful home. Delighted with how splendidly she took hold of the reins, he had insisted that he take a picture of her. It was an excellent snapshot, so he had had it enlarged and retouched. It was the picture of her that he loved best, and now he taught Virgie that it was mamma.

"Some day, mamma'll come and sit right here on the davenport and wait for me, won't she, papa?" Virgie commented, as she hugged the picture to her heart.

"Yes, just like in the picture," he replied with something of defiance, a tone he almost invariably assumed when he spoke of her return. Was it a challenge to his own belief?

"Oh, I'll know her and I'll just love her!" Virgie exclaimed. "Won't I, daddy? She'll come, won't she?"

"Yes, dear," and then: "Oh, God, give me the unquestioning faith of a child!"

They talked as they always did, of what they would do when mamma came, until Virgie's sleep-charged eyes drooped and she was captured by the Sandman. So Alvord carried her up to his room and tucked her in her little bed, for though she had a nursery, he would not allow her to sleep out of his immediate protection.

Mrs. Starrett, his housekeeper, was dozing in a rocking-chair, but roused herself as soon as he entered.

"You'll want nothing more tonight, sir?" she asked, when he had finished tucking Virgie in for the night.

"No, I think not. I'm going to trim the tree and so will stay up for a while, but I'll leave the door open and I'll hear her in case she rouses," he replied.

Mrs. Starrett bade him good night and went to her own room.

Alvord watched her until she disappeared. "Well, God is good in that he has given me someone to take care of Virgie," he thought.

Bending down over the sleeping child, he kissed her lightly, then went downstairs, and drawing out the sundry large boxes filled with tree ornaments, he began trimming the tree.

Ah, the bitter-sweet of the task! The sparkling pageantry of the tree seemed a mockery to his own heavy heart, for never so poignantly did he realize his loss as at Christmas time.

His thoughts went back, as they always did, to their other Christmases together. That wonderful morning when they took possession of their beautiful home; then the following Christmas when, like children, they had trimmed up a tree and how tenderly they had laughed together when they said it looked lonesome without toys beneath it! Then that first Christmas when Virgie had come! And then those terrible days of misunderstanding, mistrust and doubt and then the finale. He saw now where he had blundered, saw where he had not gauged Beatrice's character and intelligence rightly.

He had thought himself considerate when he did not bother her with his business worries; he had thought himself a good husband in keeping the things that rankled him from her. He had wanted her to be without worry, without care. He forgot that she was a sympathetic, intelligent woman who would have been the better companion could she but know his trials and help lighten them with well-rendered sympathy. And through misunderstanding, they had drifted apart, and when in a moment of anger she had threatened to go, he bade her leave if she wished, but once gone, it was her act and she could never see their child again.

And when she had attempted to go to Virgie, he had stopped her by sheer brute force, and, broken, she had gone, while he, panting and in a temper akin to madness, stood victor—a victor thoroughly ashamed of his conquest.

Was it possible that he could have been so brutal? It had not only been possible, it had actually been.

Then came visions of those two past Christmases when he was alone with Virgie.

What was Beatrice doing tonight? At some gay party, no doubt, without a thought of him or the babe she had nurtured. Was she free? But hardly, for certainly he would have been served had she wanted to divorce him. Then in such case, she was still his, though it was only an empty bond that bound them.

His eyes wandered about the room, then they rested on the massive front door of the beautiful house.

What had she done with her key?

House keys are plentiful, but few women carried the key that Beatrice had carried. In his adoring love, Alvord had had a house key made for her, heavily plated in gold. And that Christmas morning when they had taken possession of the house, he had presented the golden key to her as a talisman.

He believed she would return it and the fact that she did not kept him from actual despair. While she kept it, there must be some hope, some chance for him.

He had never ceased to love her, but wherein he had erred was in the fact that he felt her love had flown. Even his last words to her, shouted in a torrent of bitterness, betrayed that love and held a chance of forgiveness. How clearly he recalled them:

"You think I do not love you, but it is because I love you so well that I now feel so wronged. I may have been all wrong in my attitude but you never sought to understand me. Go if you like, but you will come back to me some day, and I will be waiting here, waiting with Virgie. You have the key to the house and no matter when you wish to return you will find us here waiting. The love I have given you is a love that a man can only once give, were he married a thousand times."

That was the way he had spoken, nay, not spoken but yelled in a fierce passion of anger, for he found himself in a position that he could not combat.

It had ended, of course, and he had had plenty of time to think about it all. But where he had felt himself aggrieved, he found that he had been in the wrong, and after the way he had acted he felt he could not go to Beatrice, and thinking she was happier away from him, he punished himself in not seeking her out.

He had hoped to punish her by keeping Virgie. Had she sought to get the child from him, he felt there would be a fierce joy in combatting her, because he loved her and felt that the retention of Virgie would some day bring his lost love back to him.

Oh, I must not think or I'll go crazy!" he exclaimed aloud.

He turned to his task and continued trimming the tree until the giant was at last finished; then he turned on the electric lights. The colored globes glowed softly against the fresh green of the tree and reflected a million times in the glittering ornaments of the tree. The smell of the pine sent his mind wandering back to his boyhood, to those delightful days gone forever.

"Oh, that those memories did not exist," he murmured, "and yet, there is joy in the pain of remembrance!"

He sat down upon the davenport and gazed upon his handiwork, then thinking to rest his eyes a moment, he closed them.

With a start, consciousness came to him. Had he slept long? Or was it a few minutes?

But what had roused him?

The grating of a key in the lock!

A burglar?

He raised his head on his elbow and listened attentively, then dragged his body over the soft upholstery of the davenport to where he could see the door without being seen, and watched.

The door opened slowly, as if the intruder half expected to be discovered. Indeed, from the hesitating way it swung in partially, then almost closed again, it seemed as if the intruder regretted the intention of entering. But with a final push, it opened, and the nocturnal visitor entered.

And now he doubted his senses—was he dreaming? Or was he really awake? For the thing he had always expected had happened.

Beatrice had returned.

With all his self-control, he crushed down the beating of his heart and lay as if asleep to see what she would do.

She came into the room, her head to one side, as if listening for sounds from above. Then apparently satisfied that she was not discovered, she placed the bundle which she had brought with her upon the floor and opened it.

He noted her forethought in wrapping the contents of the bundle in cloth to eliminate the rustling of paper, and this chilled him. Then hope, ever eternal, again sprang up. Mayhap she did not wish to be discovered until morning.

From the bundle she brought that girl-toy of the ages—a doll, together with a trunk containing, no doubt, her wardrobe. Then she set up the dearest porch swing and placed the doll in it.

Her offering complete, she examined all the toys that were awaiting Virginia to claim them. Then she rose from her knees and slowly went about the room, examining all the furnishings with wistful eyes. Most of them had been their joint selections.

"Oh, my God," she breathed, "why are some of us made with such stubborn tempers," and she hid her face in her hands.

All the while, Alvord lay upon the davenport, scarcely daring to breathe.

Beatrice now gathered her wrap closely about her as if to leave. Then again she stood, hesitating. Throwing off the wrap, she left the room and hurried upstairs.

He heard the soft swish of her garments as she went up the stairs and he listened, though it took all of his self-control not to rise up and go after her.

But he waited patiently and presently she came

downstairs again. Evidently, though, she suspected that he must be in the house somewhere (not having found him in bed) for softly she began to search for him, and in a moment more she came to the davenport.

Again he tried to control his heart-beats and tried to make his breathing as regular as a sleeping person's should be.

And now he dared opening his eyes the merest slit. But Beatrice was standing, her eyes fixed upon her picture, and the prominent place it occupied.

As she gazed at the picture, which mutely told her of how tenderly she was remembered, there came to her eyes, the light he had once seen go out and which, in terror, he had wondered had gone forever.

It had returned.

And then—

Slowly, cautiously, she leaned down, her hands lightly touched his cheeks, and her lips met his. It was all he wanted.

He opened his eyes and she, in sudden terror, tried to straighten up, but his arms did not allow her, and, in perfect, she sank upon his breast.

"Beatrice, darling, have you come home?"

"I—I came to bring baby a present—"

"And a kiss for me?"

"Yes!" There was defiance in her tone. "Then you have forgiven me for my brutality?"

He made no effort to rise, it was too supremely ecstatic having her in his arms again.

"I forgave you a long time ago. Had I not, you would have long ago received the key," and she took it from her bosom where it hung by a fine gold chain. "I thought you would be happier without me and though I managed to keep up the light until now, I finally had to give in. I learned, while I was away, to know and understand a business man better and what he has to contend with. I often wondered why men slaved so hard when they really didn't need the money. I know now that it was ambition to stand well with his fellow-men, to be looked up to, to be honored and known. And I know now at what a cost to the nerves it is! Oh, my dear, if you had only let me understand you and had let me sympathize with you—" she stopped.

"Yes," he answered, "if I had. But I had the old-fashioned ideas about those things, and I felt I had no right to trouble my wife with my cares. I, too, have learned and know now that the modern woman wants her husband's confidence and an insight into his affairs and thus can she better understand his moods and better sympathize with him when a fight or defeat in his world renders him morose or cross. Oh, I learned all this and would have asked you to come back but when I think of the brutality I displayed, I couldn't help but feel that you were glad to be rid of me and were happier alone."

"Never," Beatrice responded. "Alvord dear, when once a woman gives herself to what God intended she should be, a man's helpmate and a mother to his children, if she has true woman instinct, once that is experienced, no other vocation or avocation satisfies. I knew, after I had left you, that never could I give myself to a man as I had given myself to you, and when I thought over your final words, I knew that you had felt the same way when you said that you had given me a love that a man can give only once were he married a thousand times."

For a long while they talked, while outside, the wind swept around the house.

Suddenly there came a joyous call.

"Daddy! Daddy! Is it Christmas now?"

"Virgie, dear Virgie, will she know me?"

"Will she know you? Just a moment! Stay here!"

He hurried upstairs to Virgie's bed.

"It is Christmas now, Virgie, and Santa Claus has been here. But lie still a minute and then I'll take you downstairs."

Obediently she laid down again, while he hurried across the hall and to the room that Beatrice had used for her own, and going to a wardrobe, he took therefrom a soft housegown. Throwing it over his arm, he hastened downstairs.

"Put this on, Beatrice, dear, and sit right on the davenport there near the tree."

"Why, Alvord, this is—"

He kissed her. "Yes, I know. I kept it all along, and Virgie expects mamma to look just as she did in the picture, when Santa Claus brings you to her."

Again he hurried upstairs.

"All right, Virgie, now we'll go down. Santa has trimmed your tree and brought you all kinds of toys and candy and what else, do you think?"

By this time, he had reached the parlor and set her down.

Virgie gave one quick look at the davenport and with a delighted shriek, she cried:

"Why—why, he brought mamma!" and with a whirlwind rush she flew into Beatrice's arms.

They made a happy group then as they sat there beneath the Christmas tree. Virginia couldn't care for mamma enough, and while thus engaged, she suddenly noted the golden chain and drew from Beatrice's bosom the golden key.

"What is this, mamma?" she asked.

"It is a Christmas key, dear heart," she said softly. "It is the key with which Santa Claus unlocked the house and let me in—to you and to daddy."

Steer for Success

Success depends upon fundamental principles. Confidence is the road to honor and success. Success depends largely upon the first step. Success for some starts at the gateway of Reform.

There are few rest-stations on the road to success.

Success isn't luck, it is the apex of hard work. The man behind the gun on the sea of success is the man with mental caliber.

Don't rock the boat when on the sea of success. There are whirlpools of reverses.

Hardships often outnumber the honors conferred on the contestants on the road to success. The man who succeeds is like a rubber ball; the harder he is hit the higher he rises.

Keep a steady gait. Don't worry because you can't get ahead of the world; be content to keep abreast.

If you want to succeed don't find fault with others. Instead of getting in, a knocker always gets left out.

Do not put off until tomorrow what should be done today. Tomorrow is the graveyard of progress and success.

The reason so many fail to climb the ladder of success, the lower rungs are so far apart they fall through in the attempt.

When speeding on the road to success, it is well to keep a firm grip on the steering gear when approaching the cross-roads of reverses.

Twelve Business Maxims

1. Have a definite aim.
2. Go straight to it.
3. Master all details.
4. At times be bold; always be prudent.
5. Make good use of other men's brains.
6. The minority often beats the majority in the end.
7. Listen well; answer cautiously; decide promptly.
8. Always know more than you are expected to know.
9. Treat failures as stepping stones to future success.
10. Remember that difficulties are only made to be overcome.
11. Never put your hand out further than you can draw it back.
12. Preserve, by all means in your power, "a sound mind in a sound body."

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Love Will Find the Way

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

"Hello, Reade!" he exclaimed familiarly. "It looks good to see you around again. How's business up your way?"

"Pretty fair, thank you, Morris," he answered, grasping the hand that was extended to him. "But it is not to speak of business that I have come to you today."

"What then?"

"I want you to do me a favor."

"What is it?"

Reade hesitated a moment. The fact was, that now that he had got there he did not know exactly how to broach the subject that he had come upon. He leaned forward, with his hands between his knees, and looked into his friend's face.

"Did you ever see the play of 'Jane'?" he asked slowly.

"What has the play of 'Jane' got to do with a favor?"

"Well, did you ever see it?"

"No."

"It is a peculiar subject. In it a fellow gets into a hole from which he finds it almost impossible to extricate himself without the assistance of a wife. He has not got any, and there is not time for him to get married. What do you suppose he does, Morris?"

"How should I know? What are you driving at?"

"Why, he borrows one!"

"Borrows a wife?"

"Yes."

"Some fellow must have been thunderingly accommodating."

"He only plays that she is his wife, of course. There is nothing really in it."

"What the deuce are you trying to come at, old man? You surely don't mean me to understand that you want to borrow my wife?"

Paul Reade half rose from his chair. He leaned forward and looked in Ezra Morris' eyes with a curious, almost hypnotic stare.

"No," he answered, hoarsely, "not your wife—your mother."

Morris sprang from his chair. A quick flush leaped to his cheeks and an angry light into his eyes.

"What do you mean?" he demanded angrily. "There are some things which—"

"Hold on, old man," interrupted Reade, rising and laying his hand soothingly upon Morris' shoulder. "I meant no offense. I know the terrible misfortune that has happened to your mother, and if it were not for the fact that I am in one of the worst holes in which man ever found himself placed, I should never have mentioned her to you. Necessity makes us desperate sometimes, Ezra, and I frankly confess to you that I am in a desperate strait."

Very slowly the color receded from the face of Ezra Morris, and with a little sigh he seated himself again in his chair, his eyes still fixed upon Reade's countenance.

"I don't understand you," he said dully. "Explain yourself."

"I surely need not explain to you, old friend, that our ways are not always ones that a person had best understand. We have both been in scrapes that we would rather not have our families or the police get on to. You know I don't mean anything personal or offensive, but simply that we can at least sympathize with each other. Well, Ezra, I am in just such a position as that now."

"Still I do not understand."

"And I cannot explain it to you fully. I thought you would be satisfied with what I have said, having been at some time in your life similarly circumstanced."

He looked at the man with an odd sort of expression, and Morris' eyes dropped.

"What is it you want me to do?" he asked.

"Lend me your mother for but a single hour."

"But how would it be possible for me to do that? You know her condition. She is hopelessly mad! You know that we are forced to keep her chained to the wall in a room that is built of stone. We dare not take her out of there even for a moment."

"I don't wish her to be taken out. I simply want to take some one there for the space of half an hour or less, without the person's knowing who your mother is."

"But—"

"I promise you that no harm shall come to her. I promise you that nothing shall be done further than the fact of my taking some one there to see her, who may speak to her and may not."

"But it is most dangerous for any one to go near her."

"So much the better. There will be no desire upon the part of the visitor to repeat the experience."

"It seems a strange request, Reade, and frankly, I don't like it," answered Morris, after a few minutes of reflection. "If it is a woman that you are to take there, as I infer it is from the fact that you have mentioned no sex, I tell you that it is a dangerous thing to do. You know how nervous and excitable she is. This is no pleasant sight, Reade. The one decent point in my nature, I think, is love for my poor old mother. I have tried to make her surroundings as comfortable as I could, but it has all been most impossible. I will not have her confined in an asylum for the insane, but I have had a house built especially for her, and have attendants whom I know are kind and gentle with her as they can be under the circumstances; but even I cannot go there to see her. It makes me ill for days afterward. What, then, would it be to a sensitive woman?"

"I am not responsible for all that," answered Reade doggedly. "There is nothing that will extricate me from the worst hole in which I have ever been placed in my life but that. If you refuse, I don't know what I shall do."

"And if I consent?"

"Then I am saved."

There was a long silence between them. It was plain that Morris did not like to refuse the request of his friend; and yet, his whole soul seemed to rebel against it. He looked up and saw Reade's eyes fixed upon him. The expression was so eager, that he saw at once there really was some tremendous motive behind the request, and swallowing his repugnance, he said slowly:

"I suppose it can do no harm. I hate to have any one see her, Reade, and you must never ask me such a thing again, if I consent this time."

"I promise that I will not."

"All right, then."

"Thank you, Morris, a thousand times."

He took the man's hand in an earnest grasp, and picked up his hat.

"When do you want to go out?" Morris asked.

"Tomorrow, if that will suit you."

"As well then as any other time. I will send out word to have things in readiness to receive you."

"There will be no one there to give the thing away, will there?"

"No. I will attend to that. Let me impress upon you again, Reade, what you are likely to see there. The poor old soul is chained like a wild animal. The place is an isolated one, containing but two rooms, one for her, and one for the attendants. It is not far from Doctor Judson's private asylum, and it is to him and his assistants that she is intrusted. You will have to take a carriage to go. You know there is no railway. Do you know the way to Judson's asylum?"

"No. By the way, could you add to the favor?"

"What?"

"Send me the man who drives you out. Tell him where I wish to go, and there need then be no directions given. Will you do this also?"

"I may as well as to the other, I suppose."

"Thank you again, old man. I hope I shall have an opportunity some day to do you a favor of as great magnitude as this is to me."

"If the time comes when I need you, I will let you know."

CHAPTER XVI.

MARIAN VISITS THE ASYLUM.

Judson's asylum, notwithstanding the fact that it was for the insane, was not an unattractive place. The grounds were exquisitely kept; there was a corps of gardeners who knew their business; and the lawns and greenhouses were certainly things of beauty. But the singular attraction of Judson's asylum was the little house down by the lake among the trees.

It was built of stone, but there were vines climbing over it, and flowers peeping out here and there, that gave it a most picturesque and rural appearance. The grounds surrounding it were in even better condition than the ones about the larger building. One might have mistaken it for the home of one of the resident physicians, until the iron bars at doors and windows were seen, and then the truth was suspected.

It was always freely commented upon by visitors, and the explanation made:

"That? Oh, yes, that is a madhouse, and the very maddest of all our patients is in it. You have no doubt heard of the proverbial tenderness of a gambler's heart. Well, old Ezra Morris' mother is confined there. He won't have her in the asylum with the other patients, for fear their cries might disturb her. His love for his mother is the one passion of Ezra's heart, except the passion for gambling, and he had that little house built for her. It cost him a tidy pile, I can tell you; but he didn't seem to care for that. We can pretty well tell when Ezra has struck it rich, because he always adds some little beauty to the place; but much good it does her. You never saw a patient like that one, and perhaps never will. She seems to have lost every attribute of the human, and there is nothing left but the animal. No, I can't take you in. He never lets any one see her unless by his special order."

And the visitor looked again with even increased interest at the little house and passed on.

And it was to this place that Paul Reade was taking his daughter, she laboring under the impression that it was to see her own mother that she was going.

He had signified his intention to her in the morning, and all the long hours she had sat waiting for him, with a curious intuition upon her that she could not fathom. A nervous chill shook her, but she attributed it to the fact that she was to see, for the first time in all these years, the woman who had given her birth. She shrank from it with peculiar dread, but she nerved herself to the ordeal; and when the carriage was announced she rose in silence and plinned on her hat and veil.

It was a long, silent drive. More than once Paul Reade tried in a vague sort of way to break the oppression that hung over them, but it seemed impossible. Each shrank back in a corner of the carriage and remained there.

Marian looked up nervously as they turned into a shell-strewn drive through a large, wide gate, but she could find no voice to speak. She looked out and about her. She had never seen a more beautiful situation; and as she looked, a glimpse of the little lake came into view, with its picturesque shores and clear, limpid water.

A feeling of gratitude toward her father filled her heart. After all, he was not so bad as she had supposed, when he could choose a place like this for the tomb of that living corpse. She felt that in her inner soul she had misjudged him, and putting out her hand, she pressed his; but—she could not have told what it was. She was not in an analytical mood; but even had she been, there would have been no explanation to her of the sudden shrinking, the indrawing of her very soul, so to speak, that came over her. It was the psychic that had been rudely jostled by the touch of that human hand.

She fell away from him and closed her eyes, mentally fainting under the unacknowledged shock of it, and it was not until the carriage stopped that she opened them. She looked out eagerly.

There was the little stone structure with its vines and flowers. They were before the iron-crested door, but it was delicately covered by nature's draperies in a way that warmed her chilled sensibilities. It crept into her heart again and brought life.

It was her mother that she was to see; that mother who had sung her to sleep in infancy; that mother upon whose breast she had lain as a tiny child; that mother from whom she had nursed the germs of insanity!

As that thought came it brought a memory of June Beckwith as a natural sequence; but in that moment the memory seemed halo-crowned. Her soul was uplifted; she did not tremble with the passionate horror, as she had done before the further-away contemplation of insanity. A holy resignation soothed her like the balm of a religion.

She did not speak, but stepped quietly from the carriage when the door had been opened for her. Her father was beside her; she loosened her veil and allowed it to drop away from her face. She did not hear the key inserted in the lock, and she did not hear the door open; but she saw the interior of the hall as it stretched before her.

Her father entered and she followed him. She did not observe that he walked behind the attendant, but she saw him shiver slightly as the inner door was opened. And then—

She did not move, or shrink, or cry out. She was like a piece of the granite in the stone wall. Her eyes were glued in fixed horror on the creature in the corner. She was chained like an animal. From out the shadows the eyes glittered, not like human things, but like a licking fire that touches highly-polished isinglass. The hair upon the head was like short gray bristles; the skin was wrinkled and shriveled like a parchment. The hands were long and thin, with nails growing from them like the huge claws of an animal.

And that was her mother! That creature, in whom not a vestige of the human was visible, was the mother whom she had loved! And then the apathy of her soul was changed to the wildest rebellion. The mental anguish was something that no human pen could describe. She stood there saying nothing, motionless, apparently insensible, but suffering the wildest agony of almost mental death.

And then, in its turn, remembrance of what she had believed to be her duty, came.

She had fondly believed that her love, her devotion might accomplish something; and more as one moves under the influence of a nightmare than from the effect of emotion, she started toward the creature in the corner. But she had taken less than half-a-dozen steps in the direction, when the hand of the guard was placed warningly upon her arm.

"Don't go near her, miss," he exclaimed, with gruff gentleness. "She would only fly at you, and perhaps hurt you before we could prevent it. She don't know nothing at all, and you couldn't make her understand nothing. She is just like a mad dog, just exactly, and has been for years and years. If you should speak to her, it would only send her into one of her violent fits. She ain't pleasant to look at now, but it's awful then."

Every word of the speech seemed to enter Marian's heart like the sear of a red-hot iron. They were spoken in a low tone; but they were trumpet-blasts to her. She stood there for a moment swaying, as if about to fall; then, with a little gasp, she flung out her arms to her father.

"Take me away," she whispered.

He slipped his arms about her and half-carried her from the building. She saw nothing, heard nothing, understood nothing. She sat bolt up

right in the carriage when he had placed her inside, with her great eyes staring straight ahead, and was as dead as the plaster Venus they had passed in the park.

Paul Reade was frightened. He watched her in silence until the grounds of the asylum had been left far behind, and then, laying his hand upon hers, he said gently:

"Forgive me, dear; it was the only way."

She did not understand the subtle meaning underlying his words; but, somehow, she was grateful for the sound of a human voice. It seemed to thaw some of the ice that bound her heart—even his voice.

She did not turn her eyes upon him, she felt that she could not; but dully, stonily, she asked:

"Is she always like that?"

"Always."

"And there is no hope?"

"None. Don't let us speak of it, Marian. • It can do no good. You see that she is well cared for, that she has all that money can do to make her comfortable; but it is all useless. She knows nothing of it; she has ceased to be human; the soul has gone. It is only the animated body that remains, the creature without the spirit. You can do nothing, Marian, and I have done all that I can."

"Thank you. I am afraid that I have misjudged you, but you will forgive me for that. You have done all, more than I could have asked under the circumstances. I am grateful that you have placed her—there, where the rest of the world, the curious, cannot look upon her misfortune. It—it—is— Oh, Heaven, father, do you suppose that inheritance will ever come to me?"

He never forgot that cry to the day he died; and a terrible pallor overspread her face before he replied to her. There was a brief pause; and then he exclaimed, almost hoarsely:

"No! A thousand times no! It would be impossible! Don't ever let a thought like that enter your head. It is impossible, I tell you. Don't speak of it, don't think of it again!"

She did not reply. His words had not the power to lift the chest of torture that lay upon her soul. He watched her in a sort of terrified silence, and it was with a feeling almost like gratitude that he saw Dick Gresham come down the steps of their home to meet them when the carriage drew up.

"I have been waiting here for you for more than an hour," he exclaimed, looking sentimentally down upon Marian. "I have brought you a piece of news and I was determined that no one should forestall me in telling it."

She smiled into the false face, striving piteously to conceal her anguish.

"What is it?" she asked drearly, as he led her into the hall.

"A great piece of good news that will please you," he answered lightly, his eyes fixed hungrily upon her pale but glorious beauty, and lighted with a curious fire that she was too ill, mentally, to observe. "Your friend, Miss Gordon, is betrothed."

She stopped suddenly, and looked at him.

"To whom?" she asked, her lips stiffening unconsciously.

"To your friend, Junius Beckwith!"

There was no reply. As she looked at him, apparently without power to remove her eyes, a little shudder passed over her, and she felt there at his feet without a sound.

"You infernal idiot!" Paul Reade whispered.

"What induced you to do such a thing?"

"It is much better. She will recover quicker."

answered Gresham serenely. "Besides, I did not want her making a fool of herself. She is too sensational by half, my boy."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The under dog may be deserving of our sympathy, but don't forget that the small potatoes are always at the bottom of the heap.



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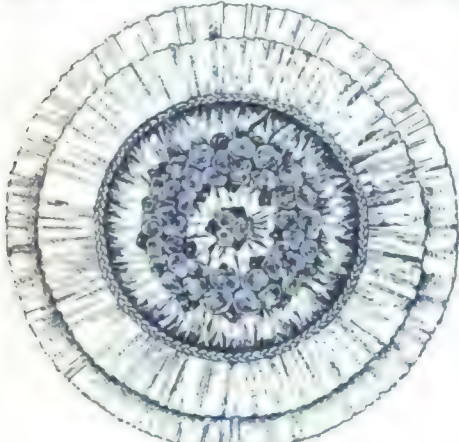
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Practical and Attractive Gifts for Christmas Cheer

Pincushion or Sachet

ALMOST too pretty for a pincushion is this attractive affair of lace and ribbon pictured below. A sachet seems a more satisfactory use for it. To make, cover a circle of heavy cloth, six inches in diameter, with rose colored ribbon, shirring it on as in illustration. Make two rows of this ribbon, leaving uncovered spaces between and in the center to be filled with georgette or chiffon flowers in delicate shades of pink, lavender, blue and yellow.

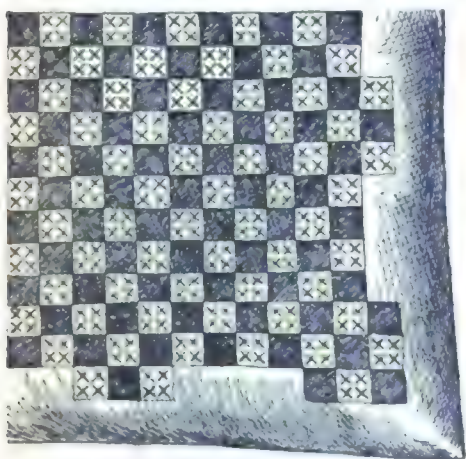


DAINTY YET USEFUL.

low with leaves of light green ribbon. The roses are made by doubling lengthwise a piece of chiffon, three-quarters of an inch wide and six or seven inches long and rolling loosely and sewing securely on under side. Make enough of these, probably forty, and sew on in circle in clusters of three with two loops of green ribbon for each cluster. Finish with a double ruffle of lace, top ruffle being a little narrower than the bottom one, using a narrow piece of pink braid around edge. If you do not happen to have this on hand, you can make it by braiding strands of embroidery silk, as in illustration. If to be used as a sachet, line with layers of absorbent cotton, sprinkling each layer with some fragrant powder, and cover back with silk to match ribbon used on front.

Couch Pillow

The cover to this pillow is made by applying a large patch of even checked material to a plain foundation, which extends far enough outside to make a plain border. As illustrated, one-fourth of the cover is shown. The finished patch measures 18 inches, is made of medium blue and white checked gingham, and sewed to the center of a finished 24-inch square of plain corn colored gingham.



SIMPLE AND ATTRACTIVE.

ham. A velvet foundation with patch of checked silk is also suitable material. The edge of the gingham is cut out at even intervals which adds an unusual touch. The plain squares are ornamented with short lines of outlining which cross in each quarter of the white checks. This is done with embroidery cotton to match the foundation. In putting the cover together, a piping of checked material, cut bias, gives a pretty finish and helps hold the pillow in shape. It is well to do the embroidery before sewing the checked material to the plain.

Art Cloth Bag

Linen or any of the adaptable cottons other than art cloth may be used to make this bag. Cut the desired size in two parts, front and back. Decorate the front with stencil and embroidery



ARTISTIC IN DESIGN.

combined, or with a patchwork design in three or more colors. The top side seams of the bag are left open as far as the run. A narrow hem is turned and held by working over the hem a row of d c with ch 2 between. Make one turn around the edge of both sides of the bag as deep as the

two turns in hem, and then trim so that in crocheting the two sides together the hook will go through two thicknesses rather than four. Carefully baste together the two sides of bag and crocheted over the edges with the same stitch used around the top. Next crocheted around the entire bag, excepting the section to be fringed, with a picot edge made as follows: Ch 4, pass hook through the first ch and a c. Make a c around first row and p every fourth d. Fringe with crocheted cotton. Take five lengths, with hook drag the loop made by doubling once through from the back into the spaces made by ch in first row, pass through the ten ends and draw firmly. Trim evenly when fringing is finished. Use twisted or crocheted cord to draw up the bag.

Crash and Enamel Cloth Bag

Use a strip of colored crash eighteen inches long by ten and one-half inches wide. Beginning three and one-half inches from one end, draw the threads in squares to a depth of four and one-half inches, and to within two inches from each edge. The design will readily be seen by referring to the picture. Buttonhole around the entire edge where the threads are cut off, and slightly draw together the remaining threads where they cross with a double cross-stitch, which gives the effect of Mexican work. One or both sides of the bag may be decorated in this way, or a coarse design in wool is pleasing. Bring the two ends of the crash together and sew up the two side seams, leaving the bottom whole. Sew a band of black enamel cloth to the top of bag as you would an outside facing. The top edge of bag and the edge of enamel cloth are seamed so that when the glossy side of the band is turned onto the outside it covers the seam at the edge. The lower



ORNAMENTAL AND PRACTICAL.

edge of band is not turned under, and is sewed to the crash with a rather deep buttonhole stitch. The handles are of double enamel cloth with machine stitched edges. The decorations are of patchwork designs. The leaves and flowers may be cut from velvet and buttonholed or glued to the velvet. A circle on a circle, each a little smaller, and lightly tacked with bright wools makes a very attractive decoration.

Bag with Stiffened Base

Crochet around bottom as follows: Ch 4, join, and s c 8 times into the ring, join 1 c h, 2 s c into each at until point of beginning, join. Repeat until required size is made, keeping the work flat by adding a s c when necessary. When the bottom is finished, make the top by rows of s c, joining each row, and starting the next with 1 ch. To stiffen the base, dip in thin boiled starch and stretch it onto a straight sided small tin pan, letting it remain over night where it will dry. Finish with two coats of varnish or shellac. Baskets may be made by this process.

The top of bag is silk, though many other materials are suitable. The design shown in illustration can be readily copied. The dots are single beads, while the remainder of design is embroidered. The top of bag is finished with lace beading through which ribbon is run and finished with knotted ends.

Needlecase

Very practical and common sense, as compared with the lace and ribbon sachet pad described on this page, is the needlecase of white pique shown here. To be sure, the pink ribbon ties and stitchings of pink on front and back give it a rather frivolous air but not enough to detract from its practicality.

The outer circle, or back, is six inches in diameter, lined with half-circle pockets of the same that reach nearly the center but far enough apart to permit attaching by the ends of a needlebook made of three half circles of soft flannel, each one smaller than the other. One pocket has a narrower covering stitched down to form little compartments for needles and thimble. After pockets are attached, the outer edge is bound with pink ribbon and a half-yard of the same is fastened to the center back to form a tie when case is closed.

FOR NEEDLES AND THIMBLE.

Bunny Bib Holder

A bib holder like the one shown in illustration will make the wearing of bibs a pleasure to the small son or daughter of the household.

The strap can be made of any soft material and when finished measures one-half inch wide and eight inches long, with tiny safety pins sewed into the turned-under ends. The bunny faces are made of button moulds covered with white flannel or white velvet, with eyes and nose marked in red ink while black is used for some



FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

very realistic "smellers." The following verse neatly printed on a card will be a source of interest as well:

Oh little children, eat your food
As neatly as you're able,
Least little bunnies on the strap
See spots upon the table.

Bath Toy for Baby

An ordinary rubber sponge, four or five inches long, can be converted into an amusing bath toy by a few snips of the scissors, an elastic band and a few strips from a discarded bathing cap. The head is formed by winding an elastic band around sponge while the arms are made by cutting in on each side as indicated by dotted lines "A" and "B" on small diagram. Paste the pieces of bath cap on as shown in illustration, to form suit, cap, eyes and mouth—and don't forget the buttons. They are an absolute necessity.



IT WILL AMUSE BABY.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

ents should obtain the book "Four Epochs of Life" by Dr. Elizabeth Hamilton Muncie, and allow their children to read it, for it is such a wonderfully well written book on the subjects of sex and reproduction of life that one can not help but have a sweet and beautiful understanding of all the laws of nature after reading it. Upon the same subject of teaching pure sex ideals to the children, let me again refer to Macfadden: "Let me urge you to be frank and fearless with your children in dealing with them upon this subject of sex. Teach them that the body is a beautiful thing, fashioned by the great Creative Intelligence for the use of the highest creature he has made, and that it is to be revered as the temple of the human soul. Teach your growing boys and girls to look upon their bodies, and to enjoy the sight because of the perfection manifested in their creation. . . . Explain to them that while in the present condition of public morals and thought upon this subject, the body must always be covered in public, it is a hideous and repulsive lie that there is anything about the normal human body that is not sweet, pure and beautiful."

As this is beginning to be very lengthy I will bring it to a conclusion. In closing, would say, teach the children pure, high ideals from the cradle upward. In my study and work with others I have seen so much impurity of thought, venereal diseases, etc., that is directly traceable to wrong teachings in childhood that I cannot too strongly urge parental teachings of pure sex ideals. When this has been done and when we who are older, crush out every impure and obscene thought, we will begin to experience a much higher plane of life in which there will be no race suicide nor other abnormal things.

Yours, DR. DEFOLAR.

SO. BERKELEY, 3025 Adeline Street, CALIF.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: Everyone needs a vacation, but then, few people who do so can look back with pleasant memories and a full and contented realization that the time was well and profitably spent. This was how I felt after being a week at Moss Beach, California.

A short electric train ride brought us to the ferry over the Bay of San Francisco to the eternal fog-bound city of San Francisco, where a short street car ride brought us to the autos that were to take us to Moss Beach, some 30 odd miles over the mountains and through deep canyons, the home of myriads of wild life, including deer, raccoon, wild cat and colonies of cottontails that scurried away in droves as our machine sped by.

Up, up we went and at each turn and twist new vistas of unparalleled scenery burst into view, each one seeming to be surpassed by the other. Is it any wonder that you hear so often repeated, "California, I Love You!"

The fog-bound city of San Francisco was utterly lost to sight when we emerged into the bright sunlight and in less than two hours we had descended and arrived at our destination and our steps were turned to what was once a depot or railway station but now used and kept in run by a charming couple known as "Joe" and "Mary," who have just placed a large sign on the roof that appeals to all in a wonderful gastronomic way: "Home Cooking."

And "Mary" upholds the reputation of the sign above, and many times we proved it. Whether there is something in the atmosphere of Moss Beach to account for it, we must give that particular place the palm over all other places in California or elsewhere for genuine honest hospitality.

The lodging once arranged for, the beach is next sought, for no other beach within a hundred-mile radius offers such a wide range of marine objects of so much study in geology as this whole district does for over one mile.

The Caves, the Boiling Pot, the Reefs, the Canyons, the pure white sandy beach with its myriads of shells and shiny pebbly pieces of the abalone shells that seem to dance in the sunlight in every handful.

We arose very early next morning to "catch the tide," and reached the reefs in good time to see one of the most beautiful and inspiring sights that our eyes had ever beheld about 100 yards from shore—the receding tide revolving the great, pale green anemones with their swaying tentacles and dark brown centers; the thousands of rich blue spiked sea urchins; all in a rich setting of seaweed that rivalled the rainbow in its hues and setting, the minute forms of sea life, each taking its own color and peculiarity, made us join hands and exclaim as we stood in wonderment by the rifts in the rocks, "My God, how wonderful Thou art!"

There, drilling in the living rock, were the sea urchins, and many a sore on our fingers is proof of their tenacity as we tried to twist them out of their self-made caves. The anemones we fed with crushed mussels just to watch the pale green tentacles clutch and hold their food. The great leather clam or sea cradle, often stretching a foot in length, and which dispenses with the useless formality of a shell, and which, after an hour's boiling, would defy a cave man to dent it with his molars, had selected a spot close by

and was obviously little aware that in a few days his backbone would form a neckpiece of spiky butterflies. From watching the sea urchin I have learned the lesson more fully that God takes care of even the shell fish, causing them to drill themselves into the rocks until, when a certain size and age, they drill themselves out again and live in the deeper waters. How much more should we mortals trust Him who said, "Even the hairs of your head are numbered."

Contrary to what we would at first suppose, on seeing the vast quantity of living matter thrown up by the sea, that not one atom of it is wasted and this is proved by the fact of the many kinds of insects and shrimps that seem to wait for every piece as soon as the sea gives it up.

When the tide was in, and we could not get on the reefs, we went into a pavilion built on the sands and spent many pleasant hours listening to the music or studying the thousands of specimens with which the walls and ceiling are thickly studied. Many fine specimens of abalones, sea urchins, star fishes and fossils are found here, and the genial proprietor, Mr. Nye, who kindly explains his curios and knows everything worth knowing about Moss Beach, makes you realize that you are no stranger.

Some of the mornings when on the beach we had to gather dried seaweed and make a chimney of stones and sticks and good feeds we surely had, pork and beans with mussels fresh from the rocks, a plentiful supply of crackers and cheese, feet on the hot rocks, while you watch the curl of the smoke as it ascends to the cliff above, a sense of freedom comes over you as you look around and see no living soul in either direction for miles, you tune yourself up to the rhythm of the waves and with a heart of thankfulness to the God of Nature, the soul sings:

"Awake, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run.
Shake off dull sloth and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice."

When we arrived, we were fortunate in seeing a whale and a baby white seal that had been washed up on the beach and we secured a souvenir of both, the buffer bones or ligaments that separate the vertebrae of the whale, and the teeth of the seal.

We needed a pack mule to bring home the specimens, and a very decided salt flavor permeates our whole home, while all the neighbors have secured their samples from us, and many resolves have been made to go there.

The return trip was made in good weather, and the air on the mountains so bracing and pure until we entered the fog belt of San Francisco and had passed through on our way home to Berkeley through the sun-shiny city of Oakland, thankful to be home with our burdens and get hot water to boil our victuals.

Your sincere sister, MRS. JAMES C. MARSH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I called on you two years ago but you were so busy I didn't stay long; at least, my letter wasn't printed. I am 29 years old, tall, slender, with brown hair and a fair complexion.

I have a daughter nearly twelve years old who weighs 101 pounds. What can be done to reduce her weight? Can someone help me? She is a very hearty eater. Some say that it may not be natural fat but it is. She isn't what you would call "a sight" but just solid and chunky. She cries if anyone teases her about being fat. She is very musical and plays the piano and sings.

My husband is thirty-four years old, and is the village blacksmith. If the wife of a blacksmith reads this she can sympathize with me on wash days. I do all my own work and am not very strong. Have had nervous trouble for three years. I like to sew, crochet and am making a wild rose border for a lunch cloth and finishing up a basket yoke. I want to tell you something about our big delegation that came to Cortland County in August. The New York Tribune sends children from New York City to the country for two weeks and pays expenses. Any one can take one or two, or more if they wish, for two weeks. Just let them know whether you want a boy or a girl and the age desired and you will get what you order. Six hundred and thirty-three were unloaded at Cortland. Friends of ours took a little nine-year-old girl and we took them to the train to get her. The crowd there was equal to a county fair. Each child wore two tags; one was the town where they were going and the other was their name and address and the name and address of the people to whom they were going. Each child had a lady attendant and there was a special train of seven coaches. They were unloaded in about an hour and each child was delivered to the place intended for it unless the people happened to be there to meet it. It was quite a sight. I never saw so many children in my life, some crying, some laughing and the others didn't know what to do. The girl our friends had was here the year before so she already knew where she was going. She didn't know which to kiss when she was so close to her friends around the neck with both arms, and I thought she would never let go. We bought her lots of new things last year and again this year. I didn't take any of the children myself for I live upstairs and in a dangerous place. I was afraid they might fall off the porch. If any of the sisters ever get the chance to take "Fresh Air Kids" as they are called, you will know that they are all right. They are inspected by doctors before leaving and are free from disease. When it came time for them to go home they didn't want to go and hid in the barns and meadows. The officers found them. Eleven of them came to Preble and a brighter bunch you never saw.

How many believe in Sunday baseball games? It seemed to be quite the thing here this summer.

I am to entertain our Sunday School Class (of which we are members) and will someone give me some ideas in the way of entertainment. We had a corn roast down on the shore of the lake and it was heaps of fun.

I have corresponded with a Comport sister for over three years. She lives in Akron, Ohio, and I hope to see her when I go to my home in Indiana for a visit. I enjoy the Comport magazine. (Can anyone send me the words and music of the song or hymn "They tell of a city with walls of Jasper and streets of gold.") My sister always liked it and wanted it sung at her funeral but we couldn't find it. I am anxious for it to sing as a duet. I am an alto singer and my friend and I sing together at church and are always hunting for new songs.

Best wishes to all.

MRS. JESSE GARDNER.

PITTSBURG, PA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I've always stayed outside and listened to your conversation without trying to enter, but when the plea came from Molly-Joe I said, "Here is your chance," for I've always been somewhat in love with Molly-Joe anyway. I'm not speaking from experience for I never had a stepmother but I think unless the brothers she speaks of are very young or the stepmother very unkind to them, her best plan would be to go away and do something for herself, and by so doing she might be helping all concerned more than by staying with them. No matter how good a stepmother she may have, one house was never built for two. Sometimes I believe we can allow people to lean too heavily upon us, so heavily that they fail to appreciate who is holding them up. I therefore think it would be better if Molly-Joe would break away for a while at least. The breaking away will be hard, of course, especially if she has never been away from the loved ones much.

There are many opportunities for the kind of girl I take Molly-Joe to be. Let's hear what the other sisters think on the subject.

I have noticed a few letters are from wives of railroad men and if this doesn't end in the waste-basket perhaps I'll call again and tell of my home and the Smoky City.

FOREMAN'S WIFE.

NEBRASKA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL:

Many times when reading the interesting letters of this corner I have been tempted to write but have always postponed it, thinking that others would write more intelligently and beneficially than I. When I read Roy Smith's letter in the August number I was again moved to write and this time so strongly that I can't put it off as I have done before. I think Mr. Smith was entirely too harsh on our motion-picture plays and not once did he criticize the eyes that saw the pictures. I have traveled what some would call extensively and seen a large number of photoplays and everyone has been educational to me in some way. Yes, some showed semi-nude women and some two-thirds nude men, some entirely nude children but I don't feel that my mind has been poisoned nor that I am an immoral wretch because I have witnessed these pictures. If such sights cause evil thoughts in the minds of men or "small boys" then they must feel terribly wicked every time they go near a bathing beach. Such thoughts should be quelled and a good cure for persons affected

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



Through the columns of this department our Doctor's advice regarding maternity and child rearing will be given free in answer to questions by our subscribers. Address Mother and Baby Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and be sure to give your full name and address. Names will not be published.

What to Do if Baby Becomes Unconscious

THERE is nothing probably that will frighten a mother more than to find her baby unconscious, and what I mean by this is that the baby will not awaken nor respond to any efforts to arouse it. This symptom may be a serious thing and where it is possible it is always best to send for a physician at once, then proceed to do the things for the baby that the mother can do before he arrives. First examine the mouth and throat to see if it has by any chance swallowed anything, try and reason out the chances of the baby's getting hold of any medicine or preparation of any kind that might poison it.

I speak of medicine, for a short time ago I was called to see an unconscious baby and for a little time the case was very confusing as to what caused the child's condition. Then I noted twitching of the muscles all over the body, which made me think of strychnine poisoning, and on questioning the mother found the baby had eaten a few pink tablets, that I found to be strychnine tablets.

In this case it was very important to know what caused the unconsciousness as then we could treat the case intelligently.

There are a few simple things a mother can do before the physician arrives in any case, that will not do any harm and usually do good.

The first of these is the warm bath. Remove baby's clothing carefully and put it into a warm bath. I do not mean a hot bath and wish to caution the mother about this as in several cases I have known mothers to lose their heads and scald baby quite seriously. Prepare the water, then dip your elbow into it and be sure it is not too warm. I should leave the baby in the water about ten minutes unless it becomes conscious before this time. Then take the baby to your lap and wrap it up in a warm blanket. If it is still unconscious, I should proceed to get an action from its bowels in some way, first trying a suppository of glycerine, then of soap and if any of these are not available give an enema of soap suds and warm water, never using more than one-half pint of water at a time. In using the suppository I wish to again caution you about losing your head, and being rough or careless.

We will now take up for consideration the things that will cause unconsciousness, taking them up in about the order of their frequency.

First, indigestion with its accompanying toxemia, and ptomaine poisoning are without doubt the most common causes of unconsciousness, and, in these cases, the warm bath followed with relieving of the bowels by suppositories or enema are the proper treatment and will rarely fail to relieve very soon.

Second in frequency is dentition or teething, and in healthy full-blooded babies it is not at all uncommon for them to become unconscious, or as the mother will tell you, "have a fit," especially when the large double teeth are coming. The baby's face will be red, with fever and rapid pulse, and it will be inclined to open its eyes and stare up toward the ceiling of the room. The treatment for this is the warm bath, bathing with lukewarm water, cold applications to the head, and as soon as the physician arrives have him lance the gums over offending tooth or teeth, uncovering the top of the tooth, as the bleeding will give relief to the head symptoms. This may seem to be rather heroic treatment, but it is not, as nature has got to push through this same tissue with this new tooth, which is a normal physiological happening.

As to the poisons that a child may get hold of and swallow, of course the proper treatment is to give the proper antidote, as, for example, if it is some acid one should give an alkali, lime-water; if an alkali, give an acid, diluted vinegar is a simple one available in most of homes. If the baby has taken opium or any of its preparations, try and get baby to vomit as soon as possible with lukewarm water with a little mustard in it, or tickle the back part of its throat as this will usually cause vomiting, then try and keep the baby awake until the doctor arrives—you might give a little coffee; then when the doctor arrives he will wash out the stomach and give the physiological antidote, permanganate of potassium.

In strychnine poisoning make the baby vomit, then put baby in a quiet place, holding it firmly, as the slightest draft or noise will often throw it into an unconscious or convulsive state. Be sure to get the doctor as soon as possible.

Aconite, I think, is another poison a mother should know something about as it is often used as a fever remedy and the baby may by mistake or carelessness get an overdose. In such case get the doctor as soon as possible, and while waiting for him keep the baby lying on its back with feet higher than its head, apply hot applications, and give stimulants such as coffee, aromatic spirits of ammonia, any kind of wine, whiskey or brandy in small doses if available.



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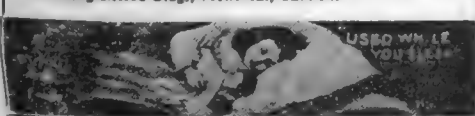
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The subject of our January talk will be Winter Coughs and Colds.

Questions and Answers

HIVES.—I am a young mother, with three-months-old baby, and wish you would tell me what is best to give her as she has hives. Mrs. A. B., Piney Flats, Tenn.

A.—The most common cause of hives in babies is indigestion, therefore the thing to do in the first place is to correct this. If you are nursing baby, get your own digestion normal, keep bowels regular and avoid foods that cause gas or distress. If it is a bottle baby, put one or two tablespoonfuls of lime-water in each four ounces of food, and keep baby's bowels regular by frequently giving in its milk one or two teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia.

DANDRUFF AND EXCESSIVE FLOW OF MILK.—We have a baby three weeks old whose head is caked with dandruff. What can we do for it? (2) I also wish to know what can be done to prevent milk flowing from mother's breast when baby is not nursing.

Mrs. A. M., Burgaw, N. C.
A.—Apply on baby's head a little olive oil or vaseline gently washing once a day with borax or boric acid solution, four per cent., or as much powder as will dissolve in amount of water.—this is called a saturated solution. (2) For the excessive flow of milk, would suggest dry diet for mother, that is, drinking less liquids, and as the baby grows older he will without doubt take care of milk.

CONSTIPATED BABY.—I am writing for information as to what to do for my four-months-old baby who is badly constipated. Have tried Castoria and olive oil without any good result. Mrs. M. M., Branson, Colo.

A.—If you are nursing the baby, get your bowels regular with Fluid Extract of Cascara Sagrada, in teaspoonful doses. If bottle baby, try giving one or two teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia in its milk once or twice a day as needed.

PAINFUL, SCANTY URINATION.—I am six months pregnant and am writing for advice as to what to do for burning pain on urinating and cannot urinate much. Mrs. M. C., Farmington, Pa.

A.—Without doubt, you have a highly acid urine from eating too many acid fruits, grapes, apples, tomatoes, etc., and I would suggest that you stop all acid fruits and vegetables, drink lots of milk, and two or three times a day drink a glass of water to which has been added a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Urinating in bathtub or while taking six bath will relieve painful urination. Put binder around lower abdomen; getting a little upward and inward pressure will help you in walking.

SORE NIPPLES.—I am an expectant mother and wish to know what I can do to harden nipples, as they are always so sore and cracked when baby arrives. Mrs. W., Bath, Mich.

A.—Avoid flattening nipples with tight corsets, harden them during pregnancy with tannin or alum, apply every day for week before baby arrives a saturated solution of borax, or equal parts of borax or vaseline.

BRONCHITIS.—My 18-months-old girl has bronchial trouble and I am writing to know if there is anything I can do to give relief; also one of these runs of colds and I should like to know if she has tonsils cause either of these troubles, and is she too young to have them removed? Mrs. E. D. R., Allen, Kans.

A.—For the bronchitis would give 20-drop doses of syrup of hyaloidic acid, three times a day in a little water. Should have nose and throat examined, as any obstruction from adenoids or enlarged tonsils imposes on organs of respiration, and have operation if needed.

INDIGESTION.—My 15-months-old bottle-fed baby cries a great deal and does not sleep over one-half hour at a time. Have tried all brands of milk and none seems to agree with him. Would you put him on solid food and what would you give him? Mrs. H. C. H., Great Falls, S. C.

A.—Yes, I would put him on solid food, cooked cereal, cream of wheat, oatmeal that has been cooked a long time, oatmeal gruels, baked potato, stale wheat bread toasted, orange juice, soft-boiled eggs every other day.

MALNUTRITION.—My 17-months-old girl has but two teeth and weighs but 17 pounds. I feed her on modified milk and she seems healthy. When I set her on her feet she cries and sort of curls them up. She does not creep. Any information you can give me in regard to treating her will be appreciated. Mrs. J. F., Lethan, Montana.

A.—Would suggest your taking your little girl to a competent physician for a thorough examination at once, and until you do so should avoid trying to encourage her to walk or creep as there is some reason for this backwardness.

BABY'S BOWELS.—My six-weeks-old baby's bowels have not been regular since he was born, more some days eight times, watery and full of curds. Can you tell me the cause of the curds? Mrs. N. W., Tanner, W. Va.

A.—If you are nursing baby, correct your own digestion, especially avoiding acids as this hyperacidity is the cause of the curds; also drink milk and vinegar water, equal parts, or take three or four tablespoonfuls of lime-water a day. If baby is bottle fed, give baby tablespoonful of lime-water to four-ounce feeding, and occasionally give baby teaspoonful of castor oil.

PERIPHERAL VENOUS THROMBOSIS.—I am the mother of eight children and have had milk leg several times, and am now down with it for two months. What is the cause and remedy? (2) Please explain what a leak in the heart is and is there danger of sudden death? Mrs. E. M. R., Felton, Ga.

A.—The causes of peripheral venous thrombosis or milk leg is not definitely settled, but is without doubt caused by anything favoring blood coagulation, feebleness, debility, difficult labor, septic infection or any inflammation of pelvis following childbirth. Treatment: Elevate the limb, wet in hot flannel cloths, covering this with oiled silk or oilcloth and bandage on. Apply constantly hot flaxseed meal poultice with a little turpentine sprinkled on, and if painful sprinkle a little laudanum on poultice. (2) A leak in heart is supposed to mean that one of the valves does not close properly, and as a rule does not cause sudden death as we have seen, but a compensating hypertrophy. One exception to this rule is that you may get sudden death if aortic valve is involved, and aortic regurgitation is the valvular heart trouble that causes the largest number of sudden deaths, but even with this many lead an active life without danger.

PILES.—I am three months pregnant and am badly troubled with the piles, although my bowels are not at all constipated. Can you tell me what to do for them? Mrs. R. A. B., Florence, S. D.

A.—If you have large external piles, I would suggest you have them removed under cocaine, a simple thing to do. If internal and external, I should advise you to use Iodex pile suppositories, and apply Ung. Iodex on outside. Iodex preparations can be obtained at most any drug store.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

In this way would be to spend several years among the South Sea Islanders. I want to tell Mr. Smith that all the sin there is in a film show is in the minds of the spectators and not in the films. There is beauty in everything that God made. If you don't see godliness in a beautiful woman or a strong man, the devil has infused your mind with immoral thoughts and you are weak enough to listen to him. A man must be weak indeed if he feels degraded and poisoned because he has looked upon the picture of a scantily clothed woman and if a small boy feels the same way he has been taught to do so by his elders for a child does not have wicked thoughts until instilled by others.

There are various conditions and customs to be found in traveling over the world but not all can travel. To those who can't, these modes of life can be learned, to a certain extent, from the picture shows. To be really educated one must become acquainted with all phases of life and all classes of people—the lowly, the great middle class, the wealthy or society class. Mr. Smith states that it is a crime for little boys to look upon these pictures; if this is true then it is a crime for them to know that such conditions exist. Not so, the crime is in the fact that sinful conditions do exist. A child, in my estimation, should be taught to know and recognize all conditions of life, then to be able to pick out the pure from the impure and see and love the beautiful things of this world. One usually finds what one looks for and I am glad that I have learned to look for and to see the true and beautiful.

With best wishes to all,
Sincerely, M. M.

ATLANTA, GA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: I'll sit right over here with these happy mothers, discussing their children. I have

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two, a boy, ten years old, and a girl, three, and we are regular pals. We are not as fortunate as country folks, as we live in a crowded city, our lot being only 30x100 feet, so haven't very much room and freedom. But we make the most of it and are happy. I helped the children make a playhouse, under the back part of the house, which is high, with a wonderful store adjoining. Bubba is the store man and "Baby Dear" is "Mama." I run down to play with them, when I can spare the time. And when I have to leave them, "Mama" is delighted to give me permission to go upstairs. We sometimes have a tea-party, with milk for tea, and have doughnuts or tea cakes. I find that while they play they are learning to keep things neat and orderly. You'd be surprised to see how well Baby Dear can sweep.

I had my boy to help me with the dishes and house work as soon as he was old enough. till now, at ten years, I can depend on him to wash the dishes and clean the kitchen as well as I. I taught him to begin with, that anything worth doing is worth doing right. I had to send him back, just a few times, to do things over again to convince him of this. And I never allowed him to frown or grumble about his work, because I never allow anything to become monotonous with him. I keep him in good practice, so if any emergency arises I can depend on him. I have seen some children, when their mothers get sick, take possession of the whole place and make enough noise to give a well person nervous prostration. I don't believe in letting boys grow up until they are old enough to earn money, before training them to be energetic. By that time they are usually so lazy they are beyond redemption. Dish washing and house work may be only girls' work, in some mothers' eyes, but it's not in mine.

Let me tell some of the mothers how I wash my dishes and save some time, and I think of "Happy Homemaker" most every time I wash mine, with her "from twelve to forty men to cook for." I wash them in hot water and turn them in a pan with holes in the bottom, which sets in another pan, to dry. That leaves only the silver and frying pans to dry with the towel. They are as clean and glossy as can be, when left to dry this way. Of course a sink would be much better to set the pan in, and one can buy the wire baskets for the purpose at the stores, but my old pan answers the purpose fine.

Thanks, Mrs. McDonald, for your suggestion. I find Katherine Booth wonderful, and never noticed her department until I read your letter. I am afraid she will be working over time when a few more neglected sisters, like myself, take notice.

Another Broken Blossom, I find your method of punishment seems fine, but it won't work in my case, possibly because my boy is too old. It gave me a good idea, though. Whenever I have to punish him the second time for anything, I make him whip himself, telling him I am tired of whipping, so he will have to whip awhile. That is absolutely a sure cure in my case. With love to all, and thanking you, Mrs. Wilkinson, I am,
A GEORGIA MOTHER.

SALEM, R. R. 2, W. VA.

HELLO THERE, MRS. WILKINSON:
I am sending a picture of Bernice Lee Whiteman. I hope to see her smiling face in COMFORT. She is seventeen months old and can talk. I am twenty years old and have been married five years. We live in the country but have an automobile and go to town when we want to.

I read COMFORT and like it, especially the helps, but all of COMFORT helps. I have a lot of good books and magazines but COMFORT is my favorite.



BERNICE LEE WHITEMAN.

I told baby's Daddy that I was going to send her picture to COMFORT and he laughed. Guess he thinks the Sisters' Corner is not real but I know it is. I always turn to it first to see the kiddies and then to read the letters.

I may come again if baby and I are noticed this time. Mrs. DAISY WHITEMAN.

Mrs. Whiteman.—Such a happy, contagious smile couldn't possibly escape "notice." There must be something particularly joyous about sitting on a table with one's toes turned in, that we grown-ups have missed.—Ed.

HOPE, ARKANSAS.

HELLO, FOLKS:
Will you admit another boy into your circle? I hail from the State at which they all poke fun; nevertheless, it is in the front ranks in natural resources. It has the only diamond mines in the United States and many other minerals are mined. Its hot springs are wonderful in the restoration of health in many diseases and Arkansas has soil that will produce anything adapted to this climate. It has the largest peach orchard in the world and it raises many apples. There, haven't I tooted my horn enough to induce some of the boys and girls to come to Arkansas?

Sisters, is it not true that "youth lives in the future and age lives in the past"? The older people of today say that the youth of today is not nearly so pure as forty or fifty years ago but I believe human nature is the same now as then. What do you think?

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I am nineteen years old, five feet, ten inches tall, have light blue eyes, dark brown hair and a very brown complexion. Would like to hear from young people of other states but cannot promise to answer all. I will do the best I can with the little time I have.
Best wishes, NARCIS COPELAND.

TEXAS.
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND READERS:
I have been a reader and subscriber of this wonderful magazine for a long time. I so much enjoyed Uncle Charlie's talks and know that he was a broad-minded, deep-thinking, clear-visioned man. I only wish there were more of his type. The new Uncle seems equal in value. I get something helpful from every letter.

Mrs. Pearl Vesey, as you have been heading south for some time, why not come on to East Texas? I would like to be your neighbor, you know how to get into the heart of things.

Here comes a description of this spot. Texas is such a large affair that its formations and constructions are not all exactly alike. East Texas isn't at all like the west or north. It's just rugged, hilly, has little mountains through which water flows in winter, in summer they are dry gulches, but there has been plentiful rainfall the last three years and everything has been full. These hills are covered with trees, hickory, red oak, jack oak, pen oak, pines and in the lower portion there are sweet gum, willows, birch, and dogwood that blossoms early and the woodland is very lovely, dotted with white. Just now the leaves are all gone and the forest is brown headed, but the pines, cedars and holly live things up and are very pretty. There is a great profusion of vines mingled with the trees in some parts of the forests, briars of every type, grapes, wild honeysuckle, red woodbine and a poison oak, which has beautiful blossoms and foliage, but is very poisonous. There are persimmons that ripen in autumn and are very palatable after frost has come. There is a great deal of Bermuda and Johnston grass in some of the lowlands. It is mowed and made into hay for stock. One gets two cuttings of the Bermuda and four to six of the Johnston grass. The farmers raise cotton, corn and tomatoes principally. Of course they have small orchards as well as raising different vegetables.

Our winter seasons have been very mild the past five years, no snow and sleet and a very small amount of ice. There has been some green grass the entire year. I want to live where there is some real winter, and play in the snow. I like to look at snow scenes. If any of the readers have a surplus of kodak views of real snow, will you send them to me? I will appreciate it very much if you will.

How many are members of the Order of Eastern Star? I am a member of a chapter in a small town nearby and like it very much. Would advise every one who can to join.

We live a long ways from our county seat and therefore I get less time as we don't go very much. I occupy my leisure time reading or doing some needlework. Zane Gray and Harold Bell Wright are very interesting writers although there are some of the latter's books that I am not keen on. A great many writers go to the West to get material for thrilling books. It must be the Garden of Inspiration.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

Wool Embroideries and Other Fancies

Simple Novelties

ABOUT this season of the year many of us are wondering what we can make up comparatively easy which will not look hurried and be both attractive and acceptable when finished. It is consoling to know that there are many useful little articles which are constantly needed, and which will be especially appreciated



DARNING SET.

by the woman who has not much leisure. Among these are little chatelaines which are an assembling of all the necessary articles, needed for different purposes. All the various implements grouped for sewing, darning, running, lingerie ribbons and manicuring are but a few suggestions of what can be done in this way. A couple of such articles are here illustrated to give one an idea of their simplicity. The one in this column is especially useful as darning stockings have not yet made their appearance, and instead of having to collect the various implements, running one's finger through the little ring is all that is necessary to have at hand everything which is required for mending.

To make this one will require one good-sized ivory ring, two small emeries or a cushion and one emery, a darning egg, small pair of scissors, small needlebook and several balls of darning cotton. These may vary in number, be of either cotton or silk according to which would be most useful to the recipient, and of different colors. Black, white and brown is generally a very good selection.

Thread these by running two ribbons through each as shown and then tying to the ring. The other articles are also attached with ribbons, the whole resulting in a most attractive and useful little affair, which will be a valuable addition to any one's darning bag.

Bluebell Bag

This effective little handbag was fashioned of a piece of tea chest covering, measuring 12 1/2 by 15 inches. Double together and seam up at each end, making a bag 7 1/2 inches in depth. Buttonhole the top edge, which is turned inside and pressed down, with black Scotch or Germantown, and also use this to cover the two handles which should be of strong cord, or light weight rope.

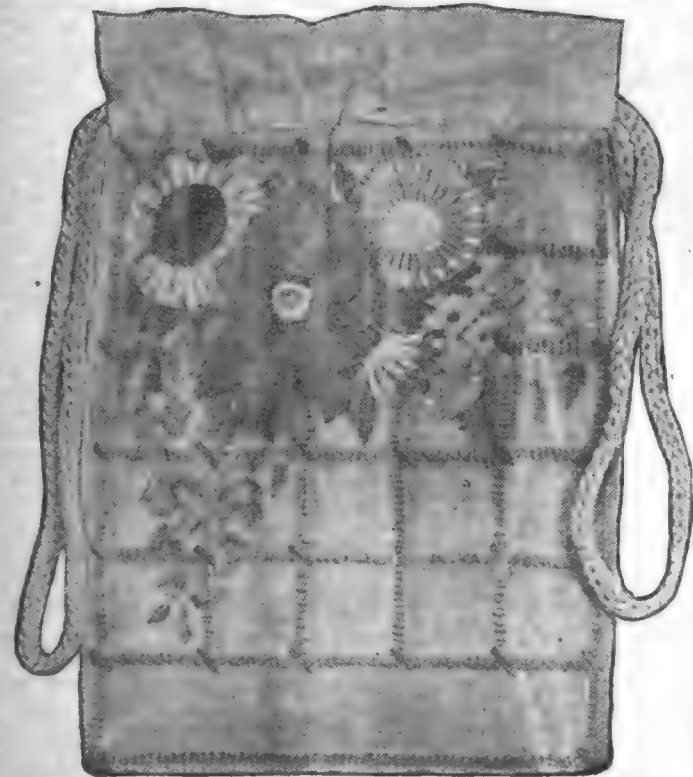
To the front attach three bluebells and leaves made as follows: With blue wool ch 3, join 6 sc in ring, next round 2 sc in each st. Make



BLUEBELL BAG.

4 rounds of 1 st in each st, enlarging only once in each round. This makes a little wool thimble.

In the next 2 rounds enlarge twice, then 3 times in one round; continue in this way

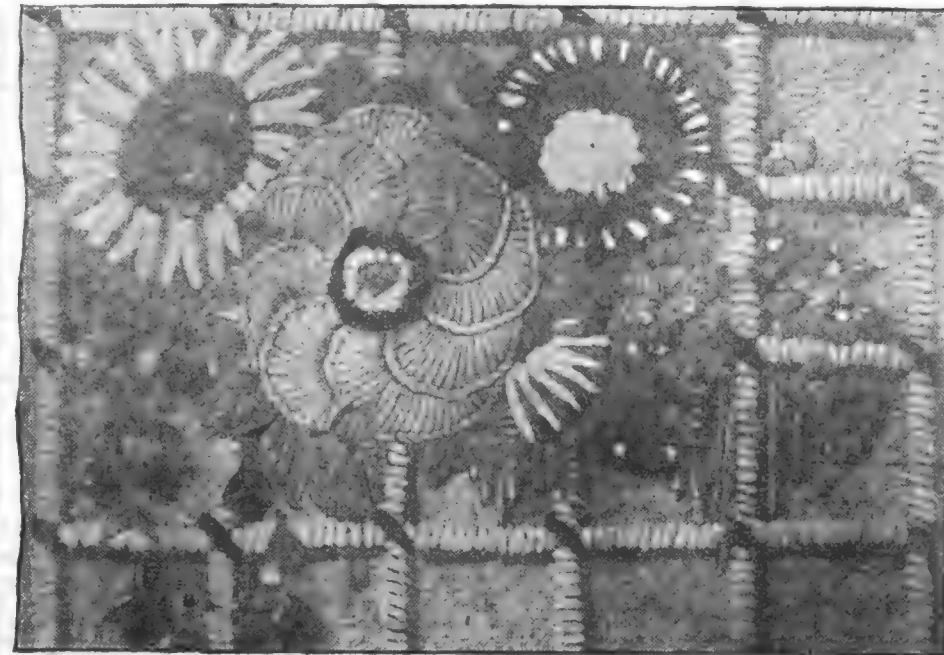


WOOL TAPESTRY BAG.

making extra stitches enough to make the work flare out in a bell shape. Finish each

bell with a chain of two or three inches, and make yellow chains for the center of each, knotting the ends to form little balls.

are flat long stitches in sage green, which complete the design. For cords, as wool would not be durable,



WORK IN DETAIL OF WOOL TAPESTRY BAG.

For the leaves use any shade of green wool and begin with a ch 13 sts, 7 dc in 7 sts, 3 tr c in last 3 sts, ch 3, 1 sl st in first st of ch 3 tr c opposite trebles, 7 dc, join to first double.

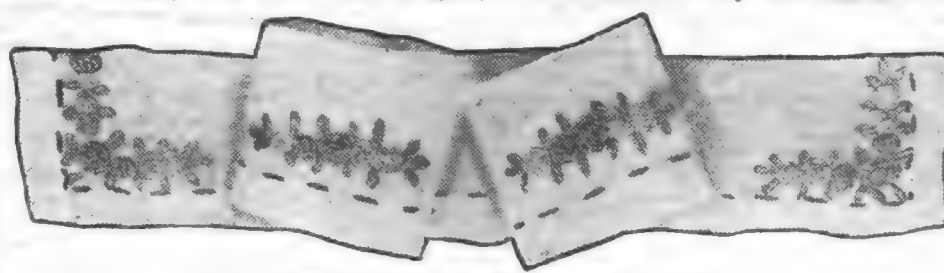
Wool Tapestry Hand Bag

This handsomely embroidered bag is one of the latest things, much newer than the bead

fine brown silk cord was used, crocheted into a chain.

Rose Wool Collar

This illustration shows another of the curious combination due to the wrinkle of having wool-worked into every thing possible. The decoration of tiny roses and leaves on



A COLLAR SET WHICH IS ATTRACTIVE AND EASILY MADE.

bags, quite as effective and much less expensive and difficult to make.

The colors used, if rich and artistically blended will result in a harmonious whole, which is very pleasing.

For the bag proper one will need two-thirds of a yard of coarse light grey all-wool flannel, satin or sateen of the same shade for lining and the wools for working.

The colors chosen will be given, but any colors which combine nicely may be employed. The size of the bag should be planned and the embroidery finished, before the bag is made up.

For the barring off into inch squares canary yellow was used, quarter inch over and over stitch being employed; at the corner of each square, brown wool was used, one stitch only being taken as is shown in the detail. Two sides of each square was also outlined with this color, forcing the yellow to stand out in a striking way.

The bottom space which is an inch in width extending across the full size of the bag, is closely cross-stitched in old blue. In doing this to secure an even effect be sure that all the last or top stitches, the second half of the crosses lie in the same direction.

The flat flowers which decorate the top of the bag are shown clearly in the detail. Of these we will first mention the daisy like flower in the upper corner.

The center of this is an inch long oblong of heather brown French knots, surrounded with white loops held in place by lazy-daisy stitches of the same blue used in cross-stitching the bottom. Just below this are green leaves and fuchsia-like blossoms which have two lazy-daisy stitches of garnet wool, framed on either side with old rose stitches.

The second large flower is of bright orange, a buttonhole stitch being used for the petals around a center of white and then brown French knots.

Green wools of different shades are used to fill in the space between this and the aster-like flower above, which is worked with the same colors used in the fuchsias.

White cut wool forms the center. To make this, take stitches very closely together, leaving quarter inch loops which are afterwards cut and evened off. Next follow with old rose, taking stitches from the center outward and closely together. Surround this with several strands of white, buttonholing over them with the garnet. In the second square below a smaller aster is made in the same manner, omitting the white center. To the left of this appears a small corn flower worked with long stitches from a center outward, of two shades of old blue.

The small group of flowers from here over and into the second square to the right are forget-me-nots of different shades of blue with yellow centers. The lines below these

shirt white organdie is certainly fascinating, and these little sets are really prettier than can be imagined unless seen.

They are used with good effect on woolen dresses which are otherwise plain or are equally pretty and appropriate on a gay little sweater.

In shape both the collar and cuffs are perfectly straight and the stitches employed are so simple, it seems hardly believable such wonders can be wrought so easily.

Cut a piece of organdie or even a fine dimity the right length and width by first drawing threads to insure evenness.

Turn inch hems and run with black wool, then put into narrow bands.

For the little roses one may use pink, old rose, lavender, blue and yellow; for the leaves



FANCY LUNCH BASKET.

a soft green which is not too dark. In our illustration the center rose is a trifle larger than the others. In the center of each work three or four French knots, surrounding these with stitches about a quarter of an inch in length.

Build the roses up, by working round and round. Take the first stitch, bringing the point of the needle out near the center of the distance covered. From here take second stitch forward around knots and bring point of needle out about the end of first stitch. A third stitch will probably complete the first round.

Continue until roses measure from a third to a half-inch in diameter. The leaves are simply lazy-daisy stitches.

In the set shown, the center rose is old rose, with yellow, light blue and pink on either side. This work can be done so rapidly and is so attractive, once started one does not want to stop until it is completed.

Candle or Lamp Shields

Among the daintiest and loveliest little accessories which girls especially will appreciate and enjoy, are these little translucent shields. These beautiful little articles can be made at home for about a quarter of what they cost in the shops. A wire from a hat frame is the foundation, bent in a circle, oval or oblong as preferred. Over this sketch a piece of silk, remembering that all colors will look much lighter at night than in the daytime, and that pink or yellow will give a cheerful sunny

effect, while blue gives always a somber tone. To the silk paste some delicately silhouetted figure, bird or flower. Any number of such designs can be cut from the monthly magazines. Cover all with a bit of white georgette or chiffon and bind the edge with a narrow gilt braid. A wire hairpin bent into shape will answer nicely for a hook to hold the shield in place.

The dancing nymph on the larger shield illustration was taken from one advertisement and the trees from another. The other shield gives one but little impression of its beauty. But a clear idea of another design is secured by simply rounding the corners in. The center, which shows up as black, is a deep yellow which surrounds a beautifully colored group of fruit. See Fig. 2.

Pine branches and cones, birds on boughs, and butterflies all work in effectively. In planning a shield consider the combination by both sun and artificial light so as to secure a result which will be as attractive by day as well as when lighted.



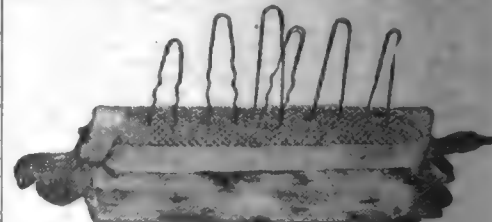
Hairpin Holder

This handy little holder is unusual and also serviceable. The illustration does for RUNNING LINGERIE, not show how pretty

it is in color, or give but a hint as to what the foundation really is. However, when completed you will almost hate to part with it and leave your hairpins free to stray all over your bureau. To make a half-dozen of these one would only have to spend a few dimes for a little narrow ribbon and some small hand brushes; they are the foundation of this handy affair, but one would scarcely guess it when finished.

For other things necessary, one will need some fine white net, fold and cover the top of the brush with two thicknesses of this and then hold in place with a single piece of net which can cover the whole brush and be sewed in place.

Next cover the bottom of the brush with any small bit of ribbon, silk, satin or brocade which



FOR INVISIBLE HAIRPINS.

is pretty in coloring. At the top of this along each side carry a piece of gilt braid, or narrow ribbon, finishing the ends with full bows.

Fancy Lunch Basket

Many a business girl who uses one of the basket envelopes for this purpose would enjoy such a prettily covered one as our illustration shows.

If the woven one cannot be secured the foundation can be made very easily of tea-chest covering. Two pieces 12 by 12 inches will be needed, seam up one so it will be an inch short. This will allow for covering, after which it will still slip into the larger one easily.

Any pretty cretonne is a suitable material, one rather dark in color combination being



CANDLE OR LAMP SHIELD.

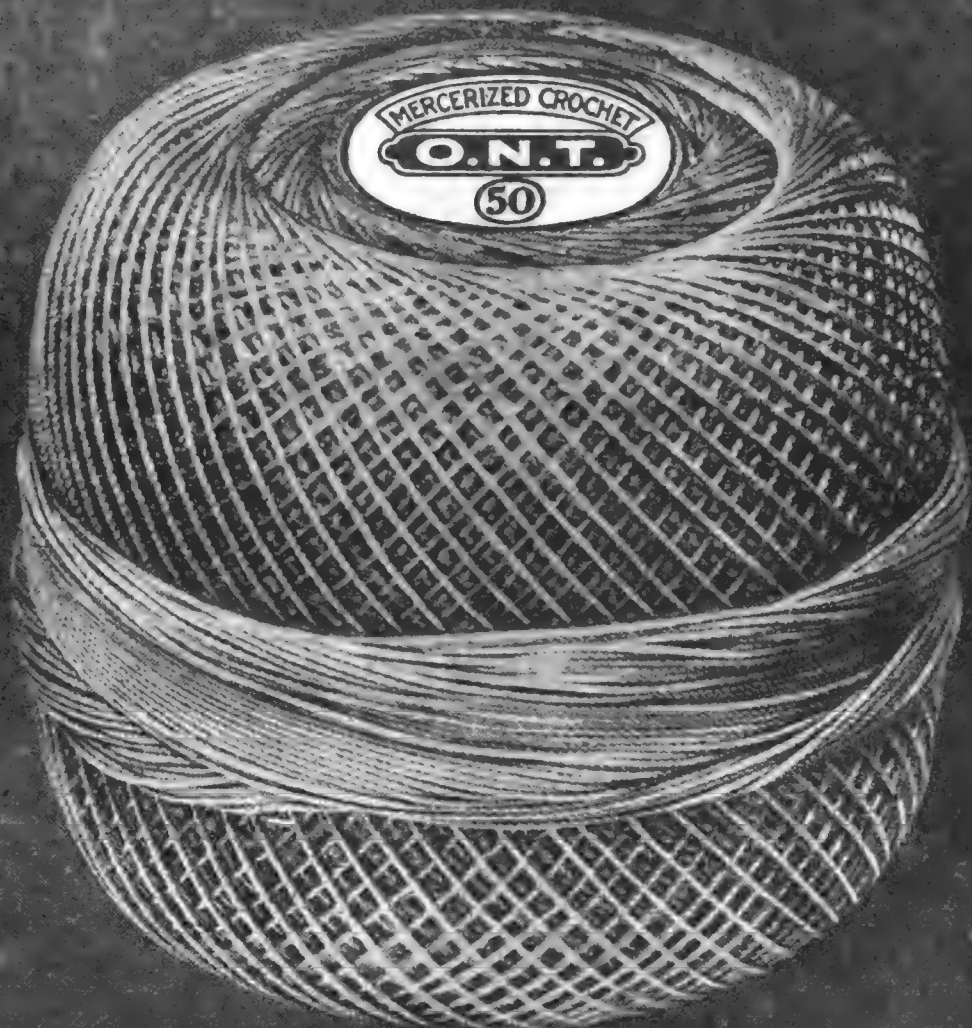
preferable as it will not soil so quickly.

Decorate with two hands and gilt braid and bind the edge of the case with the same material.

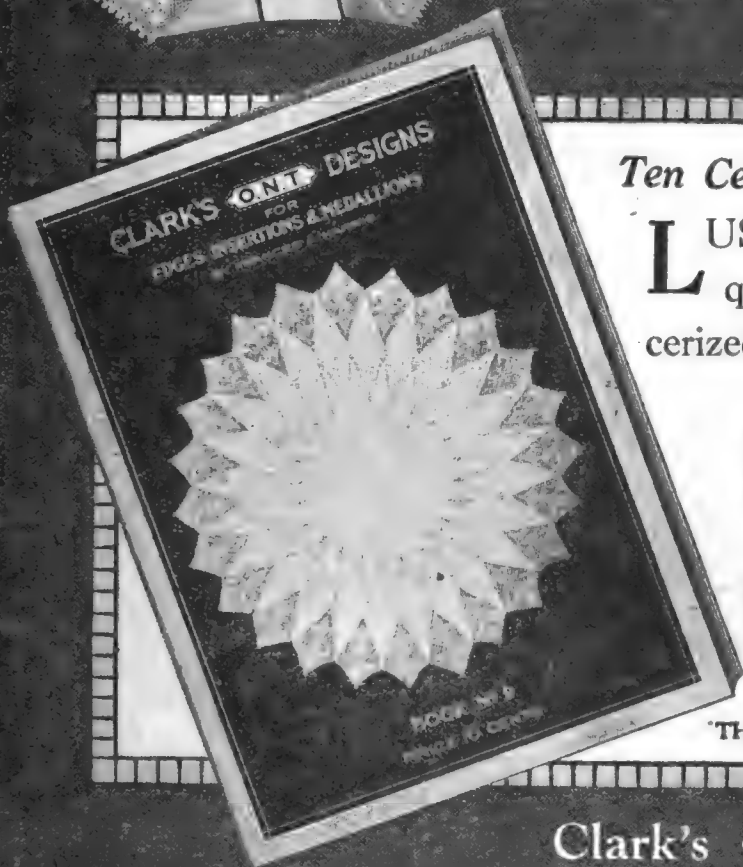
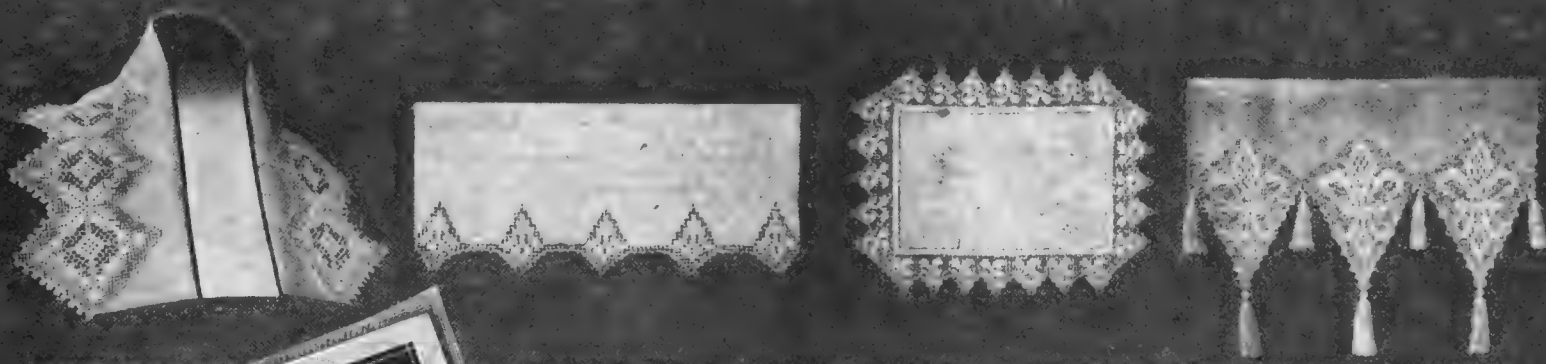
A very simple arrangement for keeping the two parts closely together can be made on a cord and tassel and a couple of beads. For this one can use a cord of twisted wool, finished

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

THIS IS THE BALL



THAT MAKES THESE BEAUTIFUL AND DURABLE ARTICLES



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THE SPOOL COTTON CO., Dept. 30, 315 Fourth Ave., New York

Clark's **O.N.T.** Mercerized Crochet

Fancy Lunch Basket

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

with a tassel of the same or ready-made silk cord can be substituted.

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Now run the cord into the center of the outer case and out again at a point half way between where it is run in and the upper edge, run through another bead and again knot closely. Finish the end with a bead knotted in place on both sides as shown.

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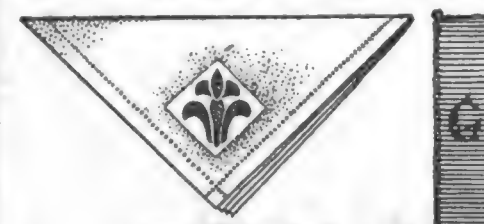
Five Christmas Gifts Your Friends Will Like

By Ella Gordon

Copyright, 1921, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

FANCIFUL trimmings on handkerchiefs have gained in favor and variety with our present day knowledge of making the old and new stitches. This is how the patchwork designs happen to find their way to the handkerchief corners, giving an opportunity to display the finest kinds of stitches. The one shown is an eleven-inch hem-stitched square of fine white linen. In one corner is a square patch of pale pink linen, embroidered with bright green before it is blinded onto the handkerchief.

The return to the use of book-marks is something that every reader of books will rejoice in. It's a pretty olden time idea, we know, for in very old volumes are found examples made of ribbon with old-fashioned cross-stitching, and still others bearing silhouettes in likeness, no doubt, of some ancestor. Besides the practical use of a book marker, they seem to acquire a friendly personality as they direct the way to the desired place.



bon with old-fashioned cross-stitching, and still others bearing silhouettes in likeness, no doubt, of some ancestor. Besides the practical use of a book marker, they seem to acquire a friendly personality as they direct the way to the desired place.

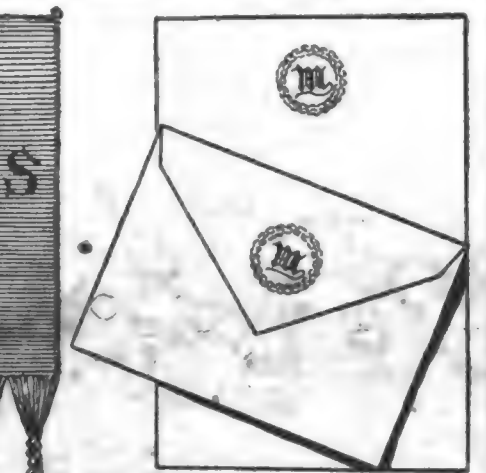
The book-mark illustrated is made of gros-grain ribbon two inches wide. The ends are raveled, then divided in two parts, and held in tassel fashion by a few braidings about half way down. Sew over the edge of the ribbon where the raveling begins, and fasten at each end of the braiding with silk that matches. Initials, a cross-stitch design, a sketch in water-colors, or if one cares to give a likeness of themselves, a snapshot may be glued onto the ribbon.

The small book on which is printed "Lest We Forget," suggests its purpose. Making a record of things to be done, as well as those accomplished, helps keep an orderly household and is sure to make interesting books of reference.

The one pictured was an ordinary soft-covered

book with lined pages. The cover, being a commonplace brown, was removed, and in its place was used heavy art paper used by photographers. The back folds of the pages were neatly trimmed off, the cover cut to fit in front and back sections, and three holes punched through the entire book. Cords were pushed through these openings and tied, as shown in illustration, making a loose-leaved book, so that more pages may be added at any time. The lettering is done with water-colors.

Marked stationery is always an acceptable gift, and affords an opportunity for original ideas. If gold or silver leaf is obtainable, a foundation over which it can be used is made by dissolving equal parts of granulated sugar and gum arabic in water enough to give it about the body of ink. Use with a pen, making the desired design, and allow it to dry. When ready to use the gold leaf, pass the part of the paper bearing the design quickly over a steaming kettle and apply the leaf at once,



or dry bronze may be successfully used in its place.

Receiving a greeting at Christmas time from friends both old and new always brings a sense of grateful pleasure unlike that on any other occasion. And the same may be said of the sender, for who does not delight in knowing that in just that simple message, "Merry Christmas," they are giving pleasure that is more than passing. Expensive gifts are not necessary, and except to the very few are not in good taste. The small card, made at home, carries the glad tidings, and with it no obligation.

It is very simply made. Cut a strip of decorative or plain art cardstock as above illustrated. About half an inch from each end, with the point of a sharp knife, cut a straight slit as long as the ribbon is wide, then pass the ribbon under the card and up through the slits. Fringe one end and notch the other. For lettering, use gold bronze, as described for decorating stationery, and water-colors for the holly.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

OLIVIA, MINNESOTA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

We have just finished reading your reply to Lorena Thrush's letter. Evidently you know as much about the Girl Scouts as you do about a pump jack. We are both Girl Scouts. We are taught how to swim, it is true, also other kinds of signaling and scouting and athletics. But above all we are taught how to bake, cook, sew and take care of children.

A pump jack is a modern invention consisting of two cog wheels and a belt wheel. This is fastened to the axle of the pump. The belt wheel is connected to a gasoline engine by means of a strong leather belt. In this way water is pumped by the engine.

One of us lives on a large grain and dairy farm two miles north of town. The other lives in a city. By the way, Olivia is the best town in the best state in the Union, and is not situated in the woods at all, but on the prairie.

Your nieces,

LUELLA ERICKSON,
ALLEYENE DIERKS.

Luella-Alleyene, I can't tell you how grateful I am to have your splendid description of a pump jack. Not a single cousin wrote in to help me, and I was afraid I would never find out what this strange water machine was and could never again feel on real friendly visiting terms with a pump. Now my mind is at rest and it is you to whom I owe this relief. In my joy I read to Billy what you had written. "Why, Uncle Lisha," he exclaimed, after listening attentively, "it must be only another name for a Ford!"

And, Alleyene-Luella, you have told me all about the Girl Scouts as well. It is true I did know a little bit more about the Scouts than about the pump jack, for I have seen many a Girl Scout (but unfortunately never one that was baking bread), while a pump jack I had never seen and could not have recognized if I had. I'm grateful for this news, too, and to know that you are learning how to "bake, cook, sew, and take care of children." You'll find these things mighty good to know, Luella-Alleyene, and of use in the days when you have forgotten how to signal and are too busy to do much swimming or scouting. Although you didn't tell us just how much house-keeping you had learned already, you must be talented workers to keep up the reputation of the "best town in the best state in the Union." But I'm afraid the other cousins will think you are more proud than polite, when you scout around and annex all these high honors for Olivia, the Prairie Rose of Minnesota.

Strong Building, Main Street,
BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I have been so interested in your department, and the letters which I have read made me want to know you all the better; so I am writing you and hope that you will all take pity on a homesick cousin and write me some nice long letters. I am particularly interested in the West—a place where I have always wanted to be, but haven't gone to yet.

I have noticed, since receiving COMFORT, that you have not published any letters from the state of Vermont. Now, my dear Uncle Lisha, I trust that you haven't any grudge against Vermont and its people. I assure you we are just like anybody else and, of course, I think my state is the best place in the world. However, I am not narrow-minded enough to believe that you will think the same. I live in one of the prettiest cities in the state, on beautiful Lake Champlain. People come from all over the world to view the sunsets over the lake, and one gentleman who was traveling through here remarked that he had spent most of

his life in Switzerland—where the scenery and sunsets are supposed to be the most beautiful in the world—but he had never witnessed such gorgeous ones as he saw looking across the lake above the mountains in New York state. Then, too, my city boasts of having the only college in the state, and the Medical College ranks as one of the highest in the country—so you see I am quite proud of my city and state.

Nevertheless, I have just devoured the descriptions in the letters—about your homes and what you enjoy—and I do want you to write to me. I'll promise to write you a ten-page letter on my typewriter, for you see I'm a stenographer and can make my fingers fly without much effort. Perhaps you would like to hear a little more about myself, as I am a newcomer to COMFORT. First, as the minister says (you know that they always say first, second and third), well, first, I suppose I should tell you my age: I am not so old that I blush and look guilty when I tell my age! I opened my eyes to this world just twenty years ago last March, and as I liked the looks of things I decided to stay. Everyone, including my fond parents, declared I was the homeliest baby they ever saw, but doubtless you remember the old adage: "Homely in the cradle, pretty at the table"—so I might say that I have improved since then and, although not pretty, I don't think I'm bad to look upon. I dare say I should have whispered the last sentence, for if Billy the Goat should see it, he would probably say, "The vain creature; I'll fix her!" and proceed to chew my letter into bits. But if he does please, please save just the address, Uncle Lisha, so that the cousins can write to me.

Yours hopefully and sincerely,
MARJORIE G. STOCKWELL.

You'll have to live in a Strong Building, Marjorie, if you expect it to bear the weight of all the letters you will soon be receiving from cousins delighted to loosen up your loneliness and make your "fingers fly" at your typewriter. Billy the Goat, who likes to play with mathematics, has computed that if you carry out your plan of answering all cousins with a ten-page typewritten reply, your pages of note paper, if placed end to end, would reach from Burlington, Vermont, to Nashville, Tennessee, with thirty-eight feet, three pages left over. Marjorie, I'm mighty glad that when you opened your eyes and looked about, you decided to stay a while. Other people seem to reach the same conclusion—which I think shows that this old world is not so bad as Boss Lenin and Comrade Trotsky claim it to be in their hungriest moments and rashest statements. Perhaps the first thing your very young eyes saw was one of those beautiful Lake Champlain sunsets, and this made you all the more determined to stick around—even if your Pa and Ma were so discouraged they thought some mistake had been made and the Stork Express Company had delivered the wrong package. I don't doubt that you have improved a bit since you squinted admiringly at that first sunset. Living amid beauty ought to make people beautiful. Sometimes it does, but mostly it doesn't, I'm sorry to have to admit. So I'm all the gladder, Marjorie, that you have proved that lovely northern Vermont is full of better beauty—dope than anything on the shelves of the Burlington Drug Company.

You say you "have just devoured" such descriptions as the cousins have sent in of their Western homes. I'll bet you didn't realize, Marjorie, that when you wrote this you were sewing your letter from Billy. He was visibly pleased when he read that sentence, and said: "Uncle Lisha, this girl has just my ideas regarding diet. Perhaps her little touch of vanity is justified, for I am certain the consumption of a generous quantity of raw paper is an aid to good looks, Uncle. I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

Women Made Young

Bright eyes, a clear skin and a body full of youth and health may be yours if you will keep your system in order by taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles, the enemies of life and looks. In use since 1896. All druggists, three sizes.

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VIOLIN GIVEN

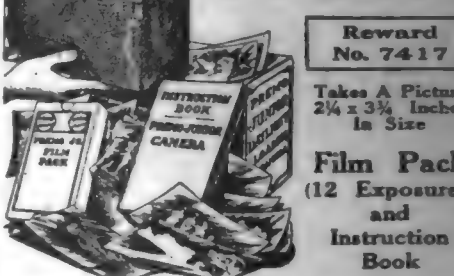
This special sweet toned Violin given for selling two lots of 20 pictures at 10 cents each. Order 20 pictures when sold send the \$2.00 and choose Violin or other prize according to list sent with pictures. BAY ART CO., DEPT. 48, CHICAGO, ILL.

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Book

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For Ten Years

THIS style of Bracelet has always been a great favorite because it is adjustable. It can be made to fit the arm of either woman or growing child. It is made of rolled gold, absolutely guaranteed for ten years, is very light and dainty, measuring only 3-16 of an inch in width. It positively will not tarnish or change color as do the cheap bracelets, but being genuine rolled gold, it will always retain its bright, handsome appearance.

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT responds to the "Missing Relatives and Friends" column. To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscription to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Wanted: To hear from J. Harry Cantrell; last heard of him at Cordele, R. R. 1, Oklahoma, in 1920. Mrs. Mary S. Cantrell, Pickens, R. R. 3, S. C.

Mrs. C. W. Duncan would like to know the whereabouts of any of U. W. and Nanie Smith's children, last heard of when father and mother died at Sumnerville, Ark. Mrs. C. W. Duncan, Enslley, R. R. 1, Box 44, Ala.

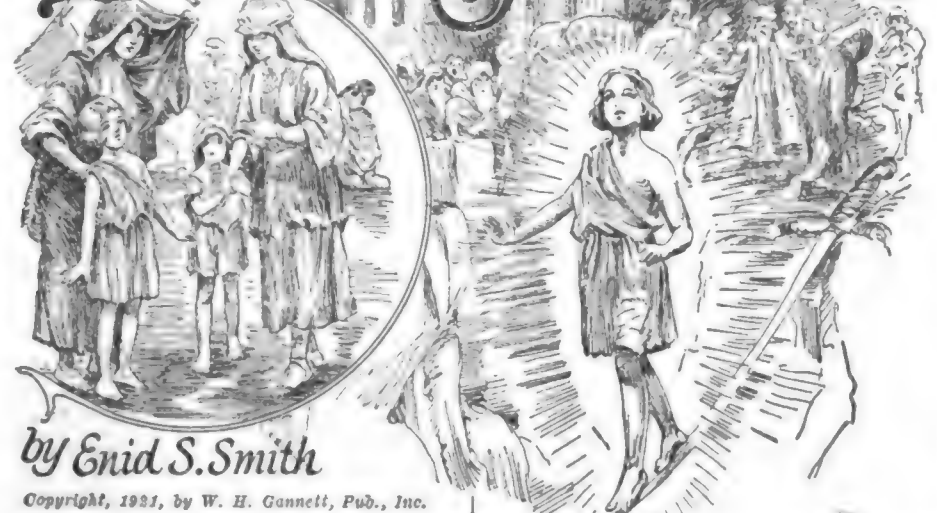
Wanted: To hear from any one by the name of Applebee. Mrs. Jane Mills (Applebee), Celina, R. R. 1, Texas.

Will someone write me about Miss Mary Russell, leaving Columbia, S. C., for Wilmington, N. C., over 30 years ago? She has relatives, the Georges, at Lexington, S. C. Mrs. S. E. Shealy, Lexington, R. R. 3, S. C.

About the year 1880, Mrs. Allen and four children, John, George, Zane and Henry, left Tennessee for Texas. Any of them, or anyone knowing them, please write G. W. Carden, Hixson, Tennessee.

Will anyone knowing the whereabouts of A. R. Smith, please write his sister. Last heard of at La Grange, Georgia. Mrs. Estell Harrington, Samsom, R. R. 3, Ala.

Our neighbor's Boy



by Enid S. Smith

Copyright, 1921, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

"WILT thee have an eye to my boy whilst thee and thy lad tarry here in the Temple?" asked a young woman of calm and gentle mien. "I and his father must needs make ready for the journey—take down the tent and load it on the big camel and make ready the provision basket."

"Yea, we will look to the boy," replied Susanna, the older woman. "My Andrew here must needs see the Great Trumpet, Paradise Bridge, and the Gates of Righteousness here in the Temple before we betake ourselves to our journey."

Without further word the younger woman left the Temple. Susanna led little Andrew past long rows of gilded altars where holy men sat and instructed their pupils, past the high priest with his breastplate of precious stones, then over to where hung the curtains from Babylon interwoven with gold roses, then across to the great copper gates which were so heavy that it was hard work for thirty men to swing them back and forth on their hinges. But ever and anon she turned to look at her neighbor's boy who seemed content to examine the grandeur of the Great Temple alone and in silence.

"Oh, mother," said Andrew, "wilt take me to see the Great Trumpet with which Moses called together the Children of Israel?"

"Yea, my son, but we must needs go to this old arch which has been here ever since the time when the first Temple was erected on this spot. Now near the arch, propped against the wall, thou mayest see the old copper trumpet. Behold its great length and weight. To raise it would be like lifting a pillar to the mouth and playing upon it."

When the little boy saw the huge trumpet he stopped—astounded. "How dented and battered it is, mother, yea and full of dust and spiders' webs, and look how it is covered with the tracing of ancient letters!"

"Well said, my son. Probably a thousand years have gone by since any one has tried to coax a tone out of it. Since Moses called together the scattered tribes none has ever made it speak forth. It is called, my son, the Voice of the Prince of this World, and whoever can again make it speak shall gather all the peoples of earth under his dominion. So say the Rabbis."

Susanna smiled to herself as she thought of this prediction simply as an old myth. So engrossed in her thought was she that she failed to notice a holy man seat himself with his group of pupils just beneath the Trumpet. A dispute soon arose concerning a youthful stranger who had sought wisdom at the feet of the holy man. "Thou art a gentle!" accused the holy man, "and have no right to learn of the doctrine of the only true God. Shall I cast that which is holy to the dogs?"

Susanna awoke from her meditations. The boy, Andrew, was gazing into the great Trumpet and her neighbor's boy was standing a short distance away listening to the conversation.

"I declare to you," continued the holy man, "that you gentle have no right to enter this part of the great Temple. Leave it immediately or my faithful pupils will throw themselves upon you and hurl you from the Temple."

"But," pleaded the youthful stranger, "my soul is faint with longing to know of the great true God, and for that purpose have I wandered over deserts and across seas to seek Him in His Temple."

The holy man's pupils sprang to their feet as their teacher cried: "Begone, thou dog, or we fall upon you! It is as impossible that you should remain here and learn of the true God as it would be for one to arise and blow in the huge copper trumpet, which we call the Voice of the Prince of this World."

As the holy man spoke the neighbor's boy stepped to the trumpet and laid his hand upon it. "This is a great injustice," he said to himself. "Oh, if I could only blow in the trumpet and help the poor boy whose life is in danger! I would, at least, make one soul happy upon this my ninth birthday."

He grasped the trumpet with his tiny hands. He felt it raised to his lips, and when he breathed into it a great tone came forth and resounded through the Great Temple.

All eyes were turned toward the lad, then toward the gentle youth.

"Come, learn of the true God," said the holy man. "He has performed a miracle to show me you are permitted here to remain."

But the lad who but a moment before had held the trumpet now had disappeared toward Righteousness Gate.

"I must have an eye to him," said Susanna, taking Andrew by the hand. "We will now go and see the pillars which our father Abraham brought with him to Palestine from far away Chaldea. We will—"

But she was interrupted by the holy man addressing her: "Woman, who was that lad who awakened the Voice of the Prince of this World?"

"I know not his name," she replied, "he is our neighbor's boy, a lad of Nazareth." With these words she passed the group of pupils on her way to Righteousness Gate.

"Mother," said Andrew, "how strong must be the lad to have lifted that huge trumpet! Perhaps the angels came to help him because he was helping another. Then again, mother, he seems different from the other boys of our village—perhaps he is part angel himself."

"What strange thoughts are in thy head, my son. He is, but our neighbor's boy, a lad that carries the water jugs from the well for his mother, and works with his father at the bench. The trumpet may not be as heavy as it appears, neither may it be such a difficult thing to make it speak; but here is Righteousness Gate. It is

said that the one who can squeeze between these pillars is righteous before God and has never committed a sin."

"And here is our neighbor's boy, here before us staring at the pillar with great open eyes."

"Certainly he does not think of trying to squeeze himself in between them!" laughed Susanna. "Behold, my son, how the floor about here is worn away by the many who have attempted to force their way through the narrow space. But believe me, none have ever succeeded."

"Ah, mother, who are these in the portico here? Judges helping people settle their disputes?"

"Aye, my son, I take it to be such. There is a rich man in his trailing purple robe. He is evidently accusing the poor widow in their midst. Listen! Ah, I now understand. The rich man claims that she has not paid him the hundred shekels she owes him. She declares she has paid him, but that he insists upon collecting the debt twice. She now has no money, and must sell her children into slavery in order to pay her debt."

"Behold, mother, the rich man is now taking oath. Dost hear? I swear that, as certain as that no one shall ever pass through Righteousness Gate, does this widow owe me the hundred shekels."

The neighbor's boy, who had been sitting at the base of the pillars now arose. "The rich man has sworn falsely," he said to himself. "If I could but help another soul on this my ninth birthday! How good it would now be to pass through Righteousness Gate and free this widow and her children!"

The lad sprang upon the platform where the two pillars towered into the heights, and looked through the crack. He then put his shoulder to the groove to make a way. All eyes were upon the boy—then upon the old pillars, as they seemed to glide apart, to make a space wide enough for the boy's slender body to pass between them. There was great confusion, wonder and excitement as the lad came through on the other side. The judge called out that all should lay hold on the rich man for swearing falsely in the Temple, and that the widow should be released. When this was done he asked for the lad who had passed through Righteousness Gate. But no one but Susanna had noticed in what direction he had disappeared.

"Come, my Andrew," she said, "we must needs see Paradise Bridge, and then be on our way to Nazareth. The sun now—"

"Woman," interrupted the judge, as she passed the portico, "didst notice that lad who passed through yonder pillars? Canst tell of his whereabouts?"

"Aye, my lord, he is but our neighbor's boy, a lad who dwells in the village of Nazareth."

"But, mother," said Andrew as they walked on, "he is truly a most wonderful boy, for who else could have passed through those pillars?"

"But, my son, perhaps there was a wider space than there seemed to be, besides the lad is very slender. I doubt not but thou, when thou wast his age could have done likewise."

"I am quite certain I could not, my mother, for my own eyes saw there was no space even for a temple dove to squeeze through, besides I cannot make my clay birds fly away as does his?"

"Clay birds fly away? What sayest thou?"

"Aye, mother, brother James is wont to tell how he and our neighbor's boy make clay birds on the streets at Nazareth. Thou knowest how the sun shines on the little water-puddles in the uneven cracks in the stones that cover the street. Our neighbor's boy puts down his hands, captures the sunbeams like paint in a paint pot, then spreads it over his clay birds, bedecking them from head to foot with a diamond-like luster. James was angry when he could not make his birds likewise beautiful, and crushed under foot several of our neighbor's birds; whereupon this wonderful lad clapped his hands to awaken his birds and cried, 'Fly, fly!' and behold the remaining moved their tiny wings, fluttered anxiously to the eaves of the nearby house. Aye, he can paint with sunbeams and blow the breath of life into dead clay."

"Thou has much imagination, my son, but here is Paradise Bridge. Thou seest our neighbor's boy is here ahead of us, examining the sharp steel sword which is drawn across the chasm. This is a great sight, my son. The deep, wide chasm is here as it has been from time immemorial. King Solomon did not wish to fill it in when he built the Temple. No bridge has ever been laid over it, nothing but this sword sharpened, with the blade up. With the changes of the ages this sword has nearly rusted away. It trembles and rocks when anyone walks in the temple court, for it is no longer securely fastened at the ends."

"But why, mother, is it called Paradise Bridge?"

"Because, if anyone can cross the chasm on this trembling bridge, which surface is thinner than a sunbeam, then he can be certain of getting to Paradise. Behold, also, my son, in the court of the deep chasm, the altar surrounded by the white-robed priests. They are tending the altar fires, and waiting to receive sacrifices."

"Here comes an old shepherd with a lamb, mother. How small and thin is the lamb!"

"Listen, my son, we shall see for what reason he brings the lamb. I now understand all but a few of his words. He says it is the ninth year since at this time he has made such an offering. He regrets the offering is small—but he has sprung all his traps, for this is the time of peace and good-will to all upon the earth, even to animals, he explains, so he could not catch anything for a sacrifice, and he only had this lamb that belonged to him, and will not the priest offer it in honor of the night, nine years ago, when the angels appeared to the shepherds on the hills of Bethlehem?"

"But, mother, the priests will not offer so poor a gift."

"Aye, they say it is forbidden by law to offer

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such,—that it is as impossible that such an offering be received by God as it would be to cross Paradise Bridge."

As these words were spoken the neighbor's boy walked over to the trembling bridge, and put his foot upon it. Susanna called to him, but he did not seem to hear her. He was thinking: "If on this my birthday I could but make another happy!" He noticed the blade seemed to tremble and that beneath his feet it felt broad and safe. When he took the next step upon it, the air about him seemed to be a support which bore him up as though he were a bird and had wings. One of the white-robed priests turned and gave a cry as he saw the lad walking across the sword.

"Give us your lamb," cried the priests. "God has shown us He will receive your offering: for one has walked across the chasm!"

"Make haste! make haste!" cried a chorus of voices.

Susanna turned and heard the sound of the copper gates as the thirty temple servants put their shoulders against them to put them into motion.

"They are closing the gates," she said. "We must hasten. Our neighbor's boy has already passed through them and has evidently started back to camp."

"But, mother, how wonderful he could walk over that sharpened sword without falling!"

"Aye, my son, it doth now so seem. It seems as though I recollect hearing some story about his being the Star-Child, whose light was seen in the sky and was followed by Three Wise Men. There was also a story about shepherds seeing a host of angels upon the night he was born, singing concerning the Savior who had come to redeem the world; but he is our neighbor's boy. Is it possible these things be spoken of him!"

Dry Cleaning Danger!

Cleaning without water does not necessarily mean cleaning without liquids. There are two kinds of dry-cleaning, one by the use of gasoline, benzine, or naphtha which dissolves out the grease and thus frees the dirt; the other by the use of powders or meals which absorb it. As cleaning with these liquids is dangerous because they explode and take fire so easily, it must not be entrusted to a careless person. Use out-of-doors and in the shade, and away from flame or fire. Store in an out-house.

In cleaning with gasoline, put the whole garment in and soak one hour. Rub on a board, or use a washer which does excellent work. It is well to mark spots with a white thread so that they can have special rubbing by hand. Rinse in clear gasoline until the gasoline comes clear. The gasoline may be put through a heavy cloth and used again.

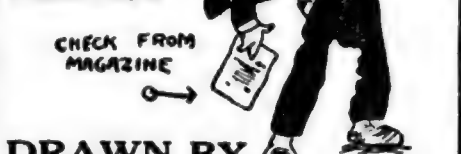
Children are likely to get pitchy substances on their clothes, but this can be entirely removed by mixing lard and corn-meal together and working it in with a vegetable brush. Scrape it off with a knife and apply more until the pitchy substance disappears; then remove the grease gasoline. When children get paint on their clothes, if turpentine can be immediately applied, it will disappear.

Light felt hats are cleaned by covering with French chalk, magnesia, or even common flour. Let it remain on over night, then thoroughly brush out.

Coat collars should be sponged with a little weak ammonia water frequently if the coat is commonly worn. This prevents a greasy or shiny condition.

Frequent washing will, beyond doubt, do more to prolong the life and fresh appearance of a garment than anything else. Dust deadens the luster and contains living organisms that feed on the fabrics.

BE AN ARTIST



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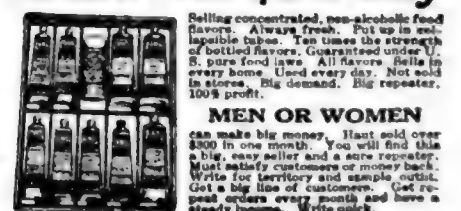
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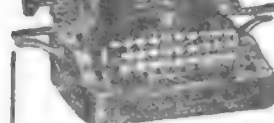
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Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your
true name and give your address; if not, your let-
ter will receive no attention. Name will not be
published.

CHIRSTMAS is absolutely no time to be
melancholy and I hope none of you are
in that deplorable state, but in case
you are, here is a quaint little charm
against it:

"I once gave a lady two-and-twenty recipes
against melancholy; one was a bright fire; an-
other, to remember all the pleasant things said
to her; another, to keep a box of sugar-plums on
the chimney-piece and a kettle simmering on the
hob. I thought this mere trifling at the moment,
but have in after life discovered how true it is
that these little pleasures often banish melancholy
better than higher and more exalted objects; and
that no means ought to be thought too trifling
which can oppose it either in ourselves or in
others."
—Sydney Smith.

The second recipe, alone, has been worth much
to me, not that I'm inclined to be melancholy
—fat folks seldom are—but when I might be, I
think of the kind letters received daily from so
many dear girls and straightway I'm the happiest
person in the world. Thank you for that and a
Merry Christmas to All.

WORKED DOLLIE, Ark.—If he loved you he would
wish to protect you; since he doesn't, you must pro-
tect yourself even if it means breaking your engage-
ment. As always, the woman pays, and he isn't worth
the price, is he? For that matter, no man is. I don't
think I'd marry him if I were you.

UNDECIDED, Indiana.—My advice is to marry neither
since you love both, or think you do. Anyway, it is
very dog-in-the-mangerish of your fiancé to release you
on the condition that you never marry. How long do
you think he'll remain single if he met a girl he cared
for as he likely to happen? As for his threat to
"punish you"—if he is coward enough to threaten he
is probably too much of a coward to do anything des-
perate, unless mentally unbalanced.

Mrs. M., Calif.—To be sure, your husband has his
faults—most of them have—but if you could exchange
him for the husbands of some of your friends, as the
wives know them, you'd be wishing you had him back
again. Overlook his faults and be thankful they aren't
any worse.

POLLY FROM PENNSYLVANIA.—The old version of
"open your mouth and shut your eyes and I'll give you
something to make you wise," has been changed to read,

"Shut your mouth
And open your eyes,
And people will think
That you are wise."

Of course I'm not personal or anything like that but
it is a good idea to keep still when you do not know
whereof you speak.

BRIGHT EYES, Wisc.—Don't let him take you home
from dances if he cannot take you to them. Go with
someone else. That ought to wake him up.

UNDECIDED, Idaho.—That seems to be the favorite
nom de plume, only you have already decided to elope
when you are eighteen. I can't advise you to marry
the older man, with property, just because your father
wants you to, but I do advise you to wait a while
longer before marrying the younger man who works for
a day's wages. That's rather uncertain these days un-
less he has some money saved for an emergency. Emer-
gencies are so apt to occur.

LOBA, Tenn.—Your sister should be in a position to
help you. Talk your educational problem over with
her. That's what older sisters are for, to help younger
sisters.

ELEANOR, Ill.—Next time you feel so much above the
country people with whom you are placed, just repeat
this little verse ten times, repeat it one hour if
necessary.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!
It wad frae many a blunder
Free us,
And foolish notion."
—Burns.

INNOCENCE, Wash.—You, at the advanced age of
nineteen, may be capable of taking care of yourself at
a dance, but I don't think you should assume the re-
sponsibility of caring for a boy of seventeen. Some of
the dances of today are wild affairs and you never can
tell what might happen to him, and then you'd be
blamed because you didn't take better care of him.
(2) I don't think people of the same complexion are
any more apt to quarrel after marriage than those of
opposite complexion. Anyway, it is easy enough to
change one's complexion.

BLANCH, La.—If you get any happiness out of loving
a man who cared so little for you that he married some-
one else, go ahead and love him as much as you want
to, but it's a terrible waste of time. Even if he were
divorced or widowed, you have no assurance that you'd
be his second choice.

MABELLE, Mich.—Do just as you have been doing.
You are quite right. (2) You are fortunate to be able
to talk and dance at the same time. I've danced with
people who talked in time to the music sort of a one-
two-three manner, but that was in the days of the old-
fashioned glide waltz. I tremble to think of a con-
versation set to modern dance music. No, that doesn't
mean that I'd shimmy.

C. G., La.—Just keep on refusing to go out with
him until he finally realizes that you don't intend to,
and stops asking you. Be firm about the refusal,
though, and don't say you are "so sorry, perhaps next
week," etc., when you don't mean it. (2) When a
friend or friends come to the store where you are work-
ing and invite you to a party, accept or refuse as
quickly as possible and explain that your employer
doesn't like to have you mix business and pleasure,
particularly as he pays for your time during business
hours.

ALABAMA CURLS, Ala.—Shame on you, at your age
to be thinking of marrying a little boy of seventeen
years, only six feet, four inches tall. Why don't you
wait until he grows up? Being a good cook and house-
keeper is more important than being an "expert on
sewing," though that does rank a close second. You
can't expect your husband to thrive and grow fat on a
diet of baked beans and fried buttonholes, no matter
how "expert" they are. Wait four years longer and
I'll send you a wedding present.

BROWN EYES, Okla.—Just because you are the "pre-
tiest and most stylish girl in town" doesn't mean you'd
be throwing yourself away by marrying a fellow who
"doesn't dress like a gentleman" even though you ad-
mit he has all the qualities that go to make up a
gentleman. To my mind, a gentleman is one who looks
and acts like a gentleman even when he isn't dressed
like one. What you want is a wax figure such as
used in store windows. They are such perfect gen-
tlemen.

DOLLY, S. Dak.—A nice home and comfortable
living are important factors, I'll admit, but the
age girl of eighteen desires love and romance, and the
"nice home" shared day after day with someone you
do not love, might not seem so nice after a while. On
the other hand, there is every chance that love would
come after marriage. One never can tell, but don't get
married just because your married sister wants you to.
Misery loves company, you know.

CLARA, Ala.—A cameo scarf pin—but not a pink
cameo—would make a most acceptable Christmas gift
for any man, but cameos are quite expensive.

MRS. OF IDAHO.—"Is there any harm in a girl of
sixteen going with her boy friends if she keeps herself

in her place and just goes to have a good time? No
harm, provided she succeeds in keeping her boy friends
in their place. You'll find your mind in better shape
for your studies if you give less thought to boys. They
are all right as friends, but don't take them seriously
or think about them too much.

I haven't got to make good resolutions for the
new year. Those I made last year are almost as
good as new and need only a little patching in
places. I must do that right away so as to have
them ready for next month. Better look after
yours.

Good by, COUSIN MARION.

Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

"I will give you this handsome emerald for it,"
said the spoiled beauty, turning a valuable ring
upon her finger.

"Thank you. No; I could not make the ex-
change."
"Nonsense! You're stuffy enough, I hope," the
refined young lady retorted; and, with lowering
brow, she turned impatiently away, and went into
the dining-room.

An hour later, while Star was busily practicing,
she stole slyly into her room and pounced greedily
upon the coveted little treasure, which was stuck
into a dainty pincushion made of bits of silk and
covered with an embroidered lace tidy, all the
work of the little maiden's skillful fingers.

"I was bound to have it," the unprincipled girl
said, triumphantly, as she examined it closely.

"It is lovely; the most delicately carved cameo
that I ever saw, and, for a little thing, must have
cost no mean sum. Ah! it is marked on the
back of the setting," she continued, turning it
over. "A. S. and two tiny strawberry leaves un-
derneath. I wonder who 'A. S.' is, or—was?"

She lifted the skirt to her bosom and deliber-
ately pinned it upon the lining, an evil look in
her brilliant eyes.

"I'll capture it for a while, just to torment her
for her presumption in trying to outshine me
before papa the other day. The little minx! she
is altogether too high-headed and airy to suit me."

This important matter disposed of, she began
to look about Star's room with some curiosity.

There was very little to attract any one in the
little maiden's bower, and yet it had a cozy, home-
like air about it; but her scant wardrobe, as
Josephine opened the closet door to look within,
appeared very mean in the petted and indulged
beauty's eyes; and, indeed, it compared very un-
favorably with the pretty outfit which had gone
down on the ill-fated vessel on which Star had
sailed.

"It is a mystery to me how she manages al-
ways to look so nice with these few traps," Miss
Richards muttered, as she shut the door with a
sign of disgust and turned to leave the room.

"Ha! what have we here?" she cried, as she
caught sight of a new, prettily-bound book lying
on the small table. "Oh, this is that new novel
that I heard Charlie Carpenter raving about the
other evening. I wonder where she got it. I
think I'll appropriate it myself; it looks invit-
ing," she added, slipping the leaves through her
fingers.

"Chatsworth's Pride," she continued, turning
to the title page. "I should like to know who
wrote it; but the author's name is not given.
However, I'll read it, and see if it is as wonder-
ful as Charlie said."

It was not a large book, and, dropping it into
her pocket, this "Paul Pry" in petticoats stole
from Star's little bower and glided unobserved to
her own room, having accomplished her object in
securing the coveted cameo, and vented her spite
upon the offending girl for having dared to out-
shine her in the presence of her father.

Later, when Star went up to her little sanctum
and found both pin and book gone, she surmised
at once who had been there.

The loss of the book she did not mind so much,
but to lose the cameo—that precious gift of kind,
handsome Archibald Sherbrooke—was more than
she could bear with either patience or fortitude,
and a passion of tears testified to her grief for
her loss.

She knew that it would be useless to appeal to
Josephine for it; she could not prove that she
had taken it, and she would doubtless feign as-
tonishment and innocence if questioned regarding
it, and unless she could regain possession of it
by strategy, it was, she feared, lost to her for-
ever.

A week subsequently the family repaired to
their country residence at Yonkers, where they
usually spent the hot months, excepting a few
weeks' sojourn at some fashionable watering place
or mountain resort.

Here Star, who had been told that she was to
have the use of the music-room whenever she
wished, began her work in earnest, and gave six
hours a day to hard, faithful practice.

Wednesdays and Saturdays, however, she went
into New York to take her lesson, Mr. Richards
having arranged with one of the first teachers
for her instruction.

When not attending to her music, Star spent
most of the time in her own room, and no one
questioned as to how she occupied it; and al-
though she continued to be ignored by the family
when it was possible to do so, and snubbed and
sneered at when it was not, she was comparatively
happy, knowing that every day well spent was
helping her on toward emancipation and inde-
pendence.

One day Mr. Richards came home with a very
grave face and sought an audience with his wife.
"I have a letter from your Uncle Jacob here,"
he said, drawing one from his pocket as he spoke.

Mrs. Richards' face lighted instantly.

"From Uncle Jacob? That is good news. Has
he returned?"

"Yes."

"How is the dear old man, and when is he
coming to make us a visit?" she asked, with
animation.

"He is not at all well—has been having serious
trouble with his head and eyes. He returned last
fall, and since then has been visiting your brother
in the West. Listen, and I will read you what
he says:

"MY DEAR GEORGE: You see by the heading
of this that the wanderer has returned—yes, and
returned to wander no more. I cannot write
much, for I am not able to do so. I returned
from abroad last fall, since when I have been
with Henry, and now propose to go East and
visit or make my future home with you, as you
have so often pressed me to do. I know you
will heartily sympathize with me when I tell you
that the steamer on which I sailed was wrecked,
and all I had was lost. I regret to come to you,
as I shall, almost penniless, and in this broken
state; but you have so often told me that there
would always be a warm corner in your home
for me, that I am going to take you at your word.
I shall not wait for a reply to this, but follow
almost immediately, for I know I shall meet with
a hearty welcome."

Then followed a few affectionate sentences for
each member of the family, but Mrs. Richards
scarce heeded them.

"It can't be possible that Uncle Jacob has lost
all his property!" she cried, aghast. "Why, the
last we heard he was worth a million!"

"I know; but in these days it does not take
long to lose a million," her husband replied, grave-
ly, adding: "It is a misfortune, indeed, for the
old man; but we will do the best we can for him,
allowing him to feel it as little as possible. He
will feel it, however, for he was, as I remember
him, a very high-spirited, independent man."

Mrs. Richards' face was crimson from mingled
emotions.

"It is a shame!" she cried, angrily. "Uncle

Jacob always gave Henry and me to understand
that we should be his heirs; and now we have
to lose half a million apiece. How under the sun
do you suppose he lost it?"

"I have no idea—some speculation, doubtless.
"It appears that he expects to be taken care
of in his old age just the same as if he were
the Croesus we have always supposed him to be,"
Mrs. Richards said, wrathfully.

"He has a right to expect it," her husband re-
plied, with some sternness; "you have always pro-
fessed the deepest affection for him, and urged
him to make his home with you. Who should
take care of him in his misfortune if not his only
brother's children?"

"Henry is as well able to have him as I am,
and I don't see why he could not have stayed
there."

"Perhaps he was no more welcome there than
it appears he will be here," Mr. Richards re-
marked, sarcastically.

"Well, I'm not going to have him here, and
there's an end of the matter. I shall post him
right back to Henry. His wife does not have half
the care that I do, socially. We might as well
open a hospital for the lame, the blind, the halt
and beggars generally."

"I am astonished to hear you speak thus, Ellen,
and of your own relatives, too, especially after
all your flattering protestations. Of course we
will receive your uncle kindly, and show him all
proper attention."

"I will not," his wife retorted angrily. "I may
as well set my foot down first as last; he shall
not come here to be a burden upon us. You have
had your way about Stella; now I'll have mine
in this matter. One beggar in the house is
enough."

"Ellen, how you are changed! When I first knew
you, you were sweet-tempered and kind. I believe
your life of unlimited indulgence and luxury has
sour and hardened you," Mr. Richards said,
with a regretful sigh for the early days of his
married life, when his wife was loving and lovable.

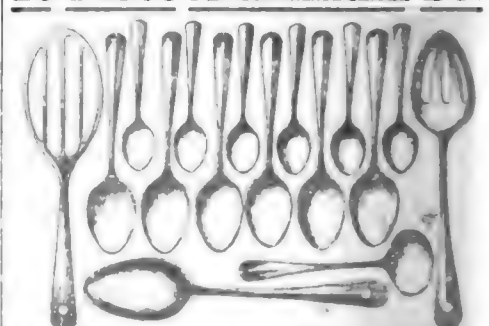
"Thank you; your compliments are not of a
particularly 'sweet' nature," she answered scorn-
fully.

"Your uncle says he shall follow his letter im-
mediately; he may arrive at any hour. What
shall we do with him?" asked Mr. Richards, tak-
ing no notice of her sarcasm.

"I don't know. I don't care. Tell him that the
house is full of company—anything you please
will do. I will not be burdened with a half-
blind, decrepit old man," and the excited woman
flounced angrily from the room, leaving her hus-
band sitting alone in sad and troubled thought.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasoline engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Car Lock

MANY owners do not know that their cars can be locked without going to the expense of purchasing extra equipment. Most of the cars sold at present have battery ignition and a distributor that has a removable distributor arm. The distributor cover is usually retained by two snap fasteners and by simply releasing these the cover is readily removed and the distributor arm pulled out. Ordinarily there should be no alarm regarding the replacement of the arm as they are designed to fit in one position only. Automobile thieves in one large city made a practice of carrying an assortment of distributor arms but if one desires to go to the trouble he can make almost certain that the ignition will remain locked by changing the position of the pin in the breaker cam and drilling a new hole in the distributor arm. This arrangement will not fit the standard segment arm and will accommodate only the one refitted for it. An expert automobile mechanic should make the change as regards the fit of the driving pin in the distributor arm because if the work is not accurately handled there is danger of altering the ignition timing.

Helpful Pointers

Not Enough Speed

When you step on the throttle and notice by the speedometer that the speed is lacking, do not immediately arrive at the conclusion that a new carburetor is needed or that a general overhauling will help. It may be that the linkage which controls the throttle is worn or loose and that you are not obtaining full advance. There is a butterfly valve in the throat of the carburetor, the opening and closing of which controls the amount of gas going into the engine. Have a friend advance the throttle on your car and then take hold of the throttle lever on the carburetor to determine if it is possible to obtain more advance. If so, a check up of the linkage will readily show you where the play exists.

Spring Lubricant

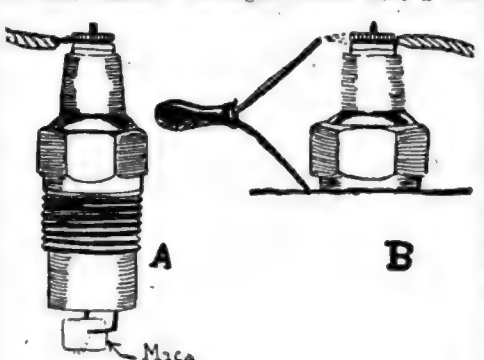
Graphite mixed with melted paraffin and spread between the spring leaves is said to be an excellent lubricant for this purpose.

Tire Pump

One of the most valued accessories in time of need is the tire pump, yet in times of clear sailing it is given practically no care. Most pumps are equipped with a leather plunger, which in time dries out and the pump loses its efficiency. Neat's-foot oil will soften the hardened leather or if the washer is beyond repair it should be replaced with a new one.

Answers to Last Month's Quiz

1. Kerosene is not considered as a satisfactory anti-freeze agent in the radiator of an automobile for the reason that it has a tendency to attack the rubber hose. Another point which must be scored against kerosene is its low boiling point. In mild weather the engine would have a tendency to overheat and the odor of the kerosene would be objectionable. Cases are on record where owners have poured kerosene into the system the same as one would use alcohol. This practice does not do as much as afford protection from freezing as water and kerosene will not mix. When the motor is stopped the kerosene readily separates from the water and floats on the top. It will be understood that the water in the system will then be as susceptible to freezing as if no anti-freeze solution was used.



ILLUSTRATES 5TH ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S QUIZ.

dency to overheat and the odor of the kerosene would be objectionable. Cases are on record where owners have poured kerosene into the system the same as one would use alcohol. This practice does not do as much as afford protection from freezing as water and kerosene will not mix. When the motor is stopped the kerosene readily separates from the water and floats on the top. It will be understood that the water in the system will then be as susceptible to freezing as if no anti-freeze solution was used.

2. I do not doubt but that the vast majority of readers can correctly answer the question regarding the proper method of turning the engine over with the hand crank. It is astonishing, however, to note the number of drivers who can correctly answer this question who persist in cranking by the dangerous method, viz., pushing down on the crank. Should the motor backfire when pushing down on the crank the chances are that the operator will be unable to move his body out of the way of the spinning crank. The usual result is a broken arm and I believe that everyone will recognize that retreat is next to impossible for the reason that he is pushing down with considerable pressure and that he is off balance at the moment that the crank handle is snatched out of his hand. The result is that he throws himself into the spinning crank rather than draw away from it. On the other hand, when he draws up on the crank, should the handle be snatched out of his hand by backfire, the natural tendency would be for him to move to the left away from the flying crank.

3. It has been explained several times in these columns that complete combustion of the gases in the cylinder should occur when the piston has just passed the top dead center point so that the expansion will push the piston on its downward stroke. If the combustion takes place before the piston has passed top center, the result is in the form of a resistance to the upcoming piston. When the motor is in operation this condition is manifested by pounding, loss of power and not infrequently the stalling of the engine. The most common cause of an early spark is improper manipulation of the spark lever. If the spark timing is correct the spark will take place at the proper moment in the cylinder with the lever fully retarded and the motor running at idle. As the speed of the motor increases the lever should be advanced proportionately. Most drivers have probably noticed that when running upgrade and the motor is required to pull, there is a knock and loss of power when the spark lever is advanced. This is due to the spark occurring too early in the cylinder and the expanded gases affording resistance instead of strength to the pistons. An accumulation of carbon will also cause an early spark. The carbon when sufficiently

heated becomes incandescent and fires the gases in the same manner as would the spark.

4. Water will freeze when subjected to a temperature of 32 degrees Fah.

5. It is quite frequently considered as final that a spark-plug which will spark when grounded outside of the cylinder is satisfactory for use in the cylinder. It is not conclusive. The real value of a test above referred to is the determining of the spark heat. Let us briefly analyze the condition so as to finally prove that a plug which sparks outside of the cylinder will not always spark inside of the cylinder. When the plug is placed on top of the cylinder to be tested, the air between the plug electrodes is at atmospheric pressure. This condition is ideal for the jumping of a spark between the two points as in all probability it affords the path of least resistance and this is the channel always taken by current. Now let us place the plug in the cylinder. The time of firing is when the piston has the gases tightly compressed. We now have thicker air which affords considerable resistance to the jumping of electrical current. If the plug is defective the current will seek an easier channel to follow and as a result there will be no spark. When testing a plug out of the cylinder it is a good plan to place a piece of mica or thin glass between the points. This will compel the current to run around the mica or glass to complete the circuit. Insert just enough mica or glass between the points to command a flow of current of approximately three-eighths inch. Cut "A" will assist in gaining an understanding of this test. Still another excellent test is shown in cut "B." Insert a long cotter pin or lady's hairpin into a wooden handle and spread the points to form a "Y." Place one of the points so that it makes contact with the cylinder or some other metal part of the motor. While the engine is running bring the other point about a quarter inch from the top of the plug. If the plug is perfect, current will jump the gap to the cotter pin rather than the points of the plug in the cylinder.

Monthly Quiz

1. Why is kerosene not used as fuel for the automobile?
2. What is the difference between a low-tension and high-tension magneto?
3. What causes gasoline to accumulate in the crankcase?
4. Consider that no anti-freeze solution is used and the motor overheats on a cold day. What is the cause?
5. A newspaper account reports that a car was running along smoothly when without warning the crankcase was blown to atoms. Can you account for such a condition?

Answers to Correspondents

SCORED CYLINDER—Number 3 cylinder of my 1915 Dodge touring car is slightly scored. Would it be possible to have this cylinder rebored and fitted with oversize piston and ring without throwing the engine out of balance? My head-lights go out and come on, but after they light and the car starts moving they usually stay on. What in your opinion is the trouble?

A.—Boring out the cylinder to remove the score would in my opinion necessitate the use of a piston of considerable over size. This cylinder would then deliver much more power than the remaining three and naturally the motor would be out of balance. I understand that firms are now making a specialty of cleaning up cylinder scores. I am not fully acquainted with the process but as near as I can understand the score is filled in by the welding method and then ground to size. The cylinder is made but very little over size and it is not necessary to regrind the other cylinders. It might be well for you to investigate to determine whether there is anyone in your vicinity who handles work of this nature along the lines suggested. Regarding the lighting trouble you are experiencing, I believe there is a loose connection somewhere. The vibration evidently brings the connections together and closes the circuit. Look at the head-light connectors, wiring, switch, etc.

NOISY GEARS—The differential gear of my Model 90, 1919, Overland car makes too much noise, just like grinding. The ring gear is a new one I put in in place of an old one which had most of the teeth cracked on top and one of them about half gone. There was no noise when the car was new but I broke a key in the pinion gear and with that the grinding began, and since then all adjustments fail to remedy the trouble. Please advise me whether the gears are set too close or too far apart.

A.—To produce quiet operation of rear-axle gears it is of common practice for manufacturers to grind them to a perfect fit. You will appreciate that a gear will operate quietly with the one with which it was mated but may be noisy if run with another gear. This may be the cause for the present noise. On the other hand, the breaking of the old ring gear may have injured the drive pinion and a new pinion would therefore be the only means of obtaining silent operation. If adjustment does not take out the noise, I would suggest a new pinion. When writing for a new pinion inquire whether the gears are machined in sets.

MISSING SPARK-PLUG—I have mislaid a communication received from one reader which related to a missing spark-plug and the correction of the difficulty by removing the cable and compelling the current to jump a gap before entering the plug. If I remember correctly, this reader referred to this method as an intensification of the spark and asked me to account for the process. In my way of looking at the condition compelling the current to jump a gap before entering the plug did not produce an intensified current but, to the contrary, reduced the voltage. The introduction of a gap is a resistance feature which naturally would have a tendency to lower the voltage rather than increase it. As an explanation of the perfect operation of the plug after the introduction of the gap, I would draw attention to the fact that the higher the voltage of electrical current the more difficult it is to insulate it. Naturally the current is seeking to escape wherever possible and if the plug is in the least defective it will probably afford a path of escape for the current. By introducing a gap in the circuit the voltage is reduced and therefore not so hard to insulate. The current which has in this manner been reduced in voltage passes up a crack in the porcelain, finding it easier to jump the points of the plug. I have heard several theories for the result of a defective plug operating satisfactorily after placing an additional gap in the circuit but the one given above is my opinion of what takes place.

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36x4 1/2	13.00	36x5	13.50
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34x4 1/2	7.95	36x4 1/2	10.50
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34 x 4	12.25	20.90
34 x 4 1/2	13.25	22.45
36 x 4 1/2	15.00	24.50
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32x3 1/2	7.10	34x4 1/2	10.25
32x4	7.15	34x4 1/2	10.75
34x4	7.95	36x4 1/2	11.50
34x4 1/2	8.25	36x4 1/2	11.95
36x4 1/2	8.75	37x5 1/2	12.50

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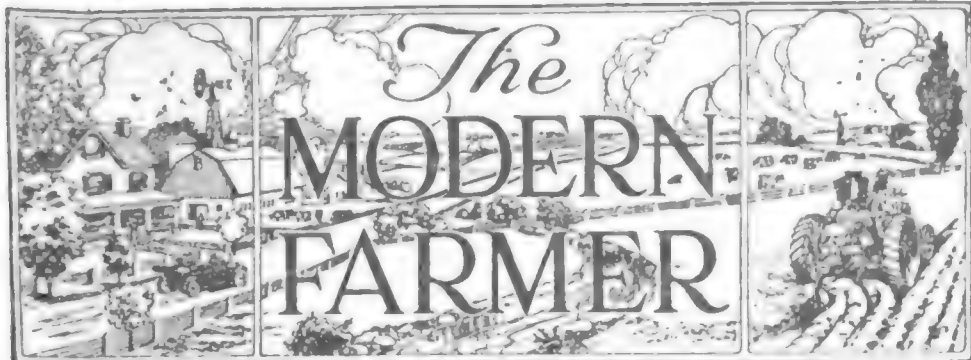
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December Garden Calendar

WITH our large family of COMFORT subscribers scattered thickly over the forty-eight states of the nation, it is a difficult matter to make our gardening hints apply to widely differing soils and seasons. The best we can strive for is the "happy medium" suited alike to readers in the Sunny South and the Snappy North.

Planning the Garden

December is the planning month. It is the month when we should set out the new grape vines, berry bushes and fruit trees; plant the vegetables and arrange the flower beds—on paper. Farm gardening, except in the comparatively few cases where it is conducted on a large and extensive commercial scale, is a sort of "hit or miss" proposition. Everything is left to the last minute, then done with a feverish rush. Naturally the best results are not obtained by this kind of hurry-up work. Careful planning is necessary for all-around satisfaction.

Some cold December evening after you have helped "put away" a generous helping or two of real old-fashioned New England boiled dinner, and while the memory of the tasty cabbage, onions, turnips, rutabagas, carrots and potatoes are still fresh in mind, get out your paper and pencil and go to work. After-dinner contentment is a great inspiration to us to plan ahead for future vegetable dinners. Remember that the home garden will pay abundantly for all the time and care the gardener gives it. If he, or she, have directed the gardening efforts wisely. Lack of success is most frequently due to neglect or to misdirected effort.

First, remember that it is useless to attempt to garden in competition with shade and trees. Hoeing, fertilizing and watering cannot make up for lack of sunlight. Otherwise good garden tracts may be entirely spoiled by worthless trees and shrubs which cast their shade on the plot. Their roots also under-run the soil to rob it of moisture and plant food necessary for the garden truck. Cut out trees or shrubs on the east, south and west sides of the garden; trees on the north side are less harmful. If this cannot be done, then select a new site for the garden plot. Do not begin under an unsurmountable handicap. Shade from buildings is another disadvantage seldom thought of. Keep it in mind when planning.

What sort of a house or barn would the carpenter build without a good working plan drawn in advance? Still, a vast majority of gardens are made and planted row by row, with no plan either in mind or on paper. Hit-or-miss planting results in wasted time, poor utilization of the soil and lessened production.

Draw your plan to a fairly large scale; for the small garden either one-half or one-fourth inch to the foot will be most convenient, as this shows more plainly the distances between rows. First decide where each crop is to be planted and the space to be devoted to each. Then draw these crops in, indicating the exact distance between rows and the direction of the rows. Also indicate the approximate dates for the planting of early crops. Then on another piece of paper plan for the "follow-up," the utilization of the space occupied by early crops for others which will follow in the same space as soon as it is vacant. Here is one place where thought counts. For instance, how many of us know just what we will do with the space where the radishes, spinach and early peas have been grown? They are out of the way early in the growing season and if we are "onto our job" we can make real use of the same space for another crop. Another point to consider is the planting date for lettuce, peas, beans and other vegetables of which more than one planting is to be made to keep the fresh supply coming on over a longer season. For instance, it always is a good practice to plant beans, either green or wax, a row or less at a time, and to plant several rows at intervals of from a week to ten days. This insures fresh beans in quantities which can be utilized while fresh by the average farm family, a far better method than the single planting one which gives us first overabundance then no beans at all.

If it were possible for us to make a garden plan that would be suited to all cases and climates we would gladly do so. As this is obviously impossible, it is up to each individual gardener to "hoe his own row" in more ways than one. The best we can do is offer hints and suggestions based on our own experience. By the way, here is one: When the rough plans have been drawn on paper with a pencil, and every point has been thoroughly threshed out and definitely decided, take good heavy paper and make the finished working plan with ink, using India ink if you have it handy. Remember that the plan must serve for a whole season and that sweaty, soil-stained hands will rub off and blot out pencil marks. Therefore the heavy paper and ink suggested.

Ten Points to Remember in Planning

1. Make every foot of land work all the time. Most of the garden will easily grow two crops; part will even grow three if well planned.
2. Vegetables which can be stored for winter use should be given preference over those which spoil quickly and must therefore be used at once.
3. Plan long-season (slow-growing) crops first. Short-season crops will almost take care of themselves, and can even be grown between the rows of the former.
4. Crops requiring a large amount of space, such as potatoes, corn, and the vine crops like cucumbers and melons, might better be planted in a separate field.
5. Plant lettuce and spinach in the shade, not out of choice, but if a shady spot exists in your garden. These plants will get along with less sunlight than others such as tomatoes and beans.
6. Plant staked tomatoes and other high-growing plants where they will not shade the sun-loving ones. Shading may be reduced by having rows run north and south.
7. Plan on a wide variety of vegetables. Nothing is more tiresome than having the same kind of vegetables day after day. A little forethought can prevent it.
8. Avoid planting egg-plant, cauliflower and peppers unless you have had considerable experience with garden crops. Slight errors in cultural methods or an unsatisfactory season may spoil these crops. Better plan on the more hardy ones.
9. Better plan rows too wide than too narrow. It is safer to sacrifice space than good results. Crowding is dangerous.
10. Long rows permit the use of the horse cultivator, a labor saver well worth keeping in mind when garden planning. Short rows are a nuisance and should be avoided unless hand machinery is to be used entirely.

Why the Manure Spreader

Many farmers who say that they cannot afford a manure spreader are driving automobiles! We like to think, with good reason back of our personal opinion, that the farmer who has a good herd of cows and a manure spreader to make the correct and complete utilization of manure possible, can easily afford an automobile. But we do not feel that the automobile will in many instances pay for the spreader. Also, bankers will lend money more freely for the purchase of a new spreader than for an auto, unless it happens to be a truck, and the truck is essential to the delivery of perishable farm produce.

What can be said in favor of the spreader? Well, in the first place, the spreader can be easily adjusted to spread manure to any desired thickness, and it will do it accurately and evenly. This is obviously impossible where manure is hauled to the field in a wagon box, piled in small piles at more or less equal intervals, then scattered with a pitchfork. We have all seen the rank growth resulting from this "pile and scatter" method in a field of oats or timothy hay. Part of the land has received more than its share; the remainder has to make the most of short rations of plant food.

Nor is it satisfactory to haul manure to the field and scatter it direct from the back of the moving wagon, though this plan is somewhat better than the former. Time and time again we have even had lumps or chunks of dried manure and straw clog the sickle bar of the mower in fields which had been top dressed early in the spring. Later these same lumps are raked up by the hay rake and unless picked out they will go to the hay mow. This cannot happen when the spreader is used.

Farmers who own manure spreaders all speak of the great saving in hard labor. This is a point well worth considering, but to our way of thinking a more important point is the fact that the spreader is an inducement to "do it now." We all have seen, and many of us have labored on, the large accumulation of mixed and soggy manure in the barnyard right next to the door, where it has been pitched or dumped out of the wheelbarrow all winter long. With the spreader there is a big inducement to load it direct and haul it away to the field as soon as filled. Many barns are so planned that the spreader can drive right inside to be loaded then driven direct to the stubble field or other land and spread immediately. Others have the little carrier so arranged that it dumps its load into the spreader. Both plans are good, and distribute the manure hauling job over the whole season instead of storing it up for the busy time in early spring. We are not taking exception to storage of manure in concrete pits where the liquid as well as the solid fertility can be saved; such pits are a fine investment, but they are so uncommon on the average run of farms that we speak rather for the farmer who lacks them, and they are far in the majority. Any implement which helps distribute the farm work over a long period is a good investment, and when that implement at the same time does a very necessary work better, quicker and cheaper than it can be done by hand it is well worth considering as an investment.

We have never in our experience known of a farmer who has once acquired the "spreader habit" to go back to the old, hard unsatisfactory way. Some have learned by practice that certain styles of spreaders are better suited to their needs than others, but they all insist on having some sort of a spreader.

Care of the Calving Cow

The process of calving calls for the use of large amounts of stored up energy. On this point hinges to a large extent the success or failure of dairy management. Why? Because high milk production draws heavily upon the strength and vitality of the cow. The best milkers will make milk at the expense of their own bodies if need be, so strongly has the milking tendency been developed. Hence we can readily see that while a cow is milking she has little opportunity to store up a reserve of strength to be used at calving time. Therefore it is necessary for the dairymen to see that prior to calving time his cows are so handled and fed that the required energy and strength will be available when needed.

Many are of the opinion that a cow should not be dried off some time before she is due to freshen. Some go so far as to brag about the cow "that has never gone dry in the three years I have had her." This is a serious mistake, and one which can both harm the animal and the owner. No cow can continue to milk heavily right up to calving time and at the same time get her own body in condition to withstand the strain of calving then go right on milking heavily again for another twelve months. A rest of from six weeks to two months before calving is recommended in all cases. Shortening the milking period does not reduce the income from the cow; on the other hand, it increases her yields, and at the same time insures a big, strong, healthy calf. Successful dairymen with years of experience to back up their statements insist on having cows dried off. It is interesting to note that these men seldom have cows troubled at calving time or later with retained afterbirth, that they are the owners of the high producers, and that their calves make a remarkable growth right from the start. To them the practice of drying off their cows is backed by a strong dollars and cents argument.

Up to the two weeks just prior to calving, feed the cow a liberal grain ration to enable her to put on a surplus of flesh. To cut down on her feed at this time, though many farmers do so, is a short-sighted policy indeed, and one that in the long run is sure to react against both cow and her owner. The ration should be one that will keep the bowels open. Good body building feed combined with silage and roots to aid succulence will put the cow in the best condition. Then about two weeks before the cow is due to freshen the ration should be changed to bran and oats, or bran alone. Many dairymen give their cows all the bran they will eat at this time. If bran does not loosen the bowels, which it usually does, add a tablespoonful of Epsom salt to the ration daily. The reason bran is fed, in addition to the laxative property, is that it lessens the amount of congestion in the udder and causes the afterbirth to come away more freely and surely. The underfed cow is subject to all the ills resulting from retained afterbirth which her poor physical condition invites.

Nature decreed that cows at calving time should seek a secluded spot away from their kind and there on the clean grass give birth to their young. The spring calving cow can still be allowed to follow Nature's plan with relatively little danger of infection, though it is best to know where she

is and to be on hand shortly after the calf is dropped to remove mucus from its mouth and nostrils and to help it stand up and suck if it is weak. Spring calving is now less common than fall or winter freshening, however. For the cow due to calve in cold weather it is well to remove her to a perfectly clean, sanitary, well-bedded box-stall two or three days before calving time so that she will become accustomed to her new quarters. Keep her under observation as the advent of the calf approaches, but do not remain in sight too much of the time. To do so worries the cow. All that is necessary is to be on hand to render assistance if needed; the cow that has been well fed and cared for seldom needs help if the presentation is normal, and to help when not needed may cause injury.

As soon as the cow shows signs of willingness to eat after calving give her a bran mash. Also give her water if she wants it. For the first day or two it is best to warm the drinking water to take off the chill. If the cow is a heavy milker, and her udder is distended or slightly inflamed, do not milk her dry for the first two days. In this way many attacks of milk fever can be prevented. Feed laxative feeds for four days or more if necessary, then change to the regular ration.

Ox Warble Damage to Cattle

Most farmers are more or less familiar with the ox warble or grub which causes lumps or swellings along the backs of cattle in late winter or early spring. Beyond the fact that these lumps contain a grub which can be squeezed out by placing the neck of a bottle over the lump then striking the bottle a smart "thump" with the hand, and that hides from warble-infested cattle are "docked" when sold, few farmers realize the great damage done by this pest. Experienced investigators of the U. S. Bureau of Entomology have recently added much to our knowledge of the warble, its development and control; we give the following brief account in answer to the many inquiries received from cattlemen the country over.

Two Kinds of Warble

A fact not generally known until recently is that there are two kinds of warbles in the United States. One has a very wide distribution, occurring over the entire country. The other is restricted to the cooler Northeastern and North Central states, and to a lesser extent occurs in the Northwestern states. The latter species is more important from the standpoint of the general farmer, for it is the one which does the damage in the feed lots of the corn belt as well as throughout the Northern dairy region from the Atlantic to the Rockies, whereas the former is most common in the range country where its control is almost impossible.

The Northern warble terrifies cattle more than the common warble fly at the time of egg laying. Few farmers have considered just what the constant running about the pasture and fly fighting really means in loss of weight or condition of beef animals and falling off in milk production of dairy cows. It is not possible to arrive at accurate figures covering this point, but figures are given placing the loss due to damaged hides at between \$40,000,000 and \$50,000,000, whereas the estimated total damage has been placed as high as \$150,000,000. Even though these figures include the whole country, the amount is startling.

Early Stages of Development

When cattle are quiet in pasture the fly usually deposits its eggs low down on the legs, attaching one to each hair. As the cattle become excited and dash around the pasture trying to escape, the eggs are deposited higher up on the thighs, belly and flanks. The eggs hatch in three to four days and the tiny maggots immediately crawl down the hairs and burrow under the hide. The old idea that they gained entrance into the body by being licked off by the tongue now has been disproved. For the first two months after gaining entrance to the body the maggots cannot be traced, or at any rate they have not yet been followed. At about the end of this time they appear under the mucous membrane or lining of the gullet, where they remain for several months setting up irritation by burrowing up and down along its course.

Migration to Back

In the late fall or early winter, when the grubs have grown to a length of about three-fourths of an inch, they migrate up the ribs and diaphragm to the back, where they come to rest just under the hide along the backbone. When the lumps begin to form, the stockman for the first time learns that his cattle have become infested with warbles. On reaching the back the grubs each cut a small hole through the hide, then remain in the same place until fully developed. As the grubs grow in size the hole is enlarged, until about the time cows are turned out on grass in the spring, when the full-grown grubs, which have now become almost black in color, crawl out of the hole and drop to the ground. Here they lie for some time protected by the thickened skin, while the grub is transformed through the so-called pupa stage to the mature fly.

The ox warble fly lives only a few days at most and does not partake of any kind of food during its mature stage. Its only object is egg laying; once the eggs are laid the flies die. Furthermore, the flies do not travel far from the place where they "hatched" or emerged in the adult winged form. Authorities state that about a quarter of a mile would cover the cases studied. For that reason some stockmen in regions known to be badly infested by the flies keep their stock in the barn for a week or two when the adult flies are known to be about.

Control Measures

The fact that the adult fly lives for only a relatively short time and that they do not travel widely makes control possible. Under ordinary conditions the most effective plan is to remove the grubs about midwinter when they appear under the skin along the spine. As we have mentioned before, this can readily be done by pressing the opening of a wide-necked bottle down upon each lump. As one old farmer explained it to the writer when he was a boy, "Pop goes the warble." If all the grubs are carefully removed, and the sockets or openings are washed with a

solution of coal tar disinfectant, healing will be rapid and satisfactory. With no grubs left in the hide to grow to maturity and produce the eggs from which a new "crop" is to be developed, the pests can be quickly eradicated. The only point to keep in mind is that the warble flies, though they do not range over a wide territory, may prefer your cattle to your neighbor's even though his stock may have provided their winter nursery. For that reason it is best to avoid roadside pastures or pastures along the boundary fence where it may be only a few rods to cattle either carrying the grubs or those which have dropped grubs which will soon develop into mature flies.

It is interesting to learn that in the state of New York a project to eradicate the ox warble grub in a whole county is now under way as an extensive test of this method. The Tanners' Council is reported to have contributed \$10,000 to a fund of \$40,000 which will be placed at the disposal of the Crop Protection Institute for labor, material and expenses necessary to carry on the extensive work of warble eradication in the county mentioned. This serves also as a proof of the interest taken by tanners and state agricultural departments alike in the eradication of this harmful pest.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming. Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

WEEDS IN ALFALFA.—I have nine acres in alfalfa that is four years old, but the weeds are crowding out the alfalfa. Can I get rid of the weeds by re-seeding without plowing and destroying what alfalfa is there? If so, should the seed be cut in with a disc harrow?

H. H. Wheatley, Ky.
A.—If weeds have gained the upper hand throughout your entire alfalfa field then disking and re-seeding would hardly prove satisfactory. This method is employed only where alfalfa has winter killed or where a few well-defined patches of weeds are found. It would be best to proceed as follows: Plow up the whole field if weeds are bad in all parts. Disk and work up thoroughly, then plant to some cultivated crop which will permit of weed eradication. One season of this treatment should suffice. The following year, with the land clean of weeds, work up a good seed bed and seed alfalfa anew, using a clover crop to protect the young plants and keep back weeds until they get a good foothold. Select alfalfa seed that has proved successful in your locality, that has a high germination test and that is free from weed seeds. In this way you will again get an even stand upon the original field which is already inoculated.

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Paper Chains for Christmas Tree

By Paula Nicholson

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VERY few people know that it is easy to make most decorative chains and cornucopias for the Christmas tree from gray-colored papers. The advantage of these decorations is that they are not only cheap but very effective. Most families keep their glass ornaments and tinsel from year to year and the expense is not really included in the annual decoration of a Christmas tree. At any stationer's one can procure sheets of colored paper. This is often called pinwheel paper and it comes in sheets four by six inches, each roll containing twelve sheets of every color.

Good scissors are essential. The paste can easily be made at home. On a few spoonfuls of flour pour boiling water, stirring the mixture with a spoon; very little water will give it the right consistency; the paste should be quite stiff, not watery. Allow it to cool before using.

THE RING CHAIN. The ring chain is most effective and the most rapid to make. The sheets of the pinwheel paper are cut into four strips lengthwise with dressmaking shears which, by their size, will ensure a sufficiently straight division of the paper. The first strip is bent into a ring, one edge is smeared with a little paste

and the other edge is pressed on it. The next strip of paper is slipped inside the ring and then bent in the same way and pasted to form the second link of the chain. By repeating the process add other links until the desired length of chain is obtained. This is all the secret. The art

comes in the selection of the colors used. Chains in solid colors are very effective, the dark colors being more decorative. The dark green makes the most beautiful solid color chain. The chain in two colors is also pretty; about six rings of red and about the same number of black, or a combination of green and gold, blue and silver give a lovely contrast. In this blending of colors each member of the family will vie in obtaining effects, thus developing imagination and adding keenness to the whole undertaking. There undoubtedly will be in each family some independent member who will refuse to allow suggestions given by the others and will make a chain the "crazy pattern"—all colors mixed up without any order of design—but the result will justify the apparent lawlessness. A child of four can make these chains with delight and success, for even if the paper is a little torn and wrinkled through the handling of unskillful little fingers the beauty of the chain lies not in the perfection of the making but in the general effect, and the baby's chain can be hung in the most conspicuous place.

The same paper is used for making the accordion chain and the cornucopias, so that not all the paper should be cut into strips for the ring chain.

THE ACCORDION CHAIN.—The accordion chain demands a little more work, but the result justifies the extra labor. When the colors of the paper are mixed the chain seems ever changing, like a chameleon. It is especially attractive. To make it the paper should be cut into eight strips instead of four, as for the ring chain. The strips must be pasted together end to end, and for the best effect the colors should be solid—four strips being blue, then about as many red, and so on. The pasted strip should not be made too long, as that makes it more difficult to handle without tangling; allow it to dry while the second strip is pasted on. The two strips "a" and "b" are placed at right angles as shown in Fig. 1 and pasted together; "a" is folded over "b" as shown in Fig. 2. Then "b" is folded over "a" as in Fig. 3, and pressed down flat as in Fig. 4. The process of folding one strip over the other is repeated until the chain is of the desired length. When finished it will appear like a compact block like Fig. 5, but when stretched out it assumes the appearance of the "accordion" chain. It is well to paste the ends together, for the chain might unravel when stretched or allowed to hang loosely. The colors blend in the most unexpected ways, and as the chain is one with many shadows it is most effective.

A dozen cornucopias will add to the interest of the tree, although if there are many little people more can easily be made; the paper does not cost much. These are made by simply turning the paper on a corner into the cornucopia shown in the picture; the other corner is pasted down and a colored twine or narrow ribbon is threaded through by which it can be hung on the tree. The paper is strong enough to stand the weight of the cornucopia well filled with candy and nuts.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

have often noticed this." And Billy closed one eye and regarded his aquiline profile in the parlor mirror.

I liked your letter, Marjorie, and agree with you in admiring beautiful sunsets. What I can't abide is a sunrise. At 5.14 P. D. Q. of a cold winter morning I have seen the sun rise as I pulled on my boots—and I have thought it the ugliest sight I ever looked upon. But this wasn't a Vermont sun, Marjorie. Perhaps that made the difference and the difficulty.

TATUM, NEW MEXICO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS: I want to be the first to join the "Girl Housekeepers of America." I think that would be something useful and grand. I want to be lots of use to my mother, as she isn't strong and I am the only girl. We live on a homestead on the eastern plains of New Mexico, fifteen miles west of the Texas line. Papa and Mama have been here thirteen years. Mama filed a homestead, then later she married and Papa filed a homestead, so we have a section (640 acres) of land. We farm some, but raise cattle mostly. We are selling cream this summer. We raise our own meat. Mama has a nice start of Buff Orpington chickens. She has given me a part interest in the chicken business. We expect to get an incubator soon, and Papa is building a henhouse. This is a beautiful country—plenty of fresh air and sunshine. It is mostly too high here for those who have heart trouble, but it is the grandest place on earth for those who have T. B. I would sure like to see the mountains, the trees and running streams you cousins write about. This country would seem odd to Eastern cousins for a while, but they would soon learn to like it. This is a plains country; no rivers, no trees, no mountains. The mirages you Eastern cousins read about in story books are real with us. They are most beautiful in the cool winter mornings, just at sunrise. You can see the towns or villages fifteen miles away. Every home has a windmill and tank. The gardens are irrigated from the tanks. Most people raise fish in their tanks for home use. We have plenty of cactus here to stick in our feet.

I am ten years old, and if this gets into print I may call again.

Your loving niece, PANSY HARKERADER.

Pansy, you are hereby appointed "First Housekeeper, Tatum Branch, New Mexico Council, Girl Housekeepers of America." Upon certification that you have made one tin of soft gingerbread, just sweet and dark enough and nicely baked, I will have the National Headquarters of the Girl Housekeepers of America forward you a "Gingerbread Badge" to wear upon your left arm as a token that you have passed the "Tendercook's Test." Remember the gingerbread must be baked in a square tin, be at least three inches in thickness, and have, when cool, a sort of molasses "goo" over the top. No other variety of gingerbread will pass the test, so watch out, do your best and have the oven just right.

And talking about tests, Pansy: it's certain you could pass one as a Girl Letter Writer. Your letter is one that Bill and I regarded as a remarkable ten-year-old production, and we have placed it in our Special Archives. And Billy and I know a lot about letters—both by taste and

looks. You did not say a word about your school, nor tell how far you have to run in the cactus with your bare feet before you get to your desk. But your letter shows that you must have a good school—or rather a school with a good teacher—when you do get there out of the center of your 640 acres. If your school is really far off, Pansy, why don't you arrange to have it brought more conveniently close every morning by one of those mirages? What's the sense of having mirages around unless they are useful as well as beautiful?

I think that's a great scheme, Pansy,—having fish always on tap, so to speak, in your own tank. It's much handier than having them running loose in a river where you're never sure of catching them when you want them. A bunch of fat mackerel and halibut swimming around in your irrigation tank makes you quite safe from any delays or war prices of the family butcher and his Ford Meat Chariot. Why not a few lobsters in the tank, Pansy? And a crab or two? I should think some of the small mackerel and herring might get out through the irrigation pipes once in a while and be lost among the tomatoes and onions. But even then I suppose they would make good fertilizer.

I like trees and mountains, Pansy, and I'm not so sure as you are that I could learn to love your plains country. It would seem too plain for me and I would feel as if I were living in the middle of a dinner plate. Anyway, I would want a mirage of a mountain once in a while to prevent me getting too lonesome for the hills. If you'll agree to the mirage, Pansy, perhaps I'll come out some day and see how I like it and how your Buff Orpingtons and the fish are coming on. Are there enough homesteads left so that Billy and I could each have one if we decided we wanted to stay?

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New Colonial Design



THIS hand-Silver Salt and Pepper Set is the last word in style and service. The new "Colonial" is without doubt one of the most fashionable designs ever introduced. And the set will give years of service because both Salt and Pepper are heavily quadruple silver plated. They are three inches in height, of good weight and on account of their broad bases cannot easily be overturned, thus spilling salt and pepper on the tablecloth.

Solid Sterling Silver Sets are being made in this same popular pattern. As a matter of fact, it is difficult to distinguish the above set from one made of sterling silver.

We will send you this Salt and Pepper Set free upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this beautiful quadruple silver plated Salt and Pepper Set free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8114.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



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Stamped Burlap, Hook, Color Scheme and Full Directions—For a Club of Four.

TO those of our readers who desire to take up the fascinating and profitable work of home rug-making described in March COMFORT, we are prepared to furnish everything necessary for the work. For a club of only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you free, by parcel post prepaid, one large piece of burlap for a rug 31 by 54 inches in size, stamped with the handsome "link" design illustrated above. We will also send you one steel book, complete instructions for making one rug and instructions as to what colors to use and where—the signal numbers in these instructions corresponding with the same numbers stamped on the burlap. Reward No. 8054.

If you prefer to pay cash, we will send you the stamped burlap prepaid for \$1.00 and the hook prepaid for 25 cents. (\$1.25 for both.)

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Here you've been in the war, George, and got long-lost and all disheveled as you admit, and you come back to our circle and talk a lot about Long Island and don't say a word about your wartime experiences. Not but what Long Island is worth talking about. You are getting pretty close to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

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Send for Fur Price List and Shipping Tags. Ship every skin you get to headquarters. Every "Old Timer" ships to Taylor. Best for fifty years. Top prices paid. Ship today. Book of Traps Free! Write for it. Quotes lowest prices on furs, traps and all supplies you need.

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earn your traps by getting up a few clubs for COMFORT. We offer you one of the best traps made—the celebrated "Victor," used by professional and amateurs alike. In fact, most trappers claim it is the best trap. Certainly there are none better. Constructed of the strongest steel, with a powerful spring and heavy jaws, it never fails to hold the animal after it is caught. Every "Victor" also has an 18-inch unbreakable steel chain, complete with swivels, ring and staple.

You can have your choice of sizes—No. 1, 1½ or 2—which are the sizes always used for muskrat, skunk, weasel, raccoon, mink, martin, civet, gopher, opossum and other small animals, while the No. 2 size is also large enough for fox, wolf and lynx.

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For two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you one No. 1½ Trap (Reward No. 9302), or four traps for six subscriptions (Reward No. 7626), or nine traps for eleven subscriptions (Reward No. 7211).

For two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you one No. 2 Trap (Reward No. 9312), or four traps for six subscriptions (Reward No. 7636), or nine traps for twelve subscriptions (Reward No. 7312).

Remember, we pay all parcel post or express charges. Please be sure to state both the size and reward number of each trap wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Quest of Otter Pelts

By Dick Wood

CHAPTER III.
SUCCESS IN TRAPPING.

THE next morning would be spent setting traps in all the available places they could find. After the traps were set out and while waiting for them to catch the furs, they would haul over their deer, which they felt were safe from Curley's prying eyes; set up the folding sheet-iron stove and bank in the tent to stand the winter snows and zero weather.

True, the boys were a little concerned about having to live in a tent that could not be locked up during their absence; but ordinarily, as they knew, it is not customary to lock even cabins in the wilderness, and to do so is a serious breach of woods etiquette. Also to be caught stealing or plundering a cabin in the wilderness is an offense punishable by shooting. They did not expect anybody else to come into the vicinity; and decided Curley would hardly risk the chance of detection in robbing their camp. They did plan to hunt up some hollow trees or a cave to hide their furs in, especially any valuable ones secured.

The trappers started out to Pelcher Lake with about twenty-five or thirty traps apiece, ranging from the No. 1 for a weasel to 4's for otter and beaver. Most of their sets were made in hollow snags, so that they would not be snowed under in mid-winter. Such sets they called "cubbies," and these were generally good for a season, though it was necessary to replenish the bait supply occasionally. If the snag was hollow at the top, they roofed it over with evergreens; and invariably they had to use the belt axe to enlarge the hole at the entrance, so a large fisher could easily enter, if attracted to the set by the bait cached in the rear behind a skillfully covered and always ready-for-action trap. To make it inviting to the fisher, a pole two to four inches in diameter was placed to extend from the ground to the entrance of the cavity in the snag, and this pole served the dual purpose of a clog (the trap chain being fastened to it) and a convenient method of approach. The holes should preferably be three to five feet off the ground; that is, the height of the maximum depth of snowfall. The trap was usually covered with rotten wood dust, though moss and leaves are satisfactory if perfectly dry. This is the set for fisher, marten and even "coon" approved by the most successful wilderness trappers in the Adirondacks, the Canadian bush and Michigan Peninsula.

Mink were fairly abundant around Pelcher Lake, and this valuable fur bearer was eagerly sought by the trappers. The mink's tracks were to be found near the edge of the water; it is not much of a dry-land animal. Its food consists of fish, especially trout, birds, rabbits and similar small prey. They were not taking bait very well at that season, so the boys made blind sets for them, using a trap heavy enough to drown the animal when it springs into the water. They were fairly easy to catch by setting traps in narrow runways under drift debris, logs, banks, etc. Every precaution was used not to leave human scent around the sets. The traps were invariably staked so the catch would reach water of drowning depth, and invariably they had to use the belt axe to enlarge the hole.

Weasels were everywhere so abundant it was a "clinch" to catch them, as Bill put it. All they had to do was to find one's trail leading into a hollow log, or any hole under tree roots, and set the trap unconcealed and adjusted to spring with the lightest tread on the pan. Usually a partridge or rabbit's head was used for bait.

'Coon were taken both in blind and bait sets, though this animal was not abundant in the vicinity of Pelcher Lake. A small cubby pen was built of sticks against a tree or ledge of rocks near the bank of the lake or a stream (as the 'coon, like the mink, invariably follows the water), and baited with fresh fish. Trout were easily procurable in every stream and could be taken as fast as one could pull them out. As they were so rarely molested by man, the boys felt no concern about using them for bait. Later these pens served equally well for mink, when the fish baits were strictly fresh.

The fox is one of the staple furs with the North Woods trappers. In some wilderness sections they are exceedingly numerous, although it is not by any means a rare thing to find this valuable animal abundant around the settlements, especially the outskirts of civilization or the foothill country. They are hard to catch, and they are not; depending on the skill of the trapper. Most fur bearers are hard to catch and hold. Even the humble skunk and muskrat will most blindly walk into the amateur's traps, but they are uncanny in twisting and chewing out of traps. The fox, otter and their kind are clever in avoiding traps, but once securely caught are very apt to stay caught until the trapper arrives to dispatch them.

As is the case with most valuable and particularly wilderness fur animals, the difficulty lies in the ability of the trapper to eliminate his own human odor, which the keen-nosed animals can readily detect around the amateur's sets. Foxes are cunning wherever they are found. In the farming sections they readily walk into the paths of men, having learned there is no danger in the tracks alone; but in the wilderness a fox will not cross a man's trail.

Both Bill and Fred had succeeded in trapping foxes on the farms and had little trouble in getting their share of the woods foxes. They visited the sets made at the paunches of the deer they had killed and found a fox at each set. The traps had been placed just before the snowstorm which covered them over properly. Thereafter the boys got most of their foxes by dragging out a large bait, just prior to a snowstorm, and setting traps around it. Occasionally it snowed enough to bury the traps before a fox visited the bait.

The skunk was not to be found in the deep woods, and the boys did not miss him. There isn't much fun in taking this animal when other more valuable and less offensive animals are abundant.

However, the little muskrat, known to every farm lad, was fairly abundant, though not of the size and fur quality as out on the farms, where there is an abundance of vegetation and sunlight. The deep dark-stained waters, buried in the shade of tall spruces and tamaracks, produce an undersized muskrat, with a pelt tending to be "papery," as the fur graders say. Yet muskrat furs were high and the carcass is so excellent for both food and bait, the boys kept out a number of traps on floating logs, in blind trails and at den holes along the banks of the lake and stream. The animal was given sufficient room to reach deep water and drown, otherwise mink, fisher and other animals would eat them out of the traps.

The middle of December arrived and the boys had done well trapping. They did not dare leave their furs in the tent, but put them in a hollow tree in a thick canvas bag suspended on a wire out of the reach of rodents. Of course, the furs were left at camp until they cured on the boards, and then taken out and hidden. They had taken one otter, two fisher and five foxes, besides numerous mink, 'coon, muskrats and weasels. They had not bothered to go after marten, which stay close to the peaks well up to timberline, where this line is reached, but caught a few in fisher sets. The marten will readily walk into a baited trap; the only difficulty is in locating their haunts. The trap should be a mink size, or No. 1.

Not having seen or heard anything of Curley, the trappers thought they would get through the season without molestation, and with a profitable catch, even if they didn't succeed in taking the otter. Yet, Fred had spoken several times of making another visit to Otter Pond to learn if Curley was catching the otter. Only once had the bunch come across their own territory and then they missed every trap.

One day it stormed and Fred sallied forth to "Curley's Pond" glad the snow would soon cover his trail and Curley would not be antagonized by his visit. Fred wanted to study the surroundings of this particular pond and ascertain the reason for otter preferring it to any other. The storm was a Godsend, and the young trapper knew he could leisurely inspect Curley's grounds without fear of meeting the irate old trapper.

Rounding a bend, Fred surprised two otters sporting on a steep bank and the ice of the lake. Their dark fur seemed to glisten, even in the dull light of the winter day. His first impulse was to shoot the largest otter, then attempt to get the other one before it reached an airhole. Second thought convinced him of the folly of such a procedure. The shots would bring Curley to the spot, which not only would be disastrous to his plans, but might result in a quarrel or something of worse consequence; and only by luck would he reach the struggling otter before they could reach a water-hole. There was yet a chance he could trap the otter himself.

Fred approached the spot, lately the playground of the otter, and was surprised to notice some refuse of trout, proving the otters had just feasted. He craned his neck to look under the ice into the airhole, and noted the abundant air space between the water and banks. Along the banks were numberless tracks forming a well-defined trail, while above the ice otter signs were extremely scarce.

That evening at camp Fred surprised Bill by outlining a plan whereby they could beat Curley to the otter. It sounded so plausible both boys celebrated the happy idea by opening their last bottle of grapejuice. They now felt confident they could induce the otters to come onto their own grounds and get caught in the traps, unbeknown to Curley. At last the old trapper would be outwitted. He would be chagrined to find the otter he claimed gone and to hear of the boys reaching home with a fine collection of pelts.

The young trappers had often wondered why the otter preferred Otter Pond to Pelcher Lake, the former body of water lying in trapper Curley's territory, the latter on their own grounds. It was for Fred to solve the natural cause and obliterate it.

Early one morning in December, a time when otter fur is at its best, Fred and Bill visited Pelcher Lake. Each carried an axe and some large beaver traps. Fred's surmise was right. The beaver had dammed up the outlet of the lake, thus flooding the vicinity. The water had backed up under the ice, completely filling all air spaces. Now an otter can swim, dive and sport under water; it can catch a fish, but it is not a fish. It must breathe air same as any other animal. While the otter may appear to live in the water by diving through an airhole never to reappear, nevertheless it must rely on finding an abundance of air between the ice and water.

The beaver is more at home in the water than the otter, though not any more agile. However, in common with the muskrat, it comes to the surface and breathes against the ice. When the bubbles have become purified and filled with oxygen, the beaver again fills its lungs and goes on. This process of breathing is natural with the beaver, whereas with the otter it may be only an emergency method. Anyway, the beaver were quite satisfied with the scant air spaces along the banks and in the tops of their houses. This condition was not exactly to the liking of the otter.

"That outlet was dammed up in the fall and accounts for the fact otter located around Otter Pond about the same time," explained Fred.

"What's going to fetch the otter over to this lake after you release the water? You can't go over and say to the otters: 'Now, Otters, I've let some of the water out of Pelcher Lake and you can now move your house.' They are content where



TO ENLARGE THE HOLE.

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

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You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home. But have you ever used it? The hands of families, the world over, feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it takes hold of a cough will soon earn it a permanent place in your home.

Into a pint bottle, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the pint. Or, if desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you a full pint of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for three times its cost.

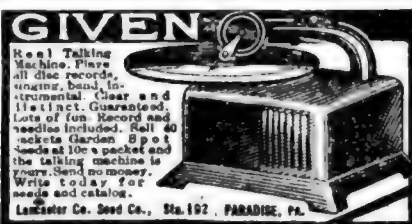
It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage, loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, lifts the phlegm, heals the membranes, and gives almost immediate relief. Splendid for throat tickle, hoarseness, croup, bronchitis and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

What 15 Cts Will bring YOU From the Nation's Capital

The little matter of 15 cts. (coin or stamps) will bring you the **Pathfinder** 13 weeks on trial. The **Pathfinder** is a cheerful illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's center for people everywhere. An independent home paper that tells the story of the world's news in an interesting, understandable way. Now in its 23rd year. This splendid National weekly supplies a long-felt want: it costs but \$1 a year. If you want to know what is going on in the world, this is your best means. If you want a paper in your home which is reliable and wholesome, if you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, strongly, entertainingly, briefly—here it is. Splendid serial and short stories and miscellany. The **Question Box** answers YOUR questions and is a mine of information. Send 15 cts. to show that you might like such a paper and we will send the **Pathfinder** on probation 13 weeks. The 15 cts. does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new friends. Address: The **Pathfinder**, 521 Langdon St., Washington, D. C.



3 Piece Toilet Set Free for selling only 8 boxes of our famous **ROSEBUD** at 25c a box; a home necessity. **EASY TO SELL. WE TRUST YOU. Big catalogue sent with goods. Order today.** Write to day for free catalogue and order form. **ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Dept. A, Woodbridge, Md.**

GIVEN MOVING PICTURE MACHINE Fine moving picture machine with supply of films. Easy to operate, by oil or electricity. Free for selling only 12 boxes of Menthol-Nova. Sell at 25c a box, return the \$3 and receive this dandy premium. Satisfaction guaranteed. Order now. Hundreds of other premiums and big cash commission. **U. S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. 850, Greenville, Pa.**

BIRTH STONE RING FREE 14K GOLD finished, guaranteed to give satisfaction, with stone for any month, to introduce our catalogue. Send 15c to cover cost of advertising and mailing. Send size. **SUN JEWELRY CO., Dept. 28, EAST BOSTON, MASS.**

SILK REMNANTS, LARGEST Packages yet offered. Square of Stamped Satin free with every package. **WFRS AGENCY, 2, Portland, Maine** 20c

Until January 1 Only!

Look At Me! This Beautiful **DOLL** Will Be Given For A Club Of Only Two!

THINK OF IT! This big, handsome Doll for a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT. As we have only a few of these Dolls left, we are making this special short-time bargain offer, good until January 1st only. Considering the present high prices, which would fair to hold for another year, every mother should send for at least two or three of these handsome Dolls even if they are not to be used until next Christmas. You will save money by doing so.

This Doll is nearly a foot high, has a strong, durable, stuffed body and an indestructible head. You can make her stand up, sit down in a chair and assume all sorts of natural positions. Her beautiful brown hair hangs in luxuriant curls, her eyes are blue as the sky, she has on a pretty trimmed dress with sash, and, taken altogether, she is certainly the cutest and sweetest baby doll in all toyland.

Last year we gave away thousands of these Dolls for a club of three, as Christmas presents to our readers and they were delighted with them. Now that there are but a few left, we shall give away the remainder for a club of only two. If you want one of these handsome Dolls, send in your order before they are all gone. We advise you to send in your order today—next week may be too late.

Our Bargain Offer! For a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this handsome Doll, exactly as described, free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Reward No. 9873. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions is the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

A READER, Bristol, W. Va.—It would be correct for you to accompany your gift at Christmas to this teacher with the note you mention—adding to your holiday greetings thanks for the interest she has taken in aiding your studies. (2) Yes; a small silver pencil would make an appropriate gift, or a fountain pen of a size and type suitable to be carried in a hand bag or purse.

M. L. Ravensdale, W. Va.—Such a phrase as "Meet my sister Annie" would not constitute a correct or pleasant introduction. If your sister, through marriage, has a name different from your own, this should appear in the introduction for the sake of clearness. A simple and proper form would be: "Mr. Blank, this is my sister, Mrs. Dash."

E. C., Dagman, Mont.—The matter of popularity in social affairs is largely one of personality, although there is no denying the parts played by wealth and family position in influencing attention and regard. If you are kind and cordial in all your relations with the young people of your community, we do not quite see why you should be avoided in the way you state, and why you should have to write: "When I want to join them, they all run away." Try and take a real part in all the plans and activities of your young acquaintances, and be careful of whom you pick as a close friend or chum. Be sincere and natural in all your speech and actions; share your interests with others and join in theirs—and if you still lack friends, it will be the Dagman boys and girls who will be the losers and not you. Keep the wise old saying in mind: "To have friends, you must first be one."

GOLDENROD AND PURPLE ASTER, Wyoming.—No harm would be done by your telling this boy that you would be glad to have him come and see you some time. (2) It would be best, for various reasons, that you say farewell to your friend at the door of your home. If you walk with him to the gate, some nasty neighbor might infer that you were trying to hang on to your boy caller. Gossip is as plentiful as October goldenrod and asters.

L. B., Hancock, Md.—It has come to be the custom in wedding felicitations to wish the bride happiness and congratulate the groom upon his good fortune. Upon the part of the happy couple, smiles and thanks are the only needed responses.

BROWN EYES, Fairfield, Wash.—We think it vastly improper for boys to write notes to girls during school hours. There are plenty of classroom studies without establishing a course in correspondence with a boy teacher. Stick to the curriculum and make your boy friends understand that you intend to do this. (2) The right sort of schoolgirl complexion should have no need of cosmetics to give it beauty or color—and if one hasn't the right sort, a start should be made at once to make it so. The road begins with plenty of water inside and out; fresh fruits and green vegetables, with sweets and greasy foods avoided; and proper exercise in the open air each day. A touch of talcum powder might have a place now and then in a girl's toilet, but paint only best belongs upon the side of the schoolhouse where she studies.

M. S., Quinton, Ala.—The bride's costume for a December wedding would differ in no way from that worn for a ceremony in the month of June and roses. You should wear the conventional white silk and lace, unless you are married in your going-away gown—in which case you plainly tailored dark serge or tweed would be correct and sensible. In the latter case you would be careful to choose hat, shoes and gloves to harmonize with your traveling frock. (2) A girl bride would be greeted with a kiss by her father-in-law or would salute him if he appears bashful or backward. She might say: "I hope Tom's father is going to like me. I know you have a good son, and I want you to think you will have as good a daughter." Be simple and sincere in assuming your new relationships with your husband's family.

ANXIOUS READER, Pelican Rapids, Mich.—Your employer's gift to you last Christmas was undoubtedly in appreciation of your faithful services. He would not expect that you would make any like present to him this year, but would, we feel sure, be glad to have from you some card of greeting and remembrance at the holiday season. You may send him this, but do not make him any gift, which would be inappropriate to do under the circumstances of your relations with him.

E. R., Smithville, Tenn.—If your parents have no objection, you may follow the local customs prevailing among girl friends of your own age concerning escorts from prayer meetings, etc.

M. H., Lebanon, Ore.—At a party, a boy may say to a girl: "Will you dance this time?" or, "May I have the pleasure of this dance?" A girl will signify her assent by rising to accept the offer. (2) There is no question of what a girl should answer when a boy asks, "If she has a kiss" for him. A boy does not properly make such an inquiry, and if he does thus break conventions, he must be prepared for anything which might happen in the way of the girl's reply. We have heard of some who made rather stinging answers. Etiquette establishes no rules for kissing inquiries, but it does prefer to arrange that a girl keep all privileges of personal affection for the man she is to marry.

BROOK, Alabama.—A boy would retain a girl's arm and make a way for her when taking her through a crowd. (2) When a boy and girl who are acquaintances meet upon the street, it makes absolutely no difference which of the two is the first to speak.

A. O., Imperial, Nebr.—In the case you describe, it would have been your place to make the required introduction. This was because you were acting as hostess in your own home and the duty more naturally devolved upon you. (2) The word "camouflage" is pronounced "cam-o-flazh." The first syllable is in Sam, the second as in food, and the third to sound like the last portion of the word "garage." In the pronouncing of "camouflage," the accent is equally divided over the three syllables, with perhaps the slightest possible drag and accentuation upon the last.

FLOESIE.—The delicious cheese concoction known as "Welsh rarebit" or "rabbit" is served by pouring it over individual slices of hot toast. This dish is usually made informally at chafing-dish gatherings, and the toast, if preferred, may be ready upon the plates of the guests to receive the melted cheese. (2) In serving grapefruit, a half is served to each guest. The fruit should be ice cold, and have the pulp previously cut away from the side and in segments from the center, so that each portion may be easily removed with an orange spoon. It is worth while to take care and pains in preparing grapefruit. A sharp knife should be used, and the fruit neatly divided from the tough inner and outer skin. No sugar is placed upon the fruit, but powdered sugar and salt should be at hand to suit the individual preferences.

F. B., Tulare, Calif.—You are correct in believing that a stamp is never enclosed in a purely friendly letter for purposes of reply. Your correspondent is in error in following his strange custom of prepaying your answering letters.

THREE HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS, Rifle, Colo.—You ask if it is proper for you to "go to places" with boys. Sometimes it would be proper and sometimes not—depending wholly upon the places. But we can state that any "place" where a boy can kiss you after seeing you but four times (as in your second question) is a most improper spot to be in, and we advise that you avoid either the place or the boy. (2) No, a boy should not

introduce himself to you at a dance. He should find some friend to perform this pleasant ceremony for him. You should choose for your new acquaintances only those who are favorably known to other friends you now have.

B. A., Chicago, Ill.—You did the right thing in receiving as you did these friends of your sister-in-law who were strangers to you. It was one of the many instances where common sense and sincerity result in the best manners. (2) You could have apologized when you were compelled to leave the room in farewell, and you could have said to the callers that you hoped you might have the pleasure of seeing them again.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. W. L., Montana.—If your local assessor has assessed your property for more than its true value, or higher than other properties in the same locality, we think you should appeal for a review of the assessment to your County or State Board for the Equalization of Taxes; we think you should make your appeal promptly and that you should be prepared to show the true value of your property, and the assessment made upon similar property in your locality.

E. T., Oregon.—We think that children born to parents who have never been legally married are illegitimate.

Mrs. A. S., Missouri.—We think it will be necessary for the woman you mention to make a complaint against the man who assaulted her, in order that he may be punished for his act.

Mrs. A. C., Virginia.—Under the laws of Ohio, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his whole estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would go to his surviving widow, provided the property did not come to the decedent by descent, devise or deed of gift, but in case such property came to the decedent by descent, devise or deed of gift from an ancestor or from a former wife, the share of the surviving widow would be diminished.

Mrs. C. C., Kansas.—We think you should make your complaint for the violation of the Federal law you mention, to the United States District Attorney for the district where the law was violated.

G. M. S., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married man, who abandons his wife, without good cause, can be compelled to support her, unless she has independent means of her own.

J. V., Michigan.—We think the laws of your state require that veterinary surgeons be licensed to practice their profession.

L. B., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married man has a legal right to leave his whole estate to his widow, by will, if he so elects, provided he possesses testamentary capacity, and provided no undue influence is exercised upon him in procuring the will, and provided the will is properly drawn and executed. We think your local authority would be in a better position to pass upon the validity of the will you describe.

Mrs. E. S., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we think the rights of a widow in her deceased husband's estate upon his death, without a will, and without a surviving child or descendant, would depend upon the manner in which he acquired the property; if none of the real estate came to him by descent, devise or deed of gift, we think the surviving widow would receive the whole estate.

A. G. B., Tennessee.—We think an examination of the records would show whether the deeds you mention are in proper form to convey the property you mention.

Mrs. G. E. P., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the real and personal estate of a decedent, whether male or female, remaining after payment of all just debts and legal charges, which shall not have been sold, or disposed of by will, or otherwise limited by marriage statement, shall be divided and enjoyed where such intestate leaves spouse and more than one child, one-third part to such surviving spouse, and the balance in equal shares to the children, the descendants of any deceased child taking such deceased child's share; we think the share of such of the children as are minors would be administered by a general guardian during minority; we think there is an inheritance tax if the shares exceed the inheritance tax exemptions.

Mrs. J. P., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if your debt is overdue, your creditor can enforce the repayment of same from any property you may own, not exempt by law from levy under execution.

E. E. P., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man or woman, without a will, one-half of the community property goes to the survivor and the remainder to the child or children of the deceased. We think either party to the marriage can dispose of his or her share of the community property by will.

Mrs. G. M., Oregon.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no lineal descendant, his whole estate would go to his surviving widow. We think a married woman has a legal right to disinherit her children and leave her whole estate to her husband if she so elects.

Mrs. C. R., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in cases where the parents are separated, the courts have power to award the custody of the children to either of the parents, taking into consideration what would be for the children's best interest.

P. G., Tennessee.—If your neighbor continues to trespass upon your property after being forbidden to do so, we think it will be necessary for you to prosecute her for her acts.

J. L., New Jersey.—We do not think the laws of any state prohibit a married man from leaving practically his whole estate to his wife, although in some states it is necessary to mention children to show conclusively that the intent was to cut them off; we think that in order to execute a valid will the testator must possess testamentary capacity, must be under no undue influence, the will must express his true intent, and must be legally drawn and executed.

D. R., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that you would be entitled to a share in your grandmother's estate if she dies without a will in case your father is dead, but if he survives his mother you will have no intestacy rights in her estate as children are preferred to grandchildren; we think that if she leaves a will she can make a provision for you if she desires to do so, but she has a legal right to disinherit children or grandchildren if she elects to do so.

Mrs. D. B. T., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we think the consent of parents or guardians is necessary for the marriage of females under twenty-one years of age, and that in case the parents are divorced the consent of the parent to whom the custody of such child was awarded in the decree of divorce should be procured.

Mrs. E. B., Idaho.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in the absence of a will, your husband's children will be entitled to a share of his separate estate upon his death.

Mrs. C. M. M., Texas.—We do not think you can now recover any portion of the land sold by your grandmother during the Civil War.

Mrs. J. I., Pennsylvania.—We think that marriages between first cousins are prohibited by the laws of your state.

Club Feet



Ruby Booth was born with Club Feet. At ten months she was brought to McLain Sanitarium. Photos show result of treatment. Parents' letter tells everything.

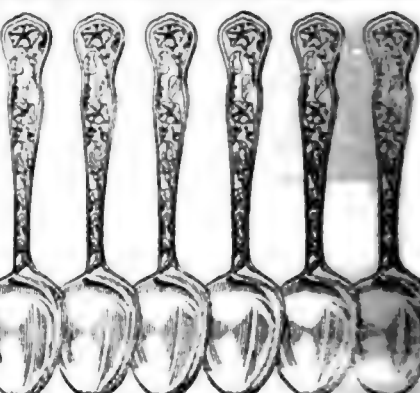
When Ruby was 6 months old, a doctor put her feet in plaster paris casts. After 3 months they were no better than when he started. We had given up all hope of a cure, when we heard of McLain Sanitarium and took her there. Her feet are now perfectly straight. I shall never cease to be thankful. Refer anyone to me.

Mr. and Mrs. George Booth, Carbon, Iowa.

For Crippled Children

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Disease and Deformities, Wry Neck, Hip Disease, Diseases of the Joints, especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," also "Book of References" sent free.

L. C. McLain
Orthopaedic Sanitarium
890 Aubert Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.



Six Silver Teaspoons

The Beautiful "Morning Glory" Design

By buying in large quantities we are enabled to offer our readers this handsome set of six teaspoons for the ridiculously small club mentioned below. They are six inches long, silver plated on a white metal base, so there is no brass to show through, and they will never have that dingy or tarnished appearance even after years of constant use. The design is the beautiful "Morning Glory" deeply embossed on the handles which are finished in soft, elegant French grey. The bowls of the spoons are perfectly smooth and bright polished.

The rich design and splendid wearing qualities of these teaspoons combine to make this the most attractive premium offer in years. Our illustration does not do them justice. They must be seen to be appreciated. We know they will exceed your highest expectations.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you six of these fine Silver Plated Teaspoons free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 9881. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Topaz Amethyst Emerald Sapphire

Given For A Club Of Three!

THESE Crystal Beads are the latest thing out and so beautiful are they we could not refrain from buying a quantity to give as club rewards to our young lady readers. The Necklaces are 24 inches in length, with a strong, durable gold-plated clasp; the beads are graduated, the largest ones measuring ¾ inch and the smallest ¼ inch in size. They are real cut glass—not pressed glass—and their flashing prismatic colors are a delight to the eye.

For summer wear, with low-neck dresses, nothing could be more stylish than one of these handsome new necklaces and we are delighted to think that you are able to make this offer. We can state our desire when ordering. You can have your choice of Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

Given To You! For only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these handsome and stylish Crystal Bead Necklaces free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 9833. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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THIS is the "Eveready" Daylo, 6½ inches long, 1½ inches in diameter, equipped with a powerful battery that will last for many weeks. It is always ready for use—a simple movement of the finger turns the light on or off as desired. In the night it shows the way around the house without fuss or bother—it lights up the darkest rooms, attics or basements. It can be used in the shed or barn, around hay, powder or gasoline without the slightest danger of fire. Outdoors, neither wind nor rain can put it out. When riding or walking after dark, it throws a brilliant light far in advance, showing up every object long before you reach it. This flashlight is so useful you should not think of getting along without one. Safe, convenient, always ready when you want it, it is the best insurance against fire and accident in the world.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Eveready Flashlight complete with battery, all ready for business, for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Reward No. 7884. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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Given To You! We will send you either Library of 10 Books free and prepaid for one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, or both Libraries (20 Books) for two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. Please mention number of Libraries wanted.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Quest of the Otter Pelts

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

they are, and not moving much, they will not discover the water has been released here." "Leave that to me, my Partner, just have the axe against some of those large limbs holding this beaver dam together. We'll cut through enough of the dam to release the water a foot. We need a few more beavers to fill our permit, and can get them by setting traps at the break in the dam. They will walk into anything to repair their dam after the water starts falling fast."

It didn't take the boys long to tear out enough of the dam to let the water down the required amount. So toughly woven were the branches that there was no danger of the entire dam washing out. The boys knew that a few beavers would get in their traps, and this happening would frighten the rest so they would refrain from further attempts to repair the dam.

The water fell with much cracking and groaning of the ice. The boys hastened back to the shelter of nearby evergreens, after they had set their traps, and awaited the outcome. Very soon a large beaver, one of the males of the colony, came down to the opening of the ice towing a peeled branch of a popple tree. Unsuspecting of danger, it set its fore feet into one of the water-buried traps. With a lurch, it dived into deep water, and churned it till it foamed.

After a half-hour, it seemed to Fred, he succeeded in getting the beaver to the surface and close enough to dispatch it with a club. In the interim a beaver had stuck its head up in front of the boys. Bill was ready with his rifle, having anticipated such a chance, and placed a .25-20 bullet between its eyes, at almost the same instant hurling his gun onto the ice and making a diving hind leg as it was fast disappearing under water, and threw the dying animal out on the ice.

The boys had no trouble in finishing filling their allotment of beavers, as these animals became frantically careless in attempting to repair their dam. There was a thrill to getting so many valuable pelts by such a quick method, and the boys were reminded of younger days when they had read and re-read the writings of Irving and others on early-day trapping methods practiced by the white and redskin trappers.

When the water got down to a normal overflow, the ice had sagged considerably toward the middle of the lake. The boys now gathered up their pelts, and the best quarters of the beavers for food, and hiked for camp.

The young trappers did not again visit the lake for a week. They did not want scouting others to find the slightest trace of human odor around the lake.

Fred's surmise that the otter would discover the new condition of the water at Pelcher Lake was correct. A week after the water had been lowered, several other signs were noticeable about the beaver dam. No doubt the otter had found the fishing much better, as the trout had been unmolested except for the toll taken by mink.

The boys tended their mink, weasel and marten lines until about ten days had elapsed after the breaking of the dam, then they carefully set nearly two dozen large traps around the lake; particularly taking pains to guard the outlet. A trap was set blind at every airhole. As these holes were invariably over swift water, the traps were not too deep setting on the ground and there was no odor to alarm the animal. In a few of the places, where the water was apt to freeze over, salt was used to prevent ice forming, but a set or two was demolished by the deer trying to get the salt, so the method was abandoned.

The traps were never touched by bare hands. They had first been carefully boiled, then dipped out with a wooden fork and handled with buckskin gloves. Most of the sets were blind, that is without bait. Such a set is the most successful with keen-nosed and sly animals, if the trapper knows where to place his traps. He locates the sets by watching trails, haunts, etc.

Invariably a stone was wired to the trap chain so as to carry the animal down into deep water and drown it. This prevented the struggling animal from frightening others away, besides being a humane practice.

One of the most effective sets was made by sawing a block of ice out near each bank of a small stream and placing a blind set trap along the bank. Invariably tracks showed the banks had been used. If the water was shallow so the animal could wade a distance away from the bank, sticks were used to fence in the trap, thus forcing any passing animal over the trap. Precaution was taken not to use sticks the beaver would chew on, such as popple. Where the stream was very small and shallow, a block of ice was cut out through the middle, the trap placed in the center and fenced on each side to the banks so even a small mink could not pass without going over the trap. The crosscut saw was used to remove the ice and it was sawed on a slant inward at the bottom, so the blocks set back easily. Salt or snow was used to prevent the blocks from freezing tight. This set caught them many minks and otters.

The second day after the otter traps were set out the boys collected three otters, all drowned and their fur in number one condition. This was the most valuable catch they had ever made in their lives, eventually netting each about fifty dollars. They could hardly believe their eyes; valuable otters were coming in as fast as muskrats had on the farm trap lines.

A week of huge trapping success passed. The boys had worked from daylight till dark tending their traps, and till bedtime skinning and stretching the furs. Boards had been placed out from split cedar, hewed to regulation size with a pocket axe.

The day arrived when the boys collected their duff and furs together preparatory to the trip out to home and the farms. They wanted to get started while the tobogganing was good, besides the otter had quit getting into their traps. They now had about a dozen of these fine furs, which were enough for anybody but game hogs. Finding their furs in the hollow-tree cache unmolested, the boys decided to go by Curley's camp. They had been considerably surprised and not a little anxious in not seeing or hearing anything from the old trapper.

Curley was sitting in camp with his feet propped up on the stove-hearth watching a pot of beans boil. The whoop of the boys brought him to his feet. His face registered more than surprise when he opened the door and saw the big bunch of furs lashed on the boys' toboggan.

"What luck?" greeted Bill good-naturedly.

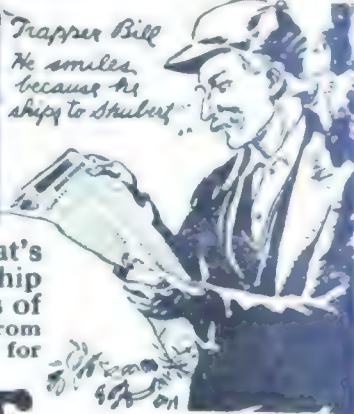
"Wal, not so bad. I see you get the otter. It takes regular trappers to get them birds."

Fred glanced about the cabin and noticed the dry-goods-box cupboard was almost empty.

"Well, Curley," said Fred, "we realize we got a little close to your grounds, not knowing you were coming back to trap this year. I don't see many furs around and your larder looks empty, too. I—we—"

"Yes, I've had tough luck. Ain't got no grub, no cartridges, no tobacco and no snowshoes to get out on. Broke my last pair of shoes yesterday, and got no buckskin or seasoned wood to repair them. Not been to my traps today. Was going to cook this last mess of beans and then starve slow, like the animals in my traps. 'Course after the way I treated you boys—well, I don't

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blame you if you keep on goin' an' I ain't got a bullet to hold you all up with. But I hope you'll think of my poor old folks up in Canada and take this letter out and mail it. It's a good by message: I left years ago and never sent word back. Oh, if I only had some tobacco left I could stand it till spring, then raft down the river."

Curley extended the poorly scribbled letter addressed to a lady in Montreal, then went fly walked over to his bunk and laid down. The beans began to smell of scorching, but he made no effort to remove them from the stove.

Both boys were moved by the old trapper's pathetic predicament. Perhaps he regretted his unruly past; maybe he had been moved to unfriendly deeds by unfair competition. Anyway, both boys agreed to the resolution disclosed in each other's eyes. Fred beat Bill to it:

"Here, Curley, we've got more grub than we need going out. Here is an extra pair of snowshoes we had, and you'll find more grub cached in a hollow tree near our camp site. There's a trail to it. Lucky my gun shoots the same cartridge yours does, here's two dozen rounds. They're too heavy to carry out, anyway. We've got no tobacco but you'll find some cached back of that cupboard if the pesky red squirrels haven't carried it away. Found it there in the box when we came in; stuck it back out of the way. So long, hope you make a good catch; we didn't get them all."

The boys unloaded much of their outfit and started before the amazed Curley could take a big chew of the "F. O. B."

"Hey, boys, gimme that letter," yelled Curley, the boys fast disappearing in the dense balsams and tamaracks. "I ain't going to send it, I can go myself, now. Look here."

Curley pulled up the makeshift mattress over the bunk. Under it was the finest bunch of fisher pelts they had ever seen. Fisher were more valuable than otter.

"Yep, I laid off the otter this year; didn't have time to bother with them. I located this pocket of fisher in the Bearcliff ledges last season. I knew fisher furs were going to run high, so I let people think I was leaving the country so they wouldn't be coming in on me. Every trapper in the state thinks there is more furs where Curley traps, because he gets the most. They tried to hog me out of my own grounds and trap under my nose. Some of them give me the devil because I came from Canada. They hate Canucks."

"Now I can finish my mountain trapping and get out in the spring with the biggest catch I ever made. Then it's me for old Canada. And, boys, this cabin and these grounds belong to you, and if you'll stay over a few days I'll show you over the fisher lines and let you onto the best drag scent bait you ever saw. All I ask is you keep it mum; my Indian grandfather taught it to me. It's a secret of the old Canuck trappers."

"Shake, Curley," exclaimed Fred.

"Here, too," ditted Bill.

The boys stayed.

THE END.

Trapping Solves Unemployment in Rural Districts

With the return of the raw fur industry to a normal basis, the trapping of fur-bearing animals will be engaged in quite extensively again this winter and more than a million men and boys will have an opportunity to reap the harvest that nature has provided for them. The fur catch this season should amount to approximately fifty millions of dollars and practically every cent of this large amount will go directly to the men and boys of the rural districts.

Trapping always provides profitable work for those who engage in it and this year in particular, when so many of our people are in need of employment, the opening of the trapping season has been looked forward to with hopeful expectancy. The big fur houses are cooperating with them to the extent of furnishing free all information necessary to enable them to become successful trappers.

If you have spare time you will find trapping this season profitable enough to provide a good income during the winter months. Get started at once by writing one or more of the reliable fur houses whose advertisements you will find regularly printed in COMFORT.

The U. S. Public Health Service estimates that at least 500 and possibly 1,000 lepers are at large in the United States, and that the number is increasing. The government did not start work on its Federal Home for Lepers a minute too soon.

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Order 25 pictures at once. They sell on sight. You can
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Send for free 200 page book. It tells how to per-
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Cuticura Soap shaves without razor. Everywhere 25c.



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WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

References: Dan or Bradstreet Commercial Agencies—Any Bank

The Best Cough Syrup is Home-made.

Here's an easy way to save \$2, and yet have the best cough remedy you ever tried.

You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home. But have you ever used it? Thousands of families, the world over, feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it takes hold of a cough will soon earn it a permanent place in your home.

Into a pint bottle, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the pint. Or, if desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you a full pint of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for three times its cost.

It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage, loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, lifts the phlegm, heals the membranes, and gives almost immediate relief. Splendid for throat tickle, hoarseness, croup, bronchitis and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

A READER, Bristol, W. Va.—It would be correct for you to accompany your gift at Christmas to this teacher with the note you mention—adding to your holiday greetings thanks for the interest she has taken in aiding your studies. (2) Yes; a small silver pencil would make an appropriate gift, or a fountain pen of a size and type suitable to be carried in a hand bag or purse.

M. L., Ravensdale, W. Va.—Such a phrase as "Meet my sister Annie" would not constitute a correct or pleasant introduction. If your sister, through marriage, has a name different from your own, this should appear in the introduction for the sake of clearness. A simple and proper form would be: "Mr. Blank, this is my sister, Mrs. Dash."

E. C., Dagman, Mont.—The matter of popularity in social affairs is largely one of personality, although there is no denying the parts played by wealth and family position in influencing attention and regard. If you are kind and cordial in all your relations with the young people of your community, we do not quite see why you should be avoided in the way you state, and why you should have to write: "When I want to join them, they all run away." Try and take a real part in all the plans and activities of your young acquaintances, and be careful of whom you pick as a close friend or chum. Be sincere and natural in all your speech and actions; share your interests with others and join in theirs—and if you still lack friends, it will be the Dagman boys and girls who will be the losers and not you. Keep the wise old saying in mind: "To have friends, you must first be one."

GOLDENROD AND PURPLE ASTER, Wyoming.—No harm would be done by your telling this boy that you would be glad to have him come and see you some time. (2) It would be best, for various reasons, that you say farewell to your friend at the door of your home. If you walk with him to the gate, some nasty neighbor might infer that you were trying to hang on to your boy caller. Gossip is as plentiful as October goldenrod and asters.

L. B., Hancock, Md.—It has come to be the custom in wedding felicitations to wish the bride happiness and congratulate the groom upon his good fortune. Upon the part of the happy couple, smiles and thanks are the only needed responses.

BROWN EYES, Fairfield, Wash.—We think it vastly improper for boys to write notes to girls during school hours. There are plenty of classroom studies without establishing a course in correspondence with a boy teacher. Stick to the curriculum and make your boy friends understand that you intend doing this. (2) The right sort of schoolgirl complexion should have no need of cosmetics to give it beauty or color—and if one hasn't the right sort, a start should be made at once to make it so. The road begins with plenty of water inside and out; fresh fruits and green vegetables, with sweets and greasy foods avoided; and proper exercise in the open air each day. A touch of talcum powder might have a place now and then in a girl's toilet, but paint only belongs upon the side of the schoolhouse where she studies.

M. S., Quinton, Ala.—The bride's costume for a December wedding would differ in no way from that worn for a ceremony in the month of June and roses. You should wear the conventional white silk and lace, unless you are married in your going-away gown—in which case any plainly tailored dark serge or tweed would be correct and sensible. In the latter case you would be careful to choose hat, shoes and gloves to harmonize with your traveling frock. (2) A girl bride would be greeted with a kiss by her father-in-law—or should so salute him if he appears bashful or backward. She might say: "I hope Tom's father is going to like me. I know you have a good son, and I want you to think you will have as good a daughter." Be simple and sincere in assuming your new relationships with your husband's family.

ANXIOUS READER, Pelican Rapids, Mich.—Your employer's gift to you last Christmas was undoubtedly in appreciation of your faithful services. He would not expect that you would make any like present to him this year, but would, we feel sure, be glad to have from you some card of greeting and remembrance at the holiday season. You may send him this, but do not make him any gift, which would be inappropriate to do under the circumstances of your relations with him.

E. R., Smithville, Tenn.—If your parents have no objection, you may follow the local custom of prevailing among girl friends of your own age concerning escorts from prayer meetings, etc.

M. H., Lebanon, Ore.—At a party, a boy may say to a girl: "Will you dance this with me?" or "May I have the pleasure of this dance?" A girl will signify her assent by rising to accept the offer. (2) There is no question of what a girl should answer when a boy asks, "If she has a kiss" for him. A boy does not properly make such an inquiry, and if he does thus break conventions, he must be prepared for anything which might happen in the way of the girl's reply. We have heard of some who made rather stinging answers. Etiquette establishes no rules for kissing inquiries, but it does prefer to arrange that a girl keep all privileges of personal affection for the man she is to marry.

SPORT, Alabama.—A boy would retain a girl's arm and make a way for her when taking her through a crowd. (2) When a boy and girl who are acquaintances meet upon the street, it makes absolutely no difference which of the two is the first to speak.

A. O., Imperial, Nebr.—In the case you describe, it would have been your place to make the required introduction. This was because you were acting as hostess in your own home and the duty more naturally devolved upon you. (2) The word "camouflage" is pronounced "cam-o-flah-zh." The first syllable as in Sam, the second as in food, and the third to sound like the last portion of the word "garage." In the pronunciation of "camouflage," the accent is slightly divided over the three syllables, with perhaps the slightest possible drag and accentuation upon the last.

FLOSSIE.—The delicious cheese concoction known as "Welsh rarebit" or "rabbit," is served by pouring it over individual slices of hot toast. This dish is usually made informally at chafing-dish gatherings, and the toast, if preferred, may be ready upon the plates of the guests to receive the melted cheese. (2) In serving grapefruit, a half is served to each guest. The fruit should be ice cold, and have the pulp previously cut away from the side and in segments from the center, so that each portion may be easily removed with an orange spoon. It is worth while to take care and pains in preparing grapefruit. A sharp knife should be used, and the fruit neatly divided from the tough inner and outer skin. No sugar is placed upon the fruit, but powdered sugar and salt should be at hand to suit the individual preferences.

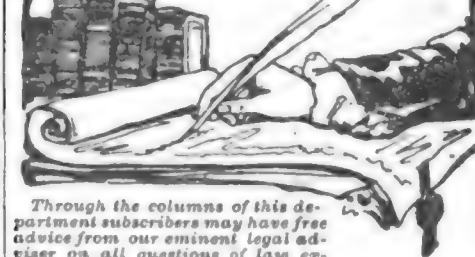
F. B., Tulare, Calif.—You are correct in believing that a stamp is never enclosed in a purely friendly letter for purposes of reply. Your correspondent is in error in following his strange custom of prepaying your answering letters.

THREE HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS, Rifle, Colo.—You ask if it is proper for you to "go to places" with boys. Sometimes it would be proper and sometimes not—depending wholly upon the places. But we can state that any "place" where a boy can kiss you after seeing you but four times (as in your second question) is a most improper spot to be in, and we advise that you avoid either the place or the boy. (2) No, a boy should not

introduce himself to you at a dance. He should find some friend to perform the pleasant ceremony for him. You should choose for your new acquaintances only those who are favorably known to other friends you now have.

B. A., Chicago, Ill.—You did the right thing in receiving as you did these friends of your sister-in-law who were strangers to you. It was one of the many instances where common sense and sincerity result in the best manners. (2) You could have apologized when you were compelled to leave the room in farewell, and you could have said to the callers that you hoped you might have the pleasure of seeing them again.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. W. L., Montana.—If your local assessor has assessed your property for more than its true value, or higher than other properties in the same locality, we think you should appeal for a review of the assessment to your county or State Board for the Equalization of Taxes; we think you should make your appeal promptly and that you should be prepared to show the true value of your property, and the assessment made upon similar property in your locality.

E. T., Oregon.—We think that children born to parents who have never been legally married are illegitimate.

Mrs. A. S., Missouri.—We think it will be necessary for the woman you mention to make a complaint against the man who assaulted her, in order that he may be punished for his act.

Mrs. A. C., Virginia.—Under the laws of Ohio, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his whole estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would go to his surviving widow, provided the property did not come to the decedent by descent, devise or deed of gift, but in case such property came to the decedent by descent, devise or deed of gift from an ancestor or from a former wife, the share of the surviving widow would be diminished.

Mrs. C. C., Kansas.—We think you should make your complaint for the violation of the Federal law you mention, to the United States District Attorney for the district where the law was violated.

G. M. S., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married man, who abandons his wife, without good cause, can be compelled to support her, unless she has independent means of her own.

J. V., Michigan.—We think the laws of your state require that veterinary surgeons be licensed to practice their profession.

L. B., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married man has a legal right to leave his whole estate to his widow, by will, if he so elects, provided he possesses testamentary capacity, and provided no undue influence is exercised upon him in procuring the will, and provided the will is properly drawn and executed. We think your local authority would be in a better position to pass upon the validity of the will you describe.

Mrs. E. S., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we think the rights of a widow in her deceased husband's estate upon his death, without a will, and without a surviving child or descendant, would depend upon the manner in which he acquired the property; if none of the real estate came to him by descent, devise or deed of gift, we think the surviving widow would receive the whole estate.

A. G. B., Tennessee.—We think an examination of the records would show whether the deeds you mention are in proper form to convey the property you mention.

Mrs. G. E. P., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the real and personal estate of a decedent, whether male or female, remaining after payment of all just debts and legal charges, which shall not have been sold, or disposed of by will, or otherwise limited by marriage statement, shall be divided and enjoyed where such intestate leaves spouse and more than one child, one-third part to such surviving spouse, and the balance in equal shares to the children, the descendants of any deceased child taking such deceased child's share; we think the share of such of the children as are minors would be administered by a general guardian during minority; we think there is an inheritance tax if the shares exceed the inheritance tax exemptions.

Mrs. J. P., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if your debt is overdue, your creditor can enforce the repayment of same from any property you may own, not exempt by law from levy under execution.

E. E. P., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man or woman, without a will, one-half of the community property goes to the survivor and the remainder to the child or children of the deceased. We think either party to the marriage can dispose of his or her share of the community property by will.

Mrs. G. M., Oregon.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no lineal descendant, his whole estate would go to his surviving widow. We think a married woman has a legal right to disinherit her children and leave her whole estate to her husband if she so elects.

Mrs. C. B., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in cases where the parents are separated, the courts have power to award the custody of the children to either of the parents, taking into consideration what would be for the children's best interest.

P. G., Tennessee.—If your neighbor continues to trespass upon your property after being forbidden to do so, we think it will be necessary for you to prosecute her for her acts.

J. L., New Jersey.—We do not think the laws of any state prohibit a married man from leaving practically his whole estate to his wife, although in some states it is necessary to mention children to show conclusively that the intent was to cut them off; we think that in order to execute a valid will the testator must possess testamentary capacity, must be under no undue influence, the will must express his true intent, and must be legally drawn and executed.

D. R., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that you would be entitled to a share in your grandmother's estate if she dies without a will in case your father is dead, but if he survives his mother you will have no intestacy rights in her estate as children are preferred to grandchildren; we think that if she leaves a will she can make a provision for you if she desires to do so, but she has a legal right to disinherit children or grandchildren if she elects to do so.

Mrs. D. B. T., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we think the consent of parents or guardians is necessary for the marriage of females under twenty-one years of age, and that in case the parents are divorced the consent of the parent to whom the custody of such child was awarded in the decree of divorce should be procured.

Mrs. E. B., Idaho.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in the absence of a will, your husband's children will be entitled to a share of his separate estate upon his death.

Mrs. C. M. M., Texas.—We do not think you can now recover any portion of the land sold by your grandmother during the Civil War.

Mrs. J. L., Pennsylvania.—We think that marriages between first cousins are prohibited by the laws of your state.

Club Feet

Ruby Booth was born with Club Feet. At ten months she was brought to McLain Sanitarium. Photos show result of treatment. Parents' letter tells everything.

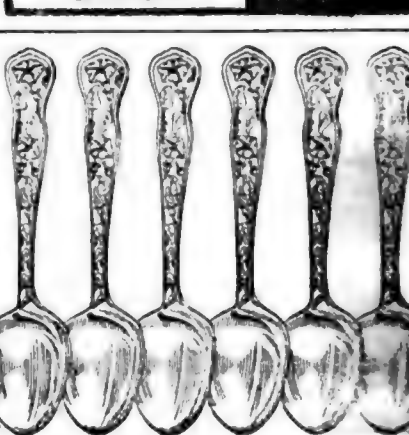
When Ruby was 6 months old, a doctor put her feet in plaster casts. After 3 months they were no better than when she started. We had given up all hope of a cure, when we heard of McLain Sanitarium and took her there. Her feet are now perfectly straight. I shall never cease to be thankful. Refer anyone to me.

Mr. and Mrs. George Booth, Carbon, Iowa.

For Crippled Children

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Disease and Deformities, Wry Neck, Hip Disease, Diseases of the Joints, especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," also "Book of References" sent free.

L. C. McLain
Orthopedic Sanitarium
900 North Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.



Six Silver Teaspoons

The Beautiful "Morning Glory" Design

By buying in large quantities we are enabled to offer our readers this handsome set of six teaspoons for the ridiculously small club mentioned below. They are six inches long, silver plated on a white metal base, so there is no brass to show through, and they will never have that dingy or tarnished appearance even after years of constant use. The design is the beautiful "Morning Glory" deeply embossed on the handles which are finished in soft, elegant French grey. The bowls of the spoons are perfectly smooth and bright polished. The rich design and splendid wearing qualities of these teaspoons combine to make this the most attractive premium offer in years. Our illustration does not do them justice. They must be seen to be appreciated. We know they will exceed your highest expectations.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you six of these fine Silver Plated Teaspoons free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 9632. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Topaz Amethyst Given For A Club Of Three!

THESE Crystal Beads are the latest thing out and so beautiful are they we could not refrain from buying a quantity to give as club rewards to our young lady readers. The Necklaces are 24 inches in length, with a strong, durable gold-plated clasp; the beads are graduated, the largest ones measuring 7/8 x 5/8 inches and the smallest 3/4 x 1/4 inches in size. They are real cut glass—not pressed glass—and their flashing prismatic colors are a delight to the eye. For summer wear, with low-neck dresses, nothing could be more stylish than one of these handsome new necklaces and we are delighted to think that we are able to make this offer. Be sure to state color desired when ordering. You can have your choice of Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

Given To You! For only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these handsome and stylish Crystal Bead Necklaces free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 9033. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Eveready Flashlight

THIS is the "Eveready" Dry Cell. 6 1/2 inches long, 1 1/2 inches in diameter, equipped with a powerful battery that will last for many weeks. It is always ready for use—a simple movement of the finger turns the light on or off as desired. In the night it shows the way around the house without fuss or bother—it lights up the darkest rooms, attics or basements. It can be used in the shed or barn, around hay, powder or gasoline without the slightest danger of fire. Outdoors, neither wind nor rain can put it out. When riding or walking after dark, it throws a brilliant light far in advance showing up every object long before you reach it. This flashlight is so useful you should not think of getting along without one. Safe, convenient, always ready when you want it, it is the best insurance against fire and accident in the world.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Eveready Flashlight complete with battery. All ready for business, for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Reward No. 7984. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Our Bargain Offer! For a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this handsome Doll, exactly as described, free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Reward No. 9872. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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This Beautiful DOLL Will Be Given For A Club Of Only Two!

THINK of it! This big, handsome Doll for a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT. As we have only a few of these Dolls left, we are making this special short-time bargain offer, good until January 1st only. Considering the present high prices, which bid fair to hold for another year, every mother should send for at least two or three of these handsome Dolls even if they are not to be used until next Christmas. You will save money by doing so.

This Doll is nearly a foot high, has a strong, durable, stuffed body and an indestructible head. You can make her stand up, sit down in a chair and assume all sorts of natural positions. Her beautiful brown hair hangs in luxuriant curls, her eyes are blue as the sky, she has on a pretty trimmed dress with sash, and, taken altogether, she is certainly the cutest and sweetest baby doll in all toyland.

Last year we gave away thousands of these Dolls for a club of three, as Christmas presents to our readers and they were delighted with them. Now that there are but a few left, we shall give away the remainder for a club of only two. If you want one of these handsome Dolls, send in your order before they are all gone. We advise you to send in your order today—next week may be too late.

Our Bargain Offer! For a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this handsome Doll, exactly as described, free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Reward No. 9872. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Quest of the Otter Pelts

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

they are, and not moving much, they will not discover the water has been released here." "Leave that to me, my Partner, just heave the axe against some of those large limbs holding this beaver dam together. We'll cut through enough of the dam to release the water a foot. We need a few more beavers to fill our permit, and can get them by setting traps at the break in the dam. They will walk into anything to repair their dam after the water starts falling fast."

It didn't take the boys long to tear out enough of the dam to let the water down the required amount. So toughly woven were the branches that there was no danger of the entire dam washing out. The boys knew that a few beavers would get in their traps, and this happening would frighten the rest so they would refrain from further attempts to repair the dam.

The water fell with much cracking and groaning of the ice. The boys hastened back to the shelter of nearby evergreens, after they had set their traps, and awaited the outcome. Very soon a large beaver, one of the males of the colony, came down to the opening of the ice towing a peeled branch of a popple tree. Unsuspecting of danger, it set its fore feet into one of the water-buried traps. With a lurch, it dived into deep water, and churned it till it foamed.

After a half-hour, it seemed to Fred, he succeeded in getting the beaver to the surface and close enough to dispatch it with a club. In the interim a beaver had stuck its head up in front of the boys. Bill was ready with his rifle, having anticipated such a chance, and placed a .25-20 bullet between its eyes, at almost the same instant hurling his gun onto the ice and making a dive for the beaver. Fortunately he was able to grab a kicking hind leg as it was fast disappearing under water, and threw the dying animal out on the ice.

The boys had no trouble in finishing filling their allotment of beavers, as these animals became frantically careless in attempting to repair their dam. There was a thrill to getting so many valuable pelts by such a quick method, and the boys were reminded of younger days when they had read and re-read the writings of Irving and others on early-day trapping methods practiced by the white and redskin trappers.

When the water got down to a normal overflow, the ice had sagged considerably toward the middle of the lake. The boys now gathered up their pelts, and the best quarters of the beavers for food, and hiked for camp.

The young trappers did not again visit the lake for a week. They did not want scouting others to find the slightest trace of human odor around the lake. Fred's surmise that the otter would discover the new condition of the water at Pelcher Lake was correct. A week after the water had been lowered, several other signs were noticeable about the beaver dam. No doubt the otter had found the fishing much better, as the trout had been unmolested except for the toll taken by mink.

The boys tended their mink, weasel and marten lines until about ten days had elapsed after the breaking of the dam, then they carefully set nearly two dozen large traps around the lake; particularly taking pains to guard the outlet. A trap was set blind at every airhole. As these holes were invariably over swift water, the traps were not too deep setting on the ground and there was no odor to alarm the animal. In a few of the places, where the water was apt to freeze over, salt was used to prevent ice forming, but a set or two was demolished by the deer trying to get the salt, so the method was abandoned. The traps were never touched by bare hands. They had first been carefully boiled, then dipped out with a wooden fork and handled with buckskin gloves. Most of the sets were blind, that is without bait. Such a set is the most successful with keen-nosed and sly animals, if the trapper knows where to place his traps. He locates the sets by watching trails, haunts, etc.

Invariably a stone was wired to the trap chain so as to carry the animal down into deep water and drown it. This prevented the struggling animal from frightening others away, besides being a humane practice.

One of the most effective sets was made by sawing a block of ice out near each bank of a small stream and placing a blind set trap along the bank. Invariably tracks showed the banks had been used. If the water was shallow so the animal could wade a distance away from the bank, sticks were used to fence in the trap, thus forcing any passing animal over the trap. Precaution was taken not to use sticks the beaver would chew on, such as popple. Where the stream was very small and shallow, a block of ice was cut out through the middle, the trap placed in the center and fenced on each side to the banks so even a small mink could not pass without going over the trap. The crosscut saw was used to remove the ice and it was sawed on a slant inward at the bottom, so the blocks set back easily. Salt or snow was used to prevent the blocks from freezing tight. This set caught them many minks and otters.

The second day after the otter traps were set out the boys collected three otters, all drowned and their fur in number one condition. This was the most valuable catch they had ever made in their lives, eventually netting each about fifty dollars. They could hardly believe their eyes; valuable otters were coming in as fast as muskrats had on the farm trap lines.

A week of huge trapping success passed. The boys had worked from daylight till dark tending their traps, and till bedtime skinning and stretching the furs. Boards had been placed out from split cedar, hewed to regulation size with a pocket axe.

The day arrived when the boys collected their duff and furs together preparatory to the trip out to home and the farms. They wanted to get started while the tobogganing was good, besides the otter had quit getting into their traps. They now had about a dozen of these fine furs, which were enough for anybody but game hogs. Finding their furs in the hollow-tree cache unmolested, the boys decided to go by Curley's camp. They had been considerably surprised and not a little anxious in not seeing or hearing anything from the old trapper.

Curley was sitting in camp with his feet propped up on the stove-hearth watching a pot of beans boil. The whoop of the boys brought him to his feet. His face registered more than surprise when he opened the door and saw the big bunch of furs lashed on the boys' toboggan.

"What luck?" greeted Bill good-naturedly.

"Wal, not so bad. I see you get the otter. It takes regular trappers to get them birds."

Fred glanced about the cabin and noticed the dry-goods-box cupboard was almost empty.

"Well, Curley," said Fred, "we realize we got a little close to your grounds, not knowing you were coming back to trap this year. I don't see many furs around and your larder looks empty, too. I—we—"

"Yes, I've had tough luck. Ain't got no grub, no cartridges, no tobacco and no snowshoes to get out on. Broke my last pair of shoes yesterday, and got no buckskin or seasoned wood to repair them. Not been to my traps today. Was going to cook this last mess of beans and then starve slow, like the animals in my traps. 'Course after the way I treated you boys—well, I don't

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blame you if you keep on goin' an' I ain't got a bullet to hold you all up with. But I hope you'll think of my poor old folks up in Canada and take this letter out and mail it. It's a good-by message; I left years ago and never sent word back. Oh, if I only had some tobacco left I could stand it till spring, then raft down the river."

Curley extended the poorly scribbled letter addressed to a lady in Montreal, then wearily walked over to his bunk and laid down. The beans began to smell of scorching, but he made no effort to remove them from the stove.

Both boys were moved by the old trapper's pathetic predicament. Perhaps he regretted his unruly past; maybe he had been moved to unfriendly deeds by unfair competition. Anyway, both boys agreed to the resolution disclosed in each other's eyes. Fred beat Bill to it:

"Here, Curley, we've got more grub than we need going out. Here is an extra pair of snowshoes we had, and you'll find more grub cached in a hollow tree near our camp site. There's a trail to it. Lucky my gun shoots the same cartridge yours does; here's two dozen rounds. They're too heavy to carry out, anyway. We've got no tobacco but you'll find some cached back of that cupboard if the pesky red squirrels haven't carried it away. Found it there in the box when we came in; stuck it back out of the way. So long, hope you make a good catch; we didn't get them all."

The boys unloaded much of their outfit and started before the amazed Curley could take a big chew of the "F. O. B."

"Hey, boys, gimme that letter," yelled Curley, the boys fast disappearing in the dense balsams and tamaracks. "I ain't going to send it, I can go myself, now. Look here."

Curley pulled up the makeshift mattress over the bunk. Under it was the finest bunch of fisher pelts they had ever seen. Fisher were more valuable than otter.

"Yep, I laid off the otter this year; didn't have time to bother with them. I located this pocket of fisher in the Bearcliff ledges last season. I knew fisher furs were going to run high, so I let people think I was leaving the country so they wouldn't be coming in on me. Every trapper in the state thinks there is more furs where Curley traps, because he gets the most. They tried to hog me out of my own grounds and trap under my nose. Some of them give me the devil because I came from Canada. They hate Canucks."

"Now I can finish my mountain trapping and get out in the spring with the biggest catch I ever made. Then it's me for old Canada. And, boys, this cabin and these grounds belong to you, and if you'll stay over a few days I'll show you over the fisher lines and let you onto the best drag scent bait you ever saw. All I ask is you keep it mum; my Indian grandfather taught it to me. It's a secret of the old Canuck trappers."

"Shake, Curley," exclaimed Fred.

"Here, too," dittoed Bill.

The boys stayed.

THE END.

Trapping Solves Unemployment in Rural Districts

With the return of the raw fur industry to a normal basis, the trapping of fur-bearing animals will be engaged in quite extensively again this winter and more than a million men and boys will have an opportunity to reap the harvest that nature has provided for them. The fur catch this season should amount to approximately fifty millions of dollars and practically every cent of this large amount will go directly to the men and boys of the rural districts.

Trapping always provides profitable work for those who engage in it and this year in particular, when so many of our people are in need of employment, the opening of the trapping season has been looked forward to with hopeful expectancy. The big fur houses are cooperating with them to the extent of furnishing free all information necessary to enable them to become successful trappers.

If you have spare time you will find trapping this season profitable enough to provide a good income during the winter months. Get started at once by writing one or more of the reliable fur houses whose advertisements you will find regularly printed in COMFORT.

The U. S. Public Health Service estimates that at least 500 and possibly 1,000 lepers are at large in the United States, and that the number is increasing. The government did not start work on its Federal Home for Lepers a minute too soon.

GIVEN 22 RIFLE A REAL HAMILTON
For selling only 3 lots of our Beautiful Colored Art & Religious Pictures at 10c each. Order 25 pictures at once. They sell on sight. You can easily win this 22 Rifle Shot Rifle in 20 Days. Guaranteed. GALE MFG. CO., 1203 Broadway Ave., Dept. 601, CHICAGO

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54 Inch Rope Of Pearls

Reward No. 9882

For A Club Of Two!

THE dream of every woman and girl is to possess her own necklace of gleaming, iridescent pearls. There's a wonderful beauty that appeals to every feminine heart.

Now your dream can come true—for we are giving away this handsome, full opera length rope of Parisian pearls. It is 54 inches long, all the pearls are of uniform size— $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in diameter—of perfect finish and luster, far handsomer than the ordinary imitation pearl necklace sold at a high price. It can easily be wound twice around the neck, making the double rope as shown in our illustration.

By rare good luck we secured first choice of these necklaces from a large importer and at a price that enables us to give them for an unusually small club. Please read the following offer and learn how you can get a beautiful, 54-inch rope of pearls free of all cost.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this handsome, opera length Pearl Necklace free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9882.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sugar, Creamer And Tray



MADE of "crushed" silver—the very latest idea. Sugar, Creamer and Tray are full standard size. The Tray is quadruple silver plated and both Sugar and Creamer are quadruple silver plated outside and gold lined inside. A very useful set and a beautiful ornament for the dining table or sideboard.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Crushed Silver Set free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Reward No. 7904.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SELF-FILLING Fountain Pen

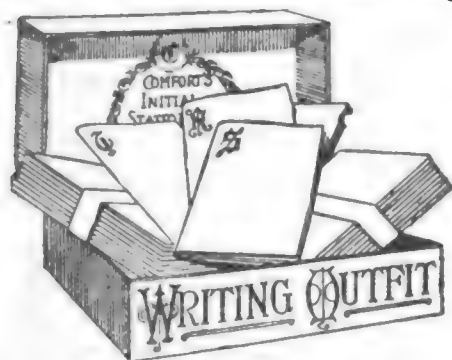
For A Club Of Three

HERE is a fountain pen that we can positively guarantee. Perhaps you have had some experience with fountain pens which never would write well and continually leaked ink all over your fingers. If so you will certainly appreciate this opportunity to secure a fountain pen that has none of these defects. Our illustration is of course greatly reduced in size. The pen offered you here is $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, made entirely of hard rubber, finely finished, and the pen point is genuine 14-K gold. The feeding device is perfect, permitting a uniform flow of ink and it will not leak. Also please notice that this is a self-filling pen. You can fill this fountain pen in less than 10 seconds by pressing down the spring on the side, then placing the pen point in a bottle of ink, after which you release the spring and the pen is instantly filled with ink to its full capacity. If given proper care this pen should last anybody for years. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these self-filling fountain pens with a positive guarantee that if it fails to prove satisfactory in any way you may return it to us and we will replace it with a new pen free of charge.

Club Offer. For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed self-filling fountain pen free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8873.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Box Of Initial Stationery



Latest Style Monogram

IT is now the height of fashion and evidence of the very best taste to use stationery with your own monogram initial or "crest" on it. In this offer we give you two dozen sheets white linen stationery $10\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ inches in size, each sheet beautifully embossed in colors with any monogram initial you desire and two dozen envelopes. Just think how nice it will be when writing to your friends to have your own letter crest monogram initial embossed in colors on this high-grade fine quality stationery. Remember you get one full quire of choice paper and twenty-four envelopes in this complete writer's outfit. Don't hesitate to send for this premium today because you will surely be delighted with it.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you a box of this Initial Stationery free by parcel post, prepaid. When ordering be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Reward No. 9482.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

What A Beautiful Christmas Doll For Some Little Girl In Your Home!

Won't She Fairly Shout With Joy When She Wakes Up And Finds This Big, Handsome, Sleeping Dolly Waiting For Her On Christmas Morning?

YES, Santa Claus will bring this big lifelike Doll to any little girl whose Papa, Mama, brother or sister will send in a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT. Not since before the war have we been able to offer such an expensive Doll. No city store will show a larger or handsomer Doll this season at anywhere near the price we paid for this one. We bought five thousand of them in one lot direct from the factory—that is how we secured them so cheaply. And just think—a club of only six subscriptions to COMFORT brings this beautiful Doll right to your door—yours to have and to own without one cent of expense. What a splendid Christmas present it will make for some little tot in your home!

She Can Open And Close Her Eyes. She Has Real Teeth, Long Golden Hair And Wears A Pretty Dress With Real Stockings And Slippers.

NOW let us tell you more about this Doll. She stands over a foot and a half tall. The body, arms and legs are made by a new improved process which renders them practically indestructible. The head is unbreakable and head, arms and legs are movable. And if you could only see her hair. It is a light golden color, thick, long and luxuriant, falling far below her waist. Her eyes are as blue as the sky and she can open and shut them and go to sleep like a real baby whenever you want her to. Her rosy lips are parted in a winsome smile revealing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

She is fully dressed from head to feet in the latest style with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace trimmed waist and short pleated skirt and she wears real stockings and slippers with silveroid buckles. You can undress and dress this Doll as often as you please and you can take off her stockings and slippers and put them on again just as you do your own. Fathers and Mothers—just look at this beautiful Doll as she stands smiling and waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her and kiss her and take her out to play. Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer at once. Remember we have but five thousand of these Dolls on hand and when they are gone this offer will be withdrawn.

FOR A CLUB OF ONLY SIX!

YOU can surely find six neighbors and friends who will be glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the present bargain rate of 50 cents a year. Send us their names and addresses and the money collected (\$3.00 in all) and we will send you this big, beautiful Sleeping Doll, fully dressed and otherwise exactly as described above, packed in

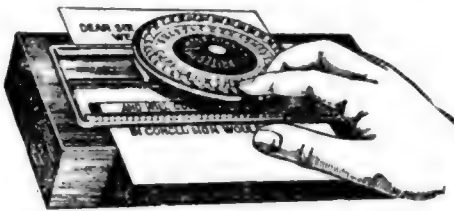


Over OneFoot And A Half Tall

Look At Her Beautiful Dress And Real Stockings And Slippers

a strong box so that it cannot possibly get broken, free by parcel post prepaid. There will be no expense to you whatever. Your Mail Carrier will deliver the Doll right to your door without charge. This Doll is Reward No. 7806 and please mention this number when ordering.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



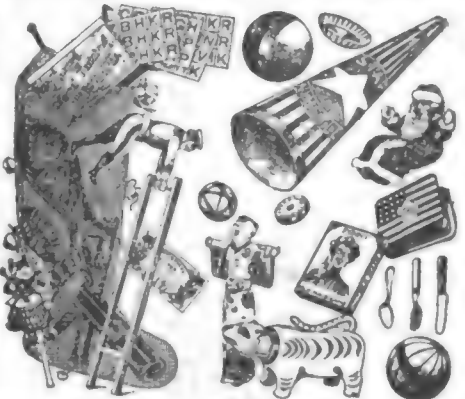
Little Giant Typewriter

A REAL machine that writes very distinctly. Has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it after a little practice.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Typewriter free and prepaid. Reward No. 8853.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stocking Full of Fine Christmas Presents



For A Club Of Only Two!

BIG Christmas Stockings brimful of presents for the little folks and older children as well. COMFORT is going to play Santa Claus this year and distribute hundreds of these Christmas stockings among its readers who have little ones for whom Christmas Trees and Santa Claus Gifts must be provided at all cost. The contents of the stockings vary a little but the general assortment remains practically the same and you may be sure of receiving as many presents as are herewith illustrated. Each stocking contains just the gifts that delight the hearts of boys and girls—horns, dolls, whistles, musical flutes, toy dishes, jumping jacks, balls, animals, games and other pleasing holiday novelties. The stockings are a foot and a quarter long, and all the presents are regular size, much larger than they appear to be in the accompanying illustration. We will send you one of these Christmas Stockings free upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these Big Christmas Stockings full of Santa Claus Gifts free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 1012.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Shaggy Teddy Bear



It makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. Reward No. 9992.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ladies Wrist Watch

With Silk Ribbon Bracelet



For A Club Of Only Ten

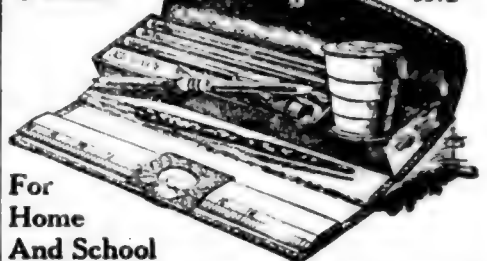
WE have long searched the market for a suitable wrist watch for our girl readers and at last we have found it. The above illustration really fails to do the watch justice. We know you will instantly fall in love with it. It is the popular octagon shape, only 5-16 of an inch thick and one inch in diameter. It has a high-grade jeweled Swiss movement and will keep accurate time. The dial is pure white with Arabic numerals. The bracelet is made of the finest black silk ribbon with a genuine rolled-gold catch and slide.

If you want a dainty, stylish, up-to-date wrist watch that you will be proud to show your friends, here is your opportunity to secure one absolutely free. You can easily secure the small club mentioned below and as soon as you have done so this beautiful wrist watch is yours without one cent of cost.

Given To You! For a club of only ten COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fine wrist watch with ribbon bracelet exactly as described above, absolutely free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 75110.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Writing And Drawing Outfit



Reward No. 9972

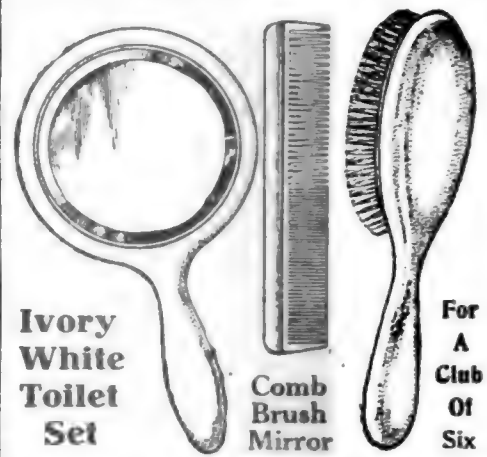
For Home And School For A Club Of Two!

HERE is something that is needed in every home and by every schoolboy and schoolgirl—a big value-assortment of almost everything needed for writing and drawing. Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The Case which is made of fine leatherette, is $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide. It is of the folding style, with a snap fastener, so that it can conveniently be carried in the pocket or in the children's lunch basket. Inside the Case there are three high-grade pencils with erasers, one good quality penholder with pen, one twin pencil (in reality two pencils in a combination holder), one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 10-inch ruler and an aluminum collapsible drinking cup with cover.

This Outfit is manufactured by the American Lead Pencil Company, which is sufficient guarantee of its fine quality, and we know that it will please our readers, especially those who have children going to school, and of course it is just as handy in the home, because all the pencils, penholder, etc., are high grade and just what grown people like to use. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these fine Outfits free.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this complete Writing and Drawing Outfit, exactly as above described, free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9972.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Ivory White Toilet Set

Comb Brush Mirror

For A Club Of Six

PURE white, with a fine smooth finish, this handsome Comb, Brush and Mirror Set equals in appearance the finest French Ivory. The Comb is $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, very light and dainty, with both coarse and fine teeth. The Brush is 10 inches long and $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide, with medium-length, finest, stiff bristles. The Mirror, which measures $10\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, is made of heavy, flawless, beveled French glass, $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter. No lady could wish for a finer Toilet Set than this one. It has the air of refinement found in the highest grade Ivory Sets. It is just as durable and can be cleaned as often as desired without injury to its smooth Ivory white finish.

We will give you, free, this fine Ivory White Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box, free, by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 7796.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



31-Piece Dinner Set

THIS splendid set of dishes is full size for family use and consists of 6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters and Large Meat Platter all handsomely decorated with clusters of purple wood violets surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with lovely tracings of gold. Our illustration gives you no idea of the real beauty of these dishes. This is by far the handsomest, daintiest dinner set we have ever offered and we are positive that it will more than please every woman who secures one of them on the terms of our very liberal offer. No matter where you live (if it is not outside the United States), we will ship you this set by express direct from the pottery in Ohio. You are to pay the express charges, but they will be but a fraction of what this set would cost you at retail.

Given To You! For a club of only ten COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this handsome 31-piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set carefully packed to prevent breakage, charges collect. Reward No. 75010.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

28 Steel Engraved Christmas CARDS AND ENVELOPES

Highest Grade Cards Made

All In Colors



Given For One Subscription

IN this assortment of high-grade Xmas Cards, Folders and Envelopes we offer our readers the very best there is to be had. As you perhaps know, the art of steel engraving is the most difficult and most expensive process in the whole world of printing. All the Cards and Folders in this assortment are steel engraved in handsome colors on the very finest, double-weight, linen-finish cardstock, and the illustrations and verses are all different and of the highest order.

The assortment contains Two Greeting or Presentation Cards, 4x5 inches, with envelopes; One Greeting or Remembrance Card, 3 1/2 x 4 1/2 inches, with envelope; One Six-Page Folder with Silk Ribbon Binder, 2 1/2 x 4 inches, with envelope, and Nine, all different, Christmas Greeting Presentation or Remembrance Cards, 2 1/2 x 4 inches, all with envelopes.

We anticipate a big demand for these high-grade Christmas Cards, Folders and Envelopes, and in your order at once as our supply is limited. Remember, you could not buy better cards than these at any price, anywhere—this we guarantee. We will send you this fine assortment of Christmas Cards, Folders, etc., with envelopes to match—28 pieces in all—packed in a neat box, upon the terms of the following free offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this high-grade assortment of Steel Engraved Christmas Cards, Folders and Envelopes, exactly as described, free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 8851.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Gate Top Mesh Purse

THIS is the new "Gate Top" mesh purse with a ten-inch wrist chain, handsome, stylish, and perfectly safe for the carrying of money and other valuables. A slight pull with the forefinger of each hand instantly opens the purse, a gentle pressure with thumb and finger closes it. Our illustration shows the purse closed. When open the top is as large as the bottom, or in other words, two inches in diameter. When closed it leaves an opening only three-fourths of an inch wide over which the brightly polished German silver cover snaps down tightly so that the contents of the purse cannot possibly become lost. This dainty purse is now extremely fashionable so we have purchased a quantity for the benefit of those of our lady and girl readers who like to be up-to-date in these little accessories. You can have one of them free by taking advantage of the following

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome Gate Top mesh purse free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 7833.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Boys! Get This Air Rifle!

Automatic Repeater, Works Like A Winchester. Will Fire 350 Shots Without Reloading.

BOYS—here is the Air Rifle you have always wanted—a real repeater which loads automatically just like a Winchester or a Marlin. It is nearly three feet long yet weighs only two pounds, uses BB shot and shoots 350 times without reloading. The barrel and all working parts are made of high grade steel with a gun metal finish. The stock is handsomely stained and polished. This splendid rifle is just what you need to take with you on your camping and hunting trips because with it you can bag all kinds of small game such as crows, hawks, squirrels, rabbits, etc., and for target practice it is just fine. No powder—no danger—your parents cannot possibly object to your having one, because it is absolutely safe to handle. You can get this splendid air rifle entirely free on the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of only seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this Repeating Air Rifle exactly as described above free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 7487.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

Mrs. W. W. B., Mascotta, Fla.—Your Columbian half-dollars are not worth any more than their face value, nor would there be any premium upon the stamps you describe.

W. McC. Smith's Basin, N. Y.—See above reply to Mrs. W. W. B., Mascotta, Fla.

Mrs. E. E. J., Lake Park, Ia.—The U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C., will send to any inventor, upon application, a copy of the Rules of Practice, which booklet contains forms and instructions concerning making application for a patent. (2) Patent fees must be paid in advance and are as follows: On filing each original application for a patent, \$15. On issuing each original patent, \$20. Every patent contains a grant to the patentee, his heirs and assigns, for the term of seventeen years (except in the case of design patents) of the exclusive right to make, use and vend the invention or discovery throughout the United States and the Territories.

M. B., Vicksburg, Miss.—There would be no salable value to your doctor's diploma bearing the far from ancient date of 1831.

O. P., Dixons Mills, Ala.—We cannot tell you if your domestic made violin which cost \$35 seventy-five years ago is now worth more than its original purchase price. It might be in such condition that it is worth much less, or possibly its tone and playing value have increased through the years. This is a question which could be only decided by an expert after trial and inspection.

G. R., Conneaut, O.—States which have a considerable amount of vacant public land still open are as follows: The number of empty acres, the principal U. S. Land Office and the name of the Register are listed after the name of each state: Arizona, 6,643,500; Phoenix, C. B. Marshall, California, 15,237,248; San Francisco, J. B. Sanford, Colorado, 7,364,231; Denver, Mrs. M. W. Dargin, Idaho, 5,628,945; Boise, P. S. Heer, Montana, 3,964,156; Helena, Joseph Oker, Nevada, 31,457,972; Carson City, Mrs. M. L. Bray, New Mexico, 14,915,870; Santa Fe, F. Delgado, Oregon, 13,259,635; Portland, Alexander Sweek, Utah, 13,316,188; Salt Lake City, G. B. Blackley, Washington, 748,571; Seattle, G. A. C. Rochester, Wyoming, 18,977,735; Cheyenne, W. Reid. You may write to any of the U. S. Land Offices listed above, or to the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., for further information concerning the regulations established regarding right of homestead entry upon these vacant public lands.

R. S., Hettick, Ill.—The inscription you describe is meant to indicate that your violin was made by Jacob Stainer a couple of centuries ago, more or less; but the addition of the Latin words of the modern and unpopular phrase, "made in Germany," causes our almost certain belief that your fiddle is but one of numerous imitations of "old violins" which are put upon the market to deceive credulous buyers. The faked ancient inscription is added to help in the deception. Be glad if your instrument is as "sweet-toned" as you state, even if you must give up your hope that you are the owner of a work of one of the old masters of violin-making.

Mrs. B. T., Ellis, Kans.—The surface of Idaho is mountainous in the northern and central portions, with arid plains in the south. There is a volcanic region in the southeastern part of the state which abounds in saline springs and geysers. The valley lands are exceptionally fertile, and almost every crop known to the temperate zone can be successfully raised. The chief products are wheat, livestock, fruit, potatoes, sugar beets, hay, oats and barley. One farm in Lewis County produced in 1916 a 12-acre crop of barley which averaged 105 bushels to the acre. This is against an average of 25 bushels per acre for the entire U. S. In 1918, Idaho produced over eighteen million bushels of wheat and over five million bushels of potatoes. Much of Idaho's arid section has been placed under irrigation and now produces excellent wheat. Their remains abundant water in the lakes and streams of the state to reclaim some ten million acres which are available for irrigation projects. The forest area of the state is very large, consisting of about twenty million acres. There are estimated to be over forty-five billion feet of lumber in the National Forests of Idaho, and over two million sheep graze in the forest areas. Manufacturing in the state is progressing each year with the extension of transportation and the increase in the population. Immense deposits of coal and phosphate rock remain yet undeveloped in the state. Write to the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Boise, Idaho, for further information concerning opportunities of prospective settlers.

Mrs. F., Oklahoma.—The last Saturday in the month of July in 1907 fell upon the 27th day.

M. N. B., Old Fort, N. C.—At this writing Germany is restless and wrestling under the rule of a Republic, the present dominant administration being known as the "Weimar Government." There is still a strong monarchial and reactionary party among the Germans, as well as a turbulent "red" organization. The activities of these add difficulty to the workings of the never-too-well-liked nor strongly established new Republican regime.

C. D., Rutherfordton, N. C.—There is no charge for attendance at city high schools and there would be no question of your "working your way" through a school of this sort. What should be necessary is that you might obtain some part-time or evening employment which would enable you to pay your board while you were attending such school. Many of our large cities maintain splendidly conducted night schools. We advise you to write to the Employment Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. of both Baltimore and Philadelphia. Describe in full your needs and problems and ask for advice and help.

J. A. G., Richmond, Ky.—Wyoming has over eighteen million acres of public lands yet awaiting entry. The state is a great sheep-raising section, but as in many Western states the ranges are steadily giving place to farms and general agriculture. Irrigation is needed in a large part of Wyoming to make the soil produce, and only in the eastern portion can crops be successfully grown without additional water supply. There are numerous public and private irrigation projects in operation today to furnish water to thirsty acres, and where this water touches the soil, fine crops of alfalfa, sugar beets, vegetables and small fruits are being grown. Over a million acres of the state's soil are now irrigated and systems of dry farming are also in use. It is hoped to make many millions of acres productive through methods of dry cultivation. Wyoming has a mean elevation of some 6,300 feet and the dry atmosphere and clear sunshine make the state a favorite health resort. There are over 7,000,000 acres of forest lands. There are U. S. Land Offices in the state at Cheyenne, Buffalo, Douglas, Evanston, Lander and Newcastle. You may address any or all of these for further information.

Mrs. A. F., Starks, La.—The small seed pearl which you discovered in your can of sardines would be practically of no value.

I. J., Grandridge, Fla.—There are but a few thousand acres of vacant public land remaining open for entry in Florida, and we imagine that most of this must be useless for agricultural purposes. The only U. S. Land Office in the state is at Gainesville, where R. W. Davis is Register.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

Mrs. Maud James of Michigan and F. M. B. of Chicago, I admire your ideas concerning the attitude of parents toward children. I suppose there are some real, genuine fathers and mothers somewhere. Why do some fathers and mothers live in an altogether different sphere from their children? Is it not every parents' profound duty to help and teach the young ones how to fly? Why don't they make home a place of pleasure and attraction? A place one doesn't want to leave for any other? Children want companionship and they will get it even from inferior companions if it is denied them at home. We need more unselfish, companionable parents and there will be happier and more contented children. It is a responsible responsibility to become a parent and so few are capable of filling that sacred place.

Every child born into this world has some talent. Some have more than others, but it is certainly an obligation on the part of the parents, if they are at all interested in their children's welfare, to help develop that talent.

I believe it is customary to give a brief description of yourself. Brown hair, brown eyes, round, full face without a "crowfoot," weight 136 pounds and height five feet, seven inches.

"What is failure? It is only a spur to the one who receives it right. It makes the spirit within him stir to go in once more and fight."

If you have never failed, it's an easy guess You never have won any high success."

A MAIDEN OF THE SOUTH.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

After preparing peaches for canning, rinse hands in clear water and they will not be stained.

Add a teaspoonful of soda to your bread sponge when you set it and you will know that it will not sour.

I find that a banana crate does very nicely for a soiled clothes basket. Cover with cretonne if you wish.

If by mistake soup is too salty, put a few slices of potato in it and cook a few minutes. The potato absorbs the extra salt.

Put a small quantity of starch in the bluing water and the clothes will be much easier to iron.—GREEN BROS., Ft. Scott, Kans.

Try baking pumpkin instead of boiling. Cut them in half, remove seeds, turn cut side down in tin and bake in hot oven.—Mrs. Wm. ROTHENBUHLER, Monroe, Wis.

To prevent wash boiler from rusting, clean well after using and rub well with cloth dipped in kerosene. Wash in hot suds before using again.—Mrs. A. L. MCKINNEY, Aurora, Nebr.

Empty cocoa tins are very serviceable for spice tins. When used on shelves, label on sides but if kept in drawer, put label on top of cans.—JUST A PLAIN GIRL, Pardeeville, Wis.

Powdered alum sprinkled on mildew stains and steamed ten or fifteen minutes is said to be good. Be careful to rinse well before it dries on the material. This is important.—EX-SOLDIER'S WIFE, Modesto, Calif.

Buy a can of enamel and paint the legs and parts of stove that do not get heated too much. With a damp cloth wipe these parts every day and save yourself much labor in blacking and polishing.—ANOTHER RED HEAD, Illinois.

To remove white spot from furniture, caused by water, place a thick piece of cloth, saturated in some good furniture polish, over the spot, cover well with paper to keep air out and let remain several days.—Mrs. G. A. I.

In slicing pineapple do not use the same knife that was used for peeling unless it is first washed. The rind contains an acid that is apt to cause a swollen mouth and sore lips. The Cubans use salt as an antidote for the ill effects of the peel.—KITTY, Ohio.

When potatoes are scarce, try using whey or water off clabbered milk when making light bread. Boil the clabbered milk until the curd and whey separate and use liquid instead of potato water with any bread recipe. It keeps longer and does not become dry as quickly as potato bread.—COMFORT SISTERS, Connersville, Indiana.

To hemstitch on machine without special attachment: fold blotting paper (newspaper will answer the purpose just as well), until you get the thickness corresponding to the opening desired in the hemstitching; put one of the pieces of goods under the paper and the other above, then place all under the presser foot and sew through them. After being sewed, both pieces will be double. Fold back the cloth, first on one side, then on the other, all in the same direction and hold firmly while you tear out the paper. Remove the other half of the paper and open the hemstitching, one edge of each, and sew along the side of the hemstitch; finish the under side as you choose. This is very simple and is a nice way to put flour sacks together in making everyday tablecloths.

Requests

How to can okra.

How to can chickens.

Poem: "The Mystic River."

Information on care of roses.

Cure for white mold on plants.

Poem: "The Heart of a Woman."

How to make popcorn balls and bars.

Address of company making Economy can lids.—Mrs. W. T. DAVIS, Canada, N. Car.

Miss Lula Wilson, Greensboro, R. R. 5, Box 44, N. Car., wants August, 1921, number of COMFORT.

Would like to hear from Michigan sisters as to climate and products.—Mrs. G. W. CORBIN, Delhi, Box 104, Iowa.

Bluebird pattern, to be cut from chambray and appliqued to cloth foundation.—GERALDINE ROBARDS, Adrian, Missouri.

Mrs. V. E. Meade, Carmen, Kentucky, would like address of firm selling books on life and sermons of Dwight L. Moody and Billy Sunday.

Will someone send me directions for Irish crochet and roll stitch. Will try and return favor.—Mrs. A. L. MCKINNEY, Aurora, 613 Eleventh St., Nebraska.

Will someone please send me the August and November numbers of COMFORT for 1919 and August, 1921, number.—Mrs. CAROLINE NELSON, Cylinder, Iowa.

Will someone send me the August, 1921, number of COMFORT and the books, "Wife in Name Only" and "Heritage of Love." Write first.—Mrs. A. CRAVEN, Emmelle, Ala.

Will someone please send me the October, 1919, number of COMFORT. Will return favor in any way possible. Write first.—Miss NELLIE SCHROLL, Wayland, R. R. 2, Iowa.

Mrs. Emma H. Field, Babylon, Box 326, N. Y., is seeking a copy of a poem known as "The Cuckoo," which appeared at one time in the Eclectic School Reader. Perhaps some COMFORT reader can aid Mrs. Field.

Remedies

HAR TROUBLE.—Bake mullin leaves in oven in earthen vessel. Strain and use the oil obtained for trouble with the ears.—Mrs. L. K., S. Dakota.

SPRAINS.—One tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of strained honey, white of one egg. Mix together, beat one hour or longer is better, let set an hour, then dip off foam and apply fluid to affected part. Will relieve a sprain at once.—MATTIE ALLREDGE, Summit, Ala.

ITCH AND ECZEMA.—Mix equal parts of lard and tar and half as much sulphur as either lard or tar, and apply thoroughly to affected parts. Another good remedy is made by steeping a teaspoonful of Prunose Pine in a cup of water and drinking it three times a day, half a cupful at a dose, and bathing the affected parts each time with the tea. This will cure a bad case of eczema.

GALLSTONES.—Take ten teaspoonfuls of the ground root of sweetened and one-half teaspoonful of sacred bark. Boil in one pint of water for one hour or until the liquid becomes slippery. Strain and cool. Take a half cupful at a dose. The first dose generally brings relief. These herbs can be had from the average drug store, or get your druggist to give you the address of some company wherein they can be purchased.—Mrs. F. T. MULLIKIN, Kossuth, Miss.

PISO'S

Safe & Sane For Coughs and Colds

Insist on it by name

This syrup is different from all others. Pleasant—gives quick relief. Contains no opiates—good for young and old.

35¢ per bottle everywhere

FREE

GUARANTEED 5 YEARS

All this jewelry is yours for selling only 6 Boxes Month—None at 25¢. Needed in every household. Sells easily. Order today. When sold return \$1.50 and all 6 pieces are yours.

U. S. SUPPLY CO., Box 320, Greenville, Pa.

BIG CAMERA GIVEN

Genuine Eastman takes large high class pictures 2 1/2 x 3 1/2, the best made, given for selling two lots of 20 Arts & Religious Pictures at 10¢ each. Order 20, when sold send the \$2.00 and choose camera or other valuable prize from list sent with pictures. MAY ART CO. Dept. 78, Chicago.

You can be quickly cured, if you STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering. "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. B. N. Bogues, 1835 Bogus Bldg., 1147 N. 11th St., Indianapolis.

CARDS Send 1 cent for large Sample Envelope, Friendly Joker's Love Letters and all other kinds of Cards, Post Cards and Stationery. Star Jeweled Cards and Red Seal Cards. Free. No cash. OHIO CARD CO., 14 Columbus, Ohio.

PLAYS Vaudeville Acts and Musical Comedies. How to Stage a Play and Revue, Minstrel Shows, etc. Catalog Free. E. A. DENNIS & CO., 628 So. Wabash, Dept. 6, Chicago.

10 YEAR GUARANTEE GIVEN

Watch and Ring Given

We positively give a genuine Stem Wind, Stem Set Watch, Beautifully Engraved Case, guaranteed time-keeper, for selling only 25 of our Large, Beautifully Colored Art and Religious Pictures at 10¢ each. Order 25 pictures. We trust you. When sold, return money collected, and this Watch and Handcuffs (Star Jeweled Case) and Red Seal Cards. GAIN MFG. CO., 1925 Broadway Ave., CHICAGO, Dept. 101

You Can Make The Most Beautiful Purses Bags, Chains, Necklaces, Belts, Etc. With The Kanibas Bead Loom

Thousands of Beads and Complete Outfit

You How-You Cannot Possibly Fail

For a Club of 8

BEADWORK is all the rage again. And here is a wonderful yet simple Bead Loom with which any woman or girl can take up this fascinating work at home and easily make the handsomest bags, chains, necklaces, purses, bracelets, belts, collars and cuffs, dress trimmings, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks.—In fact there is no limit to the number and variety of exquisitely colored bead work articles that can be woven on this Loom.

Anybody can use the "Kanibas" Bead Loom—it is very easy to understand as everything is fully explained in the instruction book sent with the outfit.

Everything you need to work with is included free with the Loom, so you can begin making the articles at once.

In the outfit you will receive one "Kanibas" Bead Loom, five packages of beads in assorted colors of black, white, blue, green, pink, etc., one dozen special bead needles (very long and slender with an unusually long eye), one spool of specially prepared waxed bead thread, and a 44-page instruction book containing more than seventy-five photographs and designs of popular bead work, together with easy, detailed instructions on just what color of beads to use and how to work them.

This book shows how to make different styles of bags, chains, necklaces, purses, belts, collars and cuffs, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks, dress trimmings, etc., etc., giving full directions for all designs. The popular secret order emblems can be worked with great effect in beads for fob chains, bracelets, card cases, etc., and this book illustrates designs for Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus, Elks, Royal Arcanum, also Christian Endeavor, Epworth League and others.

Any woman or girl will be delighted with this practical Loom Outfit because she can make so many pretty things not only for her own use but to give away as presents and to sell. While the beads themselves cost but little, the finished work brings a high price so that there are big profits in the business, if one desires to sell the articles after they are made.

Special Club Offer. For eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the "Kanibas" Bead Loom and Outfit free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 7598.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Artist's Paint Box

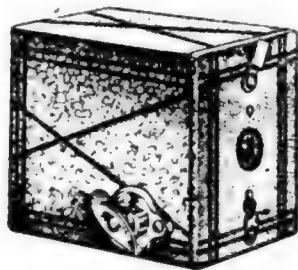
For A Club
Of Only
Four

27
Colors.
Fine Camel's-Hair Brush

NEARLY every boy and girl, and many grown people too, like to paint pictures of flowers, animal life, bits of scenery, etc. To get the best results, however, you need a good set of colors like the one shown here. The box is 3½ inches long, 3¼ inches wide, made of black enameled metal. It contains eleven regular colors in pans and sixteen moist colors in tubes, including Light Red, Yellow, Light Yellow, Violet, Ultramarine, Green, Light Green, Cobalt Blue, Prussian Blue, Carmine, Warm Sepia, Vermilion, Black, White, Yellow Ochre and Orange. There is also a good quality camel's-hair brush five inches long. Anyone who has a talent for drawing or painting should have one of these outfits because it is of good quality throughout and we know it will give the greatest satisfaction. You can have this Paint Box complete as described upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this fine Artist's Paint Box free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 7994.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Premo Camera

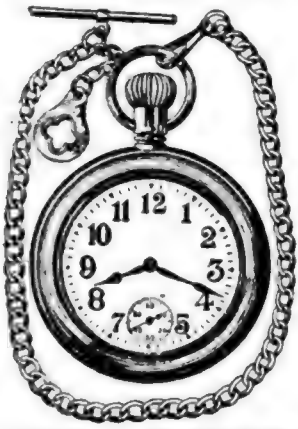
Reward No. 7944

Films And
Instruction
Book Free

THIS is not a toy but a genuine "Premo" camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., therefore you can depend upon it to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. It takes a picture 1¼ by 1½ inches, is fitted with the best quality Meniscus lens and an automatic shutter adapted for snapshots and time exposures. The pictures may be taken either the long way or the short way of the camera. It uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures, and this may be put in the camera and taken out again in broad daylight, so that you don't have to go into a dark room every time you want to load the camera. Anybody can make good pictures with this camera. Being small and compact, it is just the thing to carry with you to "snap" pictures of your friends, sports, etc., with. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include One Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and Instruction Book, all packed together in a strong box and sent to you free by Parcel Post, prepaid, on the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you by parcel post, prepaid, this Premo Camera with one Roll Film Cartridge containing six exposures and complete instruction book. Reward No. 7944.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Gent's Watch and Chain

Reward No. 7696

For A Club
Of Six!

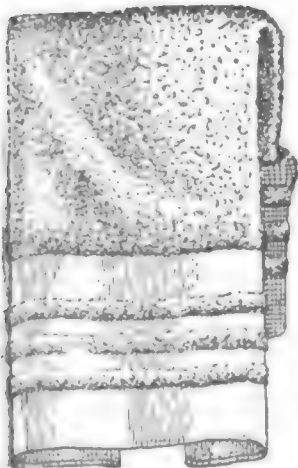
A WATCH that any man or boy may feel proud to carry, and an excellent time keeper.

It has a handsome polished nickel case; the movement is American made, stem wind and stem set, the dial is pure white with large plain easily read figures. We have already given away thousands of these watches and they never fail to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up still further as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, together with a chain, if you will accept the following:

Club Offer. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Reward No. 7696.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Turkish Towels



Good Size
Soft And
Fleecy

AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good rub down with a Turkish towel, in fact it is the best towel for all purposes, whether for the bathroom, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the soft fleecy-like surface imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine for baby's toilet as they will not hurt here as 15 inches

the tender skin. The towels offered are 32 inches wide and 32 inches long which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of two of these towels upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 9912.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

All Yours For Only One Subscription!



52

All Different Lovely
Gold and Color Em-
bossed Christmas
Enclosure Cards,
Folders, Cut Outs,
Seals, Stickers,
Tags, Etc., Etc.



Reward No. 7931

A Big Package of
Beautiful Christmas
Novelties, And An
Exquisite Colored Christ-
mas Calendar For 1922.

All the latest new style Christmas novelties, beautifully printed and embossed on superfine paper in gold, purple, crimson, holly-green and all the colors of the rainbow. The use of these dainty, appropriate emblems of holiday cheer is now almost universal—everyone realizes how much these refined little cards, tags, seals, stickers, etc., add to the value of the Christmas gift.

For the benefit of COMFORT readers we had this special assortment made up expressly for us by one of the largest and best known Christmas novelty manufacturers in America. And in order to give the greatest value possible we had them add to the assortment a most beautiful 1922 Christmas Calendar 4½ inches wide by 6½ inches long, lithographed in no less than five colors on heavy white coated specially prepared paper. This Calendar alone is worth all that we ask you to send us for the whole collection—and you will say so too when you see it.

Now let us tell you what this big assortment contains:

One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed "Christmas Stocking" Enclosure Card.

Five Large Elegantly Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.

Ten Medium Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.

Two Large Handsomely Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.

Four Medium Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.

One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed Christmas Book Mark.

One Beautiful Extra Large Colored and Embossed Christmas Novelty Cut-out Card.

Two Dainty Colored and Embossed Novelty Cut-out Christmas Folders.

Ten Beautifully Colored and Embossed Santa Claus, Evergreen, Polka-dot, and Christmas Bells Greeting Seals.

One Special Large Oval Illustrated Gold Embossed and Colored Christmas Greeting Seal with the words, "Do Not Open Until Christmas."

Five Novelty Santa Claus Cut-out Christmas Greeting Seals, Embossed in Colors.

One Special Large Oval Illustrated Gold Embossed and Colored Christmas Greeting Seal with the words, "Do Not Open Until Christmas."

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One Special Large Oval Illustrated Gold Embossed and Colored Christmas Greeting Seal with the words, "Do Not Open Until Christmas."

Ten Cute Novelty Children Cut-out Christmas Greeting Seals.

One Artistic Beautifully Embossed and Finished Christmas Calendar for 1922.

All the Enclosure Cards, Tags and Folders carry a cheery Christmas Greeting, such as "Merry Christmas," "With Best Christmas Wishes," "Christmas Greetings," "Merry Yuletide," "Christmas Joy," and others equally as pleasing and appropriate. These are to be tied to or enclosed inside your Christmas packages to bear a loving message with the gift. And all the gaily colored gummed Stamps and Seals you will use to seal and decorate the outside of your Christmas letters and packages as well. You will be surprised and delighted to see how much they add to the attractiveness of your gifts, to say nothing of the fun of "doing them up."

Don't forget that in addition to all of these lovely cards, seals, tags, stickers, etc., we are also going to send an exquisitely embossed and multi-colored Christmas Calendar for 1922, a large handsome holly decorated Book Mark and two large Christmas Novelty Cut-out Folders which are as unique as they are pleasing. When you first look at one of them it is to all appearances a handsome Christmas Post Card and the other a very attractive four-page Booklet, when presto—a flip of the finger, and the startling transformation takes place, causing the figures and designs to stand out in bold relief, and in a life-like manner that is truly wonderful. These cute novelties are something entirely new this season and they make very attractive center-table or mantelpiece ornaments as they are large and stand without support.

We will send you this package of beautiful Christmas Novelties, including the large Handsome Christmas Calendar upon the terms of the following very liberal

FREE OFFER. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this big package of beautiful Christmas Novelties free by mail postpaid. Reward No. 7931.

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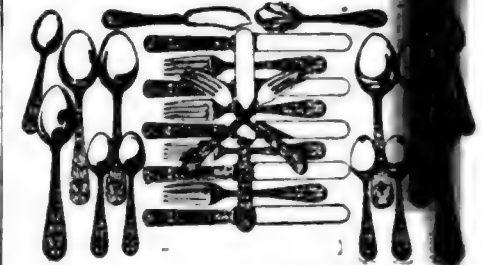
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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26-Piece Table Set



Given For A Club Of Only Five

WE have made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer a complete set of 26 Pieces in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we are giving this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a white metal base; therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife. Each piece is full regulation size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished. It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a reward for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest value we have offered and we guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years. We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 7625.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



"Peggy" The New Winter Doll

PEGGY first saw the light of day in New York but she didn't like the big city with its noise and confusion and was mighty glad to come to Maine on a brief vacation before looking for a permanent home somewhere in the country.

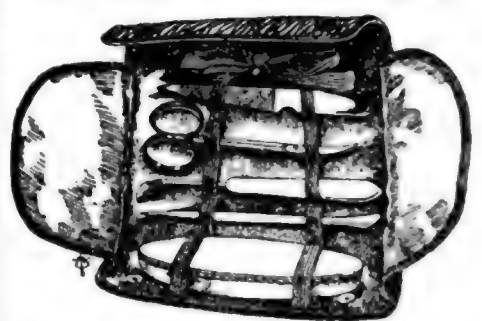
She doesn't care where she lives so long as it is in some cozy little town on a nice, big farm, and provided she can find some little girl who will be a kind mother to her. She just loves the horses and cows and doggies and kitties and—yes, even the little "piggies" make her laugh until she can hardly stand up.

Peggy says that life on the farm is the only life for her, so we want to give her to some little girl who lives on a farm, where she can romp and play to her heart's content and be happy all day long. Please remember, however, that we have but a limited number of these little girls and if you want one your order must be sent in at once.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you "Peggy" free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8621.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

French Ivory Manicure Set In A Roll-Up Leather Case



Given For A Club Of Four!

A PRACTICAL and beautiful Set, containing everything necessary



"We Can't Keep House Without Sloan's"

WE always keep Sloan's Liniment right where we can lay our hands on it. We use it for every sort of external ache or pain, rheumatism, neuralgia, backaches, stiff joints, sprains and strains.

Sold by dealers you know and can trust.

35c, 70c, \$1.40

Keep it handy

Sloan's Liniment

MOST PITIFUL SIGHT IN LIFE

is a man or woman who has no "will-power" as a result of nerve force exhaustion

All the physical suffering which may be caused by nervous irritability, headaches, backaches, indigestion, heart palpitation, etc., as a result of nerve force exhaustion, are nothing as compared with its awful effects upon the mind and "will power."

The most pitiful sight in life is a man or woman who has "no will"—who has noble impulses and desires but not enough "will power" to carry them through. The memory also fails, the judgment is bad and everything therefore seems to go wrong.

In such cases, do not take mere stimulating medicines nor narcotic drugs (which only further injure your delicate nervous system), but what you need is something to put more nerve force into your nerves and more iron into your blood to help make new nerve force with which to feed your starving nerve cells. This is most effectively accomplished by the free use of Nuxated Iron. This valuable product contains the principal chemical constituent of active living nerve force in a form which most resembles that in the brain and nerve cells of man. It also contains strength-giving organic iron for the blood and may therefore be said to be both a blood and a nerve food. Over 4,000,000 people are using it annually. Satisfactory results are guaranteed to every purchaser or the manufacturers will refund your money. Beware of substitutes. Look for the word "Nuxated" on every package. Sold by all druggists.

NUXATED IRON

For Red Blood, Strength and Endurance

WITTE Log Saw

\$35 Tree Saw FREE if you buy Now Latest model. Fast Cutting. No. 1. Engine, Saw, etc., all complete. From Pittsburgh, Pa. \$99.50

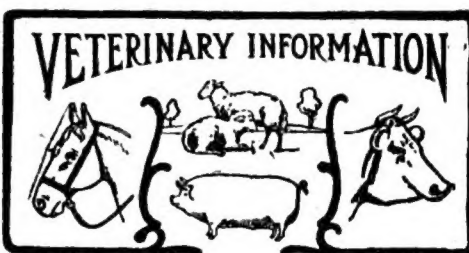
WITTE ENGINE WORKS 3641 Oakland Avenue Kansas City, Mo. L. O. B. Kansas City 3641 Empire Building Pittsburgh, Pa.

48 WAR VIEWS INCLUDED FREE

See The Wonders Of War Through The Pan-Chro Scope

FEW of us will ever travel to Europe and there, with our own eyes, view the actual scenes of the mightiest conflict in history. But you can see them through the Pan-Chro Scope, which is almost as good. The Pan-Chro Scope is a new invention—something like the stereoscope—fitted with twin stereo lens of wonderful magnifying power. With this Scope we send you 48 different War Views, taken with the camera. You place the View in the Scope, and immediately you find yourself face to face with an astonishingly life-like scene that resembles a section of a moving-picture film. First you are aboard an American warship—next you are looking into a trench "somewhere in France," then you are among the barbed wire entanglements in "No Man's Land," again you are watching house-to-house fighting in a captured French town, and many other scenes of actual warfare just as interesting and exciting—48 of them in all. The different views take you direct to Belgium, France or wherever the place may be and shows you the scenes almost as plainly as though you were there yourself. This Pan-Chro Scope and Views is one of the most wonderful souvenirs of the great war yet produced. Everybody is fascinated with it—men, women, boys and girls alike. We have but a few left—but you can feel sure of getting one if your order is mailed at once.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Pan-Chro Scope with 48 all different War Views free and prepaid for three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Reward No. 8833. Address: COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

WARTS.—I have a horse seven years old that has warts all over his upper lip and nose. What can I do? C. K.

A.—Make a thick paste of table salt, flowers of sulphur and cold-pressed castor oil and rub it into the wart-covered parts once or twice daily. Castor oil alone often proves remedial.

CHRONIC SORES.—I have a mare that has three sore feet. They swelled just above the hoof, broke and left running sores. Please let me know what is the trouble. Miss E. R.

A.—We cannot determine from your rather meager description just what is wrong. Boils or quittor cause discharge of pus from the hoof-head but it is rare to find three feet affected at the same time. We are therefore afraid that farcy, the skin form of glanders, may be present, and you should on that account have the mare examined by a graduate veterinarian. Glanders-farcy necessitates destruction of an affected horse according to state law.

LAME HOGS.—My hogs get weak in their hind parts and sit stagger around for a week or ten days, but will eat good all the time. Is there a cure? M. B.

A.—If the hogs die in a week or 10 days, the disease, no doubt, is cholera, and the remaining animals should be vaccinated by a veterinarian. Prolonged feeding of cottonseed meal to hogs also causes fatal poisoning which may be preceded by staggering. Hogs often become paralyzed in their hind legs from rickets or constipation from confinement to a pen and overfeeding with corn. Better turn the remaining hogs onto a fresh pasture and add light laxative slop.

CHRONIC COUGH.—I have a cow, five years old, which has had a hacking cough for three months, especially when she is eating. She never coughed until after she had eaten sheaved oats. She is fat, gives a good flow of milk and will freshen in December. Could the oats cause the cough? Mrs. J. H.

A.—Any foreign body, such as an oat hull, lodging in the throat or windpipe might cause a hacking cough. It is quite possible, however, that tuberculosis is the cause and for that reason we should advise you to have the tuberculin test applied by a veterinarian. The disease is incurable and makes the milk dangerous for use. If the cow proves to be affected, she should be disposed of in the manner prescribed by state law. The veterinarian will advise you about that.

DISEASE OF CATS.—What is the matter with my cats? They appear well one day and the next they begin to droop, vomit, and die very soon. Before they die, are thirsty and cannot drink. Mrs. S. P.

A.—We suspect that the cats are taking poison of some sort, but it would be impossible to determine that without making a personal investigation. If possible, have a veterinarian examine one of the cats. Meanwhile, carefully supervise the feeding and keep the animals away from places where poison might exist.

WARTS.—I want advice how to cure warts on horses and mules. Mrs. H. T.

A.—Twist off large warts that have narrow necks or ligate them tightly with a fine cord and they will soon drop off. Then rub the wounds with a nitrate of silver (lunar caustic) pencil. Once daily rub into masses of small warts a thick paste composed of salt, flowers of sulphur and cold-pressed castor oil. Immerse wart-covered parts in a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda for five minutes once or twice daily. Blood-warts on horses or mules may be removed by rubbing in daily a thick paste of salt and yolk of egg.

MANX.—I have a dog which has a breaking out and it terrifies him. It is what we call the dog itch. Is there anything we can do to prevent it from growing worse? Is there a cure for it? Mrs. M. M. B.

A.—Clip the dog and then scrub him clean with tincture of green soap and hot water, removing all scabs or crusts. When dry, rub in thoroughly, every second day, a mixture of two ounces of coal-tar dip, three ounces of balsam of Peru, one ounce of extract of male-fern and one pint of alcohol. Sulphur ointment rubbed in every two or three days, after the thorough cleansing, often proves effectual.

LAMENESS.—I have a mare, which has a limp in her left front leg, noticeable when she trots. There are no corns and no atrophy of the shoulder. She has been this way for four years and gradually getting worse. When I start to drive her, the limping is scarcely noticeable. By the time I have driven ten miles she limps badly. After standing two hours she limps the same as when unhitched. It doesn't make any difference when she is shod or unshod. She has never been sweetened. (2) What is the operation called unnering? (3) Are they successful? M. L.

A.—Splint lameness aggravates with exercise, as does that due to ringbone, sidebone or corns. Navicular disease of the foot causes severe lameness which temporarily disappears with exercise. If the lameness is in the foot the horse will stand at rest with the foot pointed forward. A foundered horse goes on his heels. Lameness from a sprained, thickened or bowed tendon becomes worse with exercise and probably is present in this case, and if you cannot employ a qualified veterinarian to line-fence and blister the parts, we should advise you to clip the hair from the back tendons and blister that part with a mixture of one dram each of powdered cantharides and biniodide of mercury and one and one-half ounces of lard. A lameness of four years' standing must, however, be considered unpromising. Unnering is mostly done to remove lameness caused by navicular disease or ringbone of a fore foot. It consists in cutting out a portion of the large nerve on each side of the leg at or just below the fetlock joint, and can only be done by a trained surgeon.

HAYERS.—My horse has had a cough for some time and difficulty in breathing. It is getting worse. J. A.

A.—We suspect that the horse is afflicted with heaves which is incurable when established. If the disease is present, a double bellows-like motion of the flanks will be noticed and the horse will cough and at the same time expel gas from the rectum. The severe symptoms may be relieved by feeding grass in summer and allowing oat straw and bright corn stover in winter, instead of hay. Wet all feed. Feed bran and carrots to regulate the bowels. Three times daily mix in the feed a teaspoonful of a mixture of equal quantities by weight of powdered stramonium leaves and chlorid of ammonia. If that does not give good results, try the effect of a tablespoonful of Fowler's solution of arsenic given night and morning in feed or water.

LAMENESS.—I have a mare which is lame in one of her front legs and has been lame for over a year. She has puffs on her legs. Some have been removed but she is still lame. J. O. H.

A.—A personal examination is necessary to determine the seat and cause of a mysterious lameness. You do not describe the symptoms or state the location of the puffs or say what treatment has been given to date. If you cannot have a competent veterinarian make the necessary examination, please write again and give us full particulars about the case.

HOLDING UP MILK.—Some of my cows are hard to milk sometimes, holding up one-half of it. Can you tell me what to do? W. R.

A.—A cow cannot willfully hold up milk as milk secretion is an involuntary function not controlled by the voluntary nerve system. Hard milking is a different matter, being caused by growths in the duct of the teat or strictures making the opening so small that milk comes in a small stream. A cow fails to secrete milk normally when scared or chilled. Often the teats are so sensitive that fear of pain prevents secretion. Try a change of milkers. A cow will be well if a woman could milk the troublesome cows. Growths may sometimes be removed by operation. Strictures are overcome by use of test plugs or dilators and in some cases have to be cut down through in four different directions with a test bistoury.

FISTULOUS SORE.—My cow has a very large lump under her ear. It breaks and there is an offensive odor. It nearly goes away, but comes back. It feels very hard. It has been there over one year.

A.—An abscess is present and may contain a foreign body such as a bullet, silver, superhuman molar tooth or be due to lump jaw (actinomycosis) or tuberculosis. The large lump should be opened into at its softest part and probed to locate any foreign body which may be removed. If none is found, the pus-secreting sac should be thoroughly scraped (curetted), injected with tincture of iodine and then packed daily with a strip of antiseptic gauze or rope of oakum saturated with a mixture of equal quantities of turpentine and cottonseed oil. It would be well to have a veterinarian apply the tuberculin test to determine if tuberculosis is present. Write again if we can be of further help.

Holly and Mistletoe

By C. L. Cheever

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HOLLY and huckleberries grow wild in the southern part of the United States, and there was a time when neither was much respected. But now the thickets of those southern states furnish thousands of holly wreaths. Sometimes there are fewer berries but there is never a failure in the holly crop.

The harvest begins Thanksgiving week, when boys climb to the top of the trees and hack down everything that has berries on it. They forget the future of the tree sometimes, and cut so wastefully that the mutilated tree soon dies, but a tree judiciously cut will bring forth a new supply of twigs and berries in six or seven years.

After the cutting, the masses of branches are cut to pieces in the houses and everybody finds work to do. Children tie two or three bunches of holly together with fine wire, others cut away imperfect leaves, and the older members of the family attach the sprays to wild azalea or sweet pepper bush or some other flexible twigs that look like a bunch of switches when the wreath is begun. A skillful worker will make a hundred wreaths in a day.

Many legends cluster around the holly or "holly tree," one of the oldest of which is that the plant never grew on earth until Christ came to earth and pressed boldly with his footsteps, when it sprang up boldly and flourished and sent forth many spines to protect it from attack. When animals would have harmed the Christ in the fields, the holly clustered about and protected him. Even a cursory examination of the holly tree will show you that the leaves growing on the bottom bough are much more protected by prickles than those near the top of the tree, and even unto this day cattle cannot be induced to approach the beautiful foliage of the holly tree.

Mistletoe is not so popular as holly, yet large quantities of it come into the northern market from the southern forests. The mistletoe is a plant with queer habits; it is really mysterious, and that is one reason it has found its way into legend and myth and fairy tale. The plant is an evergreen bearing a white berry that is glutinous and will stick to a surface like a bit of wax. Fruit-eating birds are fond of these berries and carry them long distances sometimes. Suppose a berry is dropped at the foot of a tree or falls beneath a branch. The seed ripens and sends out a feeding thread toward the tree. The tiny branchlet works its way into a crevice in the bark and soon gets in contact with the sap that runs between the bark and the wood. Now it has plenty of good food from the tree and the plant establishes itself and grows fast, sending its tendrils along the branches of the oak, poplar or chestnut, these being the trees that make the best hosts.

WHAT NEED FOR MORE?—Though indolent and careless, Rastus certainly seemed to be in a happy frame of mind, as he passed a beautiful residence. A man on the lawn, noticing Rastus' apparent poverty, called to him: "Say Rastus, I've got a job for you. Do you want to earn a quarter?" "No, sah, I've done got a quarter already," replied the dandy as he slouched along.—Boston Post.

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It is the **one** gift that pleases everybody—a gift that will become a cheery, welcome reminder of you month after month for an entire year—and at so little expense you will not notice it at all. Simply send us 50 cents and the name and address of the friend you wish to remember written on the coupon below and we will enter the subscription for one full year to commence with our Christmas number and with it we will also mail a beautiful Christmas Presentation Card so that both paper and card will reach your friend at about the same time. The card is beautifully colored and embossed with a dainty appropriate Christmas design and verse on one side and on the other side is a specially printed announcement of the gift and a space left for your name as the giver which we will fill in ourselves before the card is mailed.

Isn't this a splendid idea? Surely among all your friends there is someone who will appreciate and enjoy such an interesting magazine as COMFORT and who will think of you gratefully every time the carrier leaves it at the door.

Better send us your friend's name and the money now—**it's none too early to avoid the Christmas rush**—and you will have at least one present less to think about because we will attend to all the details. After you mail the coupon and money you can dismiss the matter from your mind as we will take good care of your order and mail both the paper and the handsome Christmas Presentation Card properly filled out with your name as the giver at precisely the right time.

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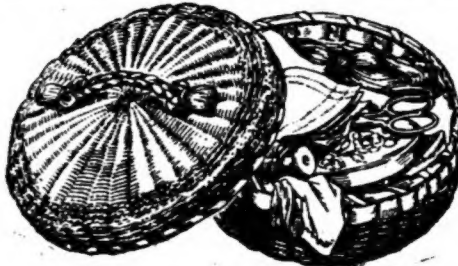
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Of ample size—eight inches in diameter and three inches deep—and with its close-fitting top, this sweet-grass Basket is just what you need in which to take along your sewing or fancy work when calling or visiting. And at home it holds your work, along with scissors, buttons, thread and other necessities, so that you always know just where to look for them. And the Basket itself is such a beautiful ornament for any room. The Indians sell these Baskets for \$2.00 and \$3.00 apiece at summer resorts, but by buying in large quantities they let us have them at a special low price. Therefore, we are able to offer the Basket herewith illustrated and described for a very small club of subscriptions as you will note by reading the following bargain offer.

Given To You! For only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fragrant, sweet-grass Sewing Basket free by parcel post, prepaid. Meward No. 8084.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. C. M. S., Bristol, Tenn.—The lack of fibrin in the blood can be due to heredity. Basham's mixture will help if not cure the condition. It should be taken for a long time and your diet should be a very nutritious one—one that will tend to thicken the blood without clogging up the system.

Mrs. A. A. K., Akron, Ohio.—The cure of your facial pimples as well as pimples anywhere depends much on diet, keeping the bowels regular, etc. You must avoid sweets as well as pastries of all kind, drink plenty of water and exercise in the open. Apply locally, lotio alba after steaming the face thoroughly. Of course all blackheads should be removed by use of the comedo extractor before steaming the face or applying the lotion.

Mrs. W. A. M., Boonville, N. C.—The blue spots mentioned are hemorrhagic and due to thin blood. Take Basham's mixture in tablespoonful doses, well diluted, after meals.

Mrs. T. S., Sullivan, Ind.—Probably your trouble is chronic malaria. Try a teaspoonful of Warburg's tincture after meals, well diluted.

Mrs. C. A. J., Orting, Wash.—Tuberculosis is contagious and you should not have the case in your house. Boiling water will destroy the germ as well as solutions of corrosive sublimate—one to five thousand, in strength.

Mrs. I. M., Durant, Okla.—For your chronic constipation take a tablespoonful of the following mixture morning and night: Fluid extract of cascara sagrada, two ounces; glycerine, two ounces; tincture of nuxvomica, sixty drops, and tincture of belladonna, twenty drops. This remedy will probably cure your headache and benefit you in every way.

Mrs. W. M.—Have your 19-months-old baby operated on for tonsils and adenoids. Would advise you, from your history, to raise your next baby on the bottle and not try to nurse the baby. Keep the baby on bottle milk to which has been added a tablespoonful of lime-water to the pint of milk. Also give the baby a teaspoonful of milk of magnesia once in a while. Sweet milk is better for baby than buttermilk. For your constipation, take five-grain pills of cascara sagrada morning and night.

Mrs. M. W., Addington, Okla.—For the irregular menstruation, due to anemia, no doubt, from symptoms given, have your daughter take a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture after meals, well diluted.

Mrs. E. N. J., Brigham, Utah.—Your headaches are due to eye-strain and you need to have your eyes fitted with proper lenses, to be worn constantly. For the leucorrhoea, douche with a teaspoonful of a saturated solution of permanganate of potassium in a quart of hot water. Use the douche morning and night.

Mrs. M. E. N., Bunceton, Mo.—Your son's "red eyes" must be due to the need of glasses. Have his eyes examined and proper lenses prescribed for him.

Mrs. B. U., Solo, Ark.—You are passing through the so-called "change of life." Take two-grain capsules of ovarian extract, to which has been added one-twelfth grain of thyroid extract. Take the capsules twice a day only.

Mrs. A., Camden, N. J.—For your melancholia and general nervous symptoms, take five-grain tablets of asafetida after meals. Of course, avoid sweets, take plenty of exercise in the open and keep your bowels free.

Mrs. R. M., Altamont, Ill.—Have the larger warts removed by the use of the actual cautery. After the larger ones are successfully removed, the others will disappear, in the majority of cases, without treatment.

Mrs. L. G., Chatham, Va.—For the "hot flashes," take a five-grain tablet of asafetida after meals.

Mrs. L. J. D., Pilot Point, Texas.—For your many symptoms, which seem to be due to malarial influences, take two teaspoonfuls of Warburg's tincture after meals, well diluted.

Mrs. L. A. S., Chase City, Va.—You have a local infection of tonsils and throat. Gargle with Dobell's solution several times a day.

Mrs. H. M., Melbourne, Ky.—The resorcin treatment that was recommended in COMFORT will do your hair and scalp good, as well as prevent the hair from falling out.

Mrs. J. U. P., Billen, Ohio.—Cancer can, and usually does, follow ulcer of the stomach if the ulcer is not cured by treatment and proper diet. Keep up the sodium bicarbonate if it helps the condition.

Mrs. W. L., Monongah, West Va.—Your chronic constipation can be cured if you will eat only coarse foods, add bran to your cereals, take a tablespoonful of American Oil with your meals and, also, take at night a ten-grain pill of cascara sagrada.

Mrs. C. K., Little Rock, Ark.—You have had excellent treatment and should be free from your rheumatism for all time. There is little in favor of heredity. You must avoid sweets of all kinds, including pastries. Drink at least two quarts of water daily, avoid coffee and tea as well, eat mutton, lamb, white meat of chicken, eat plenty of green vegetables and fruits of almost all kinds. Of course, keep the bowels regular. The above regimen will largely eliminate your tendency to rheumatism. As a remedy you might take one or two yeast cakes dissolved in a glass of water daily.

Mrs. W. H. C., Mirage, Colo.—Chlorozone tablets will do your throat good if not cure your condition. Dissolve one in a glass of hot water and use as a gargle. These tablets are essentially Dakin's solution which has been so much used in surgery to date.

Mrs. R. T. C., Lakin, Kansas.—Take an eight-grain powder of glycerophosphate of lime after meals. Cod liver oil is also indicated in tablespoonful doses after meals. These remedies will make bone and also increase your flesh content.

Mrs. A. P., Butler, Mo.—Salicylate of soda will not injure your hearing if not taken in too large doses.

Mrs. E. K., Macomb, Okla.—Rupture does not cause any trouble with the kidneys. Any doctor can be examined to determine if one has rupture. Appendicitis does not affect the water. Itching after menstruation may be due to a kidney disease. Apply locally a weak carbolic ointment not over one per cent. in strength.

Mrs. F. B., Tupelo, Okla.—There is no safe and sure cure for bunions outside of operation. Wear proper shoes and apply locally to the inflamed bunion an ichthyol ointment—full strength.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

Billy and me, George,—almost a neighbor, if the Long Island would cut its rates, or not insist on Bill traveling in the baggage car. I must rule that I think Frank Clark's Tennessee mountains can beat Long Island, George, in a contest on points. But it's true that one does not have to go scouting thousands of miles for natural beauty—not in our fortunate country, at least. Almost always scenes in which we can find out-of-door happiness are near at hand or can be found close by. There are loads of beautiful spots in counties adjoining New York City, which transcontinental travelers know nothing about when they come back telling of the Grand Canyon or of the delights of the Pacific Coast. But the distant fields seem always the greenest—both to men and sheep. I like Long Island from Southampton to Montauk Point, George. It is beautiful all about Great Peconic Bay and through the Shinnecock Hills. Billy and I often go down that way for an outing or a breath of sea air. Last October I slept on the beach four miles from Southampton, snuggled in the sand, caressed by the salt winds, and visited by troops of stars. It is these things one remembers. Like you, George, I am an incorrigible camper. If one wants to get the most possible out of a vacation, camping out is the answer. The spread of the custom of camps, camping and out-of-door living generally, in our country during the last decade is the best thing that ever happened for the health, happiness and pocketbooks of all of us who are not summer hotel proprietors or physicians.

If you are an optician, George, you ought to be able to keep your own eyes ground up so that everything, even beautiful Long Island, looks always the best possible. If you could make some sort of a sunny pair of glasses, so that the world would always look bright to the wearer, you could be sure of a large sale. I'll put an order with you right now for a pair about eleven inches wide—these are for Billy, of course, and must be made wide across the nose piece. That's great, George, that you can make any color eyes as well as glasses. You may be getting business from some of the cousins who have green and yellow head lamps which they would like to trade for a nice pair of pansy or baby blue.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for December

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Ellen Mayes, Carmi, Ill. Old and alone in the world, and helpless after several serious operations. A worthy case which only money can help. E. W. Wing, Clifton, O. A man of sixty-two who has been paralyzed for eight years. Asks for postcards and cheery letters. This is a simple request to be answered. Mrs. Alice Stacy, R. 1, Varnells Station, Ga. An invalid widow of sixty with a helpless son on her hands for support and care. Aid her in carrying on her brave battle. Dora Kendrick, Linn Creek, Mo. Helpless and cannot leave her room except when carried. Sympathetic friends ask that a postcard shower come to brighten up her lonely life. Miss Dollie E. Hylton, Woolwine, Va. An orphan who has lately been a hospital case and who, with an invalid aunt of 74, is struggling to maintain a little home together. Who will send on the cash to aid this well-recommended case? Lafayette Swanson, Boomer, N. C. Helpless as baby for 19 years, and with a failing wife as caretaker. A deserving case. Claude Shiftlits, Richmond, Ky. A widow's son of fifteen. A poor unfortunate afflicted with chronic epileptic fits. Give him a dime shower. Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, Hebron, O. Confined to her bed for over twenty years. Cannot walk a step. Old, needy and deserving. Think of her situation and open your hearts and pockets.

We celebrate this month the birth of Him whose love for his fellows was greater than any the world had ever known or can know. As followers of Him, shed love in the practical forms, which you at a distance can give, into the dark homes and sad hearts of those who are on our League's roll for help and cheer this month. It is the truest Christmas celebration you can make; it will be the truest remembering of the birthday of Him who said: "Give and it shall be given unto you."

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

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as premiums—send no money—simply name and address—merely give away
FREE 12 Beautiful Art Pictures with 12 Boxes of our famous White Cloverine, which you sell at 25c each. We will send you this Genuine American Watch, also Chain and two Gold Shell Rings, according to offer in our Premium Catalog which you receive with the Cloverine. Millions are using Cloverine.

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Dept. M. 102, Tyrone, Pa.

Poems Requested

The following poems have been requested by readers of COMFORT and sent for publication.

The Christmas Tree

In many lands, by many seas,
Today they are planning Christmas trees,
Skies be dull, or skies be fair,
Fields white or green, they do not care,
Today they are planting everywhere,
In town and country, hall and cot,
On upland farm and corner lot,
Grandsire, maid and tow-haired tot
Plant with laughter, song and play,
The tree whose fruit is ripe in a day.
Oh, of all the fruit in the world, to me
There is none like the fruit of the Christmas tree!

Its leaves are green as grass that grows
In beds where the purling brooklet flows;
Its buds are silver, pink, or white
As apple blossoms or snows at night.
Or glinting stars in the frost-moon's light.
Its blossoms are golden-hues and gleam
Like lights reflected in a stream,
Or golden treasure in a dream;
Its fruits are on every tint and shape,
Shaming the orange and plum and grape,
Oh, of all the fruit in the world, to me
There is none like the fruit of the Christmas tree!

If you should seek for the seed or shoot
From which to grow this wondrous fruit,
The field and wood you'll search in vain,
Nor find them on the hill or plain,
On river path or ocean lane,
By any map or guide or chart,
In country store or city mart,—
You'll find them only in your heart;
For every heart has a seed or shoot
From which to grow this wondrous fruit;
Oh, of all the fruit in the world, to me
There is none like the fruit of the Christmas tree!

—Edward F. Burns.

Christmas Bells

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The bells of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Till, ringing, swinging on its way,
The world revolved from night to day
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearthstones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
The Wrong shall fall,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men."

—Longfellow.

A Man's Reply

"I stand at the bar of your own pure woman's soul,
Condemned in the cause that you plead;
My only defence is the simple request
That you'll judge me by motive, not deed.

"For remember that man's but a child in the dark,
Though formed by the Hand above;
He will fall many times, but shall walk forth at last,
In the sunshine of infinite love.

"So I'm 'boldered to answer your question so fair,
And give you a man's reply;
That for the prize of a true woman's love
I am ready to live or die.

"You say that the man who gains your love
Must be brave, and true, and good;
I answer, that she who wins my heart
Must be the type of true womanhood.

"You say you look for a 'man and a king,'
A very prince of the race—
I look for a kind and generous heart
And not for a queenly face.

"You require 'all things that are good and true,'
All things that a man should be.
I ask for a woman, with all that implies,
And that is sufficient for me.

"You ask for a man without a fault,
To live with here on earth;
I ask for a woman, faults and all,
For by faults I may judge of worth.

"I ask for a woman, made as of old—
A higher form of man—
His comforter, helper, adviser and friend,
As in the original plan.

"A woman who has an aim in life,
Who finds life worth the living;
Who makes the world better for being here,
And for others her life is giving.

"I will not require all that I have asked,
In these lines so poor and few,
I only pray that you may be all
That God can make of you.

"For your heart, and life, and love
Are sacred things to me,
And 'I'll stake my life' that I'll be to you
Whatever I ought to be."

Sent in by C. T. M., Winchester, Mass.

Where Are the Wicked Folks Buried?

"Tell me, gray-headed-sexton," I said,
"Where in this field are the wicked folk laid?"
"I have wandered the quiet old graveyard through,
And studied the epitaphs old and new;
But on monument, obelisk, pillar or stone,
I read of no evil that men have done."

The old sexton stood by a grave newly made,
With his chin on his hand, his hand on his spade.
I knew by the gleam of his eloquent eye
That his heart was instructing his lips to reply.

"Who is to judge when the soul takes its flight?
Who is to judge twist the wrong and the right?
Which of us mortals shall dare to say
That our neighbor was wicked who died today?"

"In the journey through life, the farther we speed,
The better we learn that humanity's need
Is charity's spirit, that prompts us to find
Rather virtue than vice in the lives of mankind.

"So commendable deeds we record on these stones;
The evil men do—let it die with their bones.
I have labored as sexton for many a year,
But I never have buried a wicked man here."

When people have especially pleased you, it is not a bad plan to let them know it. Though "Virtue is its own reward," a little bonus of merited praise is no more than fair, and will never lack of appreciation.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.



AGENTS WANTED

Agents Steady Income. Large manufacturer of soaps, perfumes, toilet articles and Pure Food Products, etc., wishes representatives in each locality. Manufacturer direct to consumer. Big profits. Honest goods. Whole or spare time. Cash or credit. Send at once for particulars. American Products Co., 6088 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

We Start You In Business. furnishing everything; men and women, \$30 to \$100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 8, East Orange, N. J.

Crew Managers—Agents. Opaline paintings are a knock-out. Make old territory new. Seasoned picture men double their sale. Beginners make \$1.00 an hour and more with rigs. Greatest hit ever made. Samples and expense money furnished. Write today. Consolidated Portrait Co., Desk A-14, 1029 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller. Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co, 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 131 Olive, St. Louis.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 432-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Sell Necessities. Everybody needs and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared \$300.00 in July. Send for sample. It's Free. Nichols Co., Dept. 48, Naperville, Ill.

Large Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearers. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 605 Broadway, New York.

Agents: A Brand New Hosiery proposition for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles, colors and finest silk hose. You can sell at less than store prices. Write for samples. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 519, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents: \$40 a week selling guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 119, Dayton, O.

Agents! 1921's Greatest Sensation. 11-piece toilet article set sells like blazes at \$1.75 with \$1.00 dressmaker's shears free to each customer. Get lined up for Christmas rush. E. M. Davis Co., Dept. 505, Chicago.

350% Profit. Quick Seller. Klean-Rite Magic Washing Compound. Washes Clothes Without Rubbing. Samples Free. Bestever Products Co., 1943-Mirving Park Blvd. Chicago.

Agents: \$100 Weekly. Automobile owners wild with enthusiasm. Marvelous invention doubles power, mileage, efficiency. Saves cost first day. Sensational sales everywhere. Territory going like wildfire. \$25 sample outfit and Ford Car free. Write quick. Oxye Co., Dent. 113, Louisville, Ky.

Agents—We pay \$9 a day taking orders for inside Tires. Best and easiest seller ever put on the market. Guaranteed to give double tire mileage. Any tire. No punctures or blowouts. Every auto owner buys on account of low price. Enormous demand. Write quick for agency. American Accessories Co., B 620, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Make \$100 Weekly Selling Rolly's Wash-day Wonder. New Chemical Dirt Solvent. Harmless. Cleans without rubbing. Want Agents and crew managers. Free Samples. Rolly Chemical Co., L3, Hastings, Nebraska.

Agents—Everybody uses extracts. Sell Duo double strength Extracts and complete line Household Necessities. Products used constantly. Big repeaters. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. E 41, Attica, N. Y.

Agents—Steady Income. Large manufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Big profits. Honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents! A sale in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard Goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of 1000 sample fabrics free to agents. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 24X, 673 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED

Make \$25 to \$50 Week representing Clows' Famous Philadelphia Hosiery, direct from mill—for men, women, children. Every pair guaranteed. Prices that win. Free book "How to Start" tells the story. George Clows Company, Desk 14, Philadelphia, Pa.

Be successful Agent! Free sample outfit—worth \$2.25. "Quality" beauty preparations. Make big money. Extensive line. Established 50 years. Lynas Co., 200 Logansport, Ind.

General Agents. Something new. Whirlwind seller. "Repeat" washing powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 2 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

Sell washing tablets that are different. They work quicker, sell easier and at a greater profit. Get our proposition. Newton & Co., 4 Main St., Newark, New York.

Agents—New Invention. Harper's Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. A, Fairfield, Iowa.

Bees pay if kept right. Be a progressive beekeeper. We can show you how. Send \$1.00 today for Bees Primer, 9 months subscription to American Bee Journal and catalogue of bee supplies. American Bee Journal, Box 81, Hamilton, Ill.

Sales Agents. Men or women. \$200 a month. Year round position. No layoffs. Take orders for Jennings New Style Hosiery. Written guarantee of satisfaction or new hose free. Write for outfit. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 223, Dayton, Ohio.

Wonderful Seller. 96¢ profit every dollar sales. Deliver on spot. License unnecessary. Sample Free. Mission Bead Factory C, 341 Smith St., Detroit, Mich.

We Pay \$36 a Week and expenses and give a Ford Auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D 1, Parsons, Kan.

Agents—Fast-selling household specialty; big profits; liberal terms. Write H. E. Bishop Co., St. Louis, Mo. Dept. 2.

\$10.00 a Day Easily Earned: Seven Bar Boxes Assorted Soaps, Christmas Perfumes, Combination Christmas Boxes; Selling Like Hot Cakes. Men, Women, 100% profit. Old Established firm. Crofts & Reed Co. Dept. 168, Chicago.

Agents: \$5 a day taking orders for Empire Tire repair. 40 punctures repaired for \$1.00. Five minute service. Sample free. Parker Mfg. Co., 217 Bark St., Dayton, Ohio.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

\$6-\$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

Government Wants Women. Clerical work. \$1100 year. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. T9, Rochester, N. Y.

Wanted—Girls—Women. Become Dress Designers. \$135 month. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. T901, Rochester, N.Y.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Used Correspondence Courses at less than half original price. Any school, any subject, for men or women. Send for free price list of 1000 courses. Students' Exchange, 1956 Broadway, New York. Courses bought.

FARM WANTED

Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Will You Sell Us Your Spare Time? We will train you to write show cards for us. There is no canvassing or soliciting; we supply you with steady work; distance no object; will pay you from \$15 to \$50 a week. Wilson Methods, Limited, Dept. L, 64 East Richmond, Toronto, Canada.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. \$50-\$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

MISCELLANEOUS

Remnant Store, 1510 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write me. Mrs. E. Vandervoort, Davenport, Iowa.

Coal Saver. Cuts your coal bills in half. Simple, cheap, and effective. Full method, 25c. W. Bixby, Warren, N. H.

OLD COINS

Mail This Slip with your name and address and 10 cents and you'll get a large U. S. Copper Cent nearly as big as half dollar, and large 50 page illustrated coin catalog. You'll find it fascinating and profitable. Send Now. B. Max Mehl, Numismatist, Mehl Bldg., Dept. F, Fort Worth, Texas.

SALESMEN WANTED

Salesmen: Make extra money easily. Sell our Accident & Sickness policies in your spare time. \$5000 death, \$25 weekly benefit for \$10 yearly. Address Underwriters, Dept. F-26, Newark, N. J.

Cigar Factory Wants Salesman—Full time or side line. Previous experience unnecessary, as we give complete instructions. J. H. Hargrave & Co., 22, Chatham, Va.

FARMS FOR SALE

163-Acre Farm \$3000 with Horses, Furniture, 17 Cows and young stock, crops, implements, convenient live RR town; about 100,000 ft. timber, 100 apple trees; 2-room house, 16-cow barn, silo. Only \$3000, part cash. Page 10 New Catalogue. Free. Strout Farm Agency, 150 B G, Nassau St., New York City.

The State Land Settlement Board of California has a number of desirable irrigated farms of twenty and forty acres in San Joaquin Valley for sale to bona fide homesteaders on 3 1/2 years' time. 5 per cent interest annually. Your opportunity to acquire a farm in winterless California. All delicious fruits profitably grown; alfalfa is a paying crop. Ideal conditions for stock and poultry. Good schools and unsurpassed roads. Fruit associations market your crops, relieving you of marketing problems. You can farm all year in California. Go this fall and see State Board's booklet, also Santa Fe folder describing San Joaquin Valley, mailed free on request. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Col. Colonization Agt., Santa Fe, N.M., Ex. 1018, Chicago.

Want to hear from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Comfort St., Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Ladies earn money crocheting, sewing, tatting, making aprons and caps from our patterns. Apron and cap sets made \$30.00 per doz. No canvassing. Send 35c for the patterns—returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

HELP—MALE & FEMALE

Earn \$25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451, St. Louis, Mo.

Government Positions Are Fine: \$1400, \$1600, \$1800 at start, up to \$2300 and \$2600. Exams everywhere. Write Today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box K, Rochester, N. Y.

MAGAZINES

Ambitious Writers send today for Free copy America's leading magazine for writers of Photoplays, Stories, Poems, Songs. Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

6 Different, Interesting, Clever Publications, prepaid to any address only 25c. Publications price \$1.00. All current issues. Satisfaction guaranteed. Walhamore Company, Lafayette Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book, and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 441 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents—Send for free book. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience). Talbert & Talbert, 402 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Promptly procured. Moderate Fees. Best References. Send Sketch or Model. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27-N, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured. Prompt service. Avoid dangerous delays. Send for our "Record of Invention" form and Free Book telling How to Obtain a Patent. Send sketch or model for examination. Preliminary advice without charge. Highest references. Write Today. J. L. Jackson & Co., 102 Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED

All men, women, boys, girls, over 15, willing to accept Government Positions, \$133, write immediately, Osmont, 104, St. Louis.

Wanted—1500 Railway Traffic Inspectors; no experience; train for this profession thru sparetime home-study; easy terms; \$110 to \$300 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors; local or traveling; under big men who reward ability. Get Free Booklet G-5 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

Government needs Railway Mail Clerks, \$133-\$192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, A-2 Columbus, O.

Wanted men—Become Automobile Experts. \$35 week. Earn while learning. Write. Franklin Institute, Dept. T410, Rochester, N.Y.

Be an Expert Penman; Wonderful Device guides your hand; corrects your writing in few days. Complete Outline Free. Write C. J. Osmont, 83, St. Louis, Mo.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, \$140-\$300, Colored Porters by Railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. \$28 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

Firemen, Brakemen, for railroads nearest their homes—Everywhere, beginners \$150, later \$250 monthly (which position?). Railway Association, Desk M 17, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Landseekers! 20, 40, 80 ac. tracts in Mich.; rich clay loam soil; \$15 to \$35 per ac. Small amt. down, bal. long time. Write for Free booklet today. Swigart Land Co., C-1246, First National Bank Building, Chicago.

HELP WANTED

Stop Daily Grind. Start Silvering Mirrors. Auto headlights, tableware, etc. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 99, Marion, Ind.

Hundreds Men—Boys, over 17, wanted as Government Railway Mail Clerks. Commence \$135 month. Steady. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. T12, Rochester, N. Y.

Wanted—Men, Women, age 17 to 55, for U. S. Govt. positions. Experience unnecessary. Information free. Chicago Civil Service College, Dept. K, Chicago, Ill.

Income For Life. A government job is sure, no lay-offs. Good pay; short hours, vacations; pay while sick; pensions. We'll prepare you quickly at small cost and guarantee you get position or your money back. Write today for free book R. X. 2004, listing positions. Washington Civil Service School, Paramount Building, Washington, D. C.

STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make \$19 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N. Y.

PHOTO FINISHING

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 212 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

World's Finest kodak photo new art style. Entirely different, never seen before. Roll dev. 5c, prints 2c each. Maiden Art Co., J. Cin., O.

Old Tintypes, Daguerreotypes or Faded Pictures of loved ones can be restored so as to produce beautiful enlargements and perfect likenesses under our new process. Individual pictures may also be produced out of groups. Satisfaction results guaranteed. Promptwork. Fair prices. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 605 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

Enlargements De Luxe—5x8, 35c; 7x11, 45c. Send 20c with order, pay balance if satisfied. Ashton Photo Works, Ashton, Ill.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

\$35.00 Profit Nightly. Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used, endorsed by Govt. institutions, at free. Atlas Moving Picture, 471 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

HONEY FOR SALE

For Sale Select quality Clover and Basswood honey. 1921 crop. Sample 15c. Price List free. M. V. Facey, Preston, Minn.

Honey and Cheese of Superior Quality packed in family size packages, write today for Free price list. E. F. Kosa, Monroe, Wis.

Honey—Buy the best and save money. Send for prices. Sample postage for 15c. Wilfred Schaefer, Box 559, Hicksville, New York.

Honey Finest Clover. 3 lbs. \$1.00, 5 lbs. \$1.50. Delivered free. Price list free. Sample 15c. Wm. A. Cook, Attleboro, Mass.

AUTOMOBILES

Automobile Owners, Garagemen, Mechan- ics, Repairmen, send for free copy of our current issue. It contains helpful, instructive information on overhauling, ignition troubles, wiring, carburetors, storage batteries, etc. Over 120 pages, illustrated. Send for free copy today. Automobile Digest, 525 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

HOME WEAVING

Looms—Only \$9.90—Big Money in Weaving Rugs, Carpets, portieres, etc., at home; from rags and waste material. Weavers are rushed with orders. Send for free loom book, it tells all about the weaving business and our wonderful \$9.90 and other low-priced, easily-operated looms. Union Loom Works, 272 Factory St., Boonville, N. Y.

FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Have You a Camera? Write for Free sample of our big magazine, showing how to make better pictures and earn money. American Photography, 230 Camera House, Boston, 17, Mass.

MAIL ORDER BUSINESS

I Made \$25,000 with small Mail Order Business. Sample article & plan 25c. Free Booklet. Tells How For Stamp. AC Scott, Cohoes, N. Y.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, 64, Hanibal, Mo.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays, Speakers, dialogues, and Entertain- ments; catalogues free. Address Dept. A, Ames Pub. Co., Clyde, O.

Three Wheel Chairs in November 617 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The three November wheel chairs go to Emma Tete Overcash, Thomasville, N. C.; 100; Johnnie E. Melton, Bulls Gap, Tenn.; 85; Jesse W. Fillpot, Rich Hill, Mo., 63.



MISS ELLA VAN ZILE ENJOYING HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR VERY MUCH.

The figures following their respective names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them. Emma Tete Overcash, age 23, is crippled in her lower limbs by spinal trouble, and in the past twelve years has not been

able to walk or stand alone. Her friend, Mrs. W. E. Stinson has been largely instrumental in obtaining the subscriptions which procured this chair for Miss Overcash.

Johnnie E. Melton, age 40, has been crippled in his legs and feet the past three years, caused by rheumatism. He has a wife and children, "six in the family", he writes, and being incapacitated for work is "dependent on the people for help." It is a sad affliction to fall on the head of a family.

Jesse W. Fillpot, age 33, has been an invalid from birth. He is so crippled in his lower limbs that he is unable to walk, and is almost helpless as he has only partial use of his arms. For support and care he is dependent on his widowed mother who is sixty-four years old, poor and unable to do hard work. She has sent in all the subscriptions to procure this chair for him.

As it takes 150 subscriptions to procure a COMFORT wheel chair, those who do not understand the system of our Wheel-Chain Club may wonder how each of these three applicants obtained a wheel chair by sending in a considerably less number of subscriptions than the required 150. The explanation is that the difference is made up by the subscriptions and cash contributed to the "general" (wheel-chair fund) by generous readers who thus manifest their interest in, and contribute substantially to, the beneficent work of COMFORT's Wheel-Chain Department.

It is a shame to any community that allows a cripple in its midst to suffer for want of a wheel chair when one can be obtained free by a comparatively small effort in procuring subscriptions to COMFORT. Any cripple, or the friends of any cripple, who needs a wheel chair should write me at once for full information as to how to obtain a wheel chair free through COMFORT's Wheel-Chain Department.

A study of our Roll of Honor is interesting, showing what wheel-chair applicants and their friends are doing in their behalf, also what benevolent readers are doing to help the general cause by liberal contributions of sub-



MRS. JANE DORITY ENJOYING HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

scriptions or cash for the benefit of the "general" wheel-chair fund, and to these latter "good Samaritans" I am especially grateful for their generous support of COMFORT's great charitable undertaking which thus far has provided 617 crippled shut-ins each with a much needed wheel chair. Keep up your good work, and God bless you for it.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT,
Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIN CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Has Been Enjoying Her COMFORT Wheel Chair More Than Two Years

Washburn, Maine, R. R. 1.
Dear Mr. Gannett:
I am sending you a recent photograph of myself to show you and COMFORT readers how I am still enjoying my COMFORT wheel chair which I received more than two years ago. Although my right arm is helpless I can wheel the chair nicely with my left hand. I wish again to thank you and all other kind friends who helped me to get it.
Yours truly,
Mrs. Jane Dority.

Enjoying Her COMFORT Wheel Chair Very Much

Seattle, Washington.
Dear Mr. Gannett:
We received the wheel chair for our daughter, Miss Ella Van Zile, some time ago and should have acknowledged it with thanks before this, but waited to get a picture taken of her in her wheel chair. I enclose the picture and hope to see it in COMFORT. She enjoys the chair very much and it enables us to get her out in this lovely sunshine. We thank you and all others, who helped us to obtain the chair for her kindness. Wishing COMFORT all kinds of success, I am,
Respectfully,
Mrs. Mary Van Zile.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chain Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Harriet A. Bates, Iowa, for Kenneth Rose, 51 subs and \$1.00; Mrs. W. E. Stinson, N. C., for Emma Tete Overcash, 25 subs.; Mrs. William Jensen, Del., for Thomas Heller, 15 subs and \$1.50; Mrs. Ted Kinsler, S. C., for Thornton Gentry, 14 subs.; Mrs. Emily Caldwell, Texas, for Annie Matlock, 13 subs and \$2.00; Miss Brook Deskins, W. Va., for Jeanette Deskins, 11 subs.; Mrs. Rachel Rogers, Texas, for Annie Matlock, 10 subs.; Myrtle Matlock, Texas, for Annie Matlock, 8 subs.; John D. Williams, Texas, for Dee Williams, 7 subs.; Mr. John Key, Ky., for Mamie Key, 6 subs and \$1.00; Mrs. J. H. Post, La., for Dee Williams, 5 subs and \$5.00; Mrs. W. I. Paddock, Minn., for Myrtle Genevieve Herrell, 5 subs.; Mrs. Matilda Fillpot, Mo., for Jesse Fillpot, 5 subs.; Mrs. Will Tutherford, N. C., for Clarence Wm. Tutherford, 5 subs.; M. E. Sunday School Class, Mrs. Bessie Durr, Teacher, Thomas, W. Va., and Earl Phillip, Wm. Duncan, Eldridge Thompson, Vernon Thompson, Harold Nazelrod, Kenneth Pase and Robert Smith, for general, 4 subs and \$6.00; A. Steward, Maine, for General, \$20.00; Mrs. Roy Wilson, Ga., for General, \$1.00; Mrs. N. Octgen, N. Y., for General, \$1.00; Mrs. Olive A. Tobey, Maine, for General, \$1.00.

Hawks Seek Woodchucks

Foxes are great enemies of the woodchuck, says the American Forestry Magazine, while some of the larger hawks feed upon the young when they first come out of the parental burrow and sun themselves about its entrance.



The Best Support in the World For a Rupture Is The Human Hand

The WORST Support Ever Devised, Is a Hard, Unyielding Knob, or Pad, Pressed Into the Rupture by a Steel Spring—Thereby Preventing Nature From EVER Having a Chance to Bring About a Healing of the Parts.

The Brooks Appliance most closely resembles the human hand as a rupture support. You will notice the first moment you put on a Brooks Appliance, the pliable, flesh like touch of the velvet finished rubber and it will take only this first experience of comfort and security to make you decide—"This is what I want."

For the benefit of our readers we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing painful makeshift trusses that do not cure.

No man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure—after you read this page is your own fault.

For many years we have been telling you that no makeshift truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm ill-fitting trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

The Brooks appliance clings to you without force and you are hardly conscious of its presence. But above all else, it **HOLDS** always.



A Portrait Done in Charcoal by Herman Pfeifer, From a Photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance and Founder of the Brooks Appliance Co.

Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance and condemn makeshift trusses as more harmful and dangerous than any other method of retaining and treating rupture. Thousands of people have written us testifying to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live right in your vicinity and we will be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if you will ask for them when you write.

Men, Women and Children Find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

Send the coupon NOW for further description of the Appliance and for our **FREE, NO RISK, TRIAL PLAN.**

The Brooks Appliance Co. gladly sends their remarkable patented Appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents its coming down or slipping out and finally assists nature to heal up the rupture.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Accept This Offer

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands do not give the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. Nothing to get foul; it can be washed without any injury.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. We guarantee your comfort at all times and in all positions, and sell every appliance with this positive understanding.

The Brooks Appliance Has Freed Thousands of Men, Women and Children From Rupture—Without Pain, Operation, or Loss of Time.

The Brooks Appliance Co.,

157 N. State St., Marshall, Mich.

Without cost or obligation on my part please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for rupture, and your Trial Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....